AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

For my friends
of the
American Foundation
for the Blind -
because they in turn
are the friends of
those who are
no longer blinded
by their eyes -
Gretchen Green

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THE WHOLE WORLD
& COMPANY

PU YI, WHILE STILL EMPEROR OF CHINA ALTHOUGH CONFINED TO HIS PALACE. IN THE BACKGROUND IS PHYLLIS LIN. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY THE LATE TSU SEMU, CHINESE POET, DURING TAGORE'S VISIT TO PEIPING.

THE WHOLE WORLD & COMPANY

BY

GRETCHEN GREEN

a JOHN DAY book

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

NEW YORK

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TO

A ROYAL ENGINEER

"Who had done his work and held his
peace and had no fear to die."

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Design on Cover, The Tantric Crystal. See page 178.

PREFACE

"LADY, I can tell you one thing, you've got more sense than education," said the sand diviner at Port Saïd. " 'Tis true, 'tis pity." I let him say on. I had left the ship just to tender thanks to de Lesseps, that indomitable man who cut the canal and stands petrified in the act and at the point of slicing. The soothsayer introduced himself to me as "the favourite fortune-telling man of Robert Hichens," adding engagingly, "You are my very good luck, the first I have seen this morning," and with that he blocked my progress by kneeling and spreading prophetic grains upon a grimy handkerchief.

People the world over have a way of making personal remarks to me. Perhaps as a hungry hobo remarked, "You gotta sad sweet face." On the other hand, a saleslady in a smart millinery shop reminded me that "I had my face to contend with." In the matrimonial bureau in Boise an applicant seeking a mate said I'd do if I couldn't supply another, in much the same tone that my Police Chief vowed he'd seen "worse looking girls than you married." A student in India contended that the "Holy God" had given me "too tall legs" to cope with his country, while a Senegalese in Morocco called me *"Madame la grande comme ça!"* The most disconcerting remark, however, was that of a fellow guest in a Devonshire inn. After listening to me talk for an hour she said, "Are you anybody interesting? I do like to know if I've been listening to someone."

In a metropolitan shoeshop a clerk said that he saw by my ring I had traveled. I have, both by myself and in distinguished company. To go to China with Tagore to meet great poets and a little Emperor; to go again for the Field Museum with Malvina Hoffman; to discover in Peiping an Idaho boy who had become a Buddhist monk; to sit by the bedside of a discarded Eunuch and listen to old tales; to live on a housetop in India working for Rabindranath Tagore; to run a tea room in the King's kitchen in Venice; to run another in Florida as next door neighbour to Madame Minister, Ruth Owen. In Morocco to see at hand the Riffian struggle, to chat with Her Highness, the Shereefa of Ouezzan; in Switzerland to watch the dogs of Fortunate Fields, and the birth of America's "Seeing Eye"; to stay in an English castle and make hash for the Head of the House of Sandwich; to be policewoman in Boise, parishworker in Maine and "sociable secretary" in a multiplicity of places—all these things are for remembrance, but greater than these are Tantine's treasured words: "Always remember that you are an American and a woman and keep your tail over the dashboard."

It is in Tantine's house I sit today—also the house of Susannah Shakespeare. Her epitaph confronts one on the threshold.

> Here lyeth the body of Susannah, wife to John Hall, Gent., daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent., she deceased 11th of July, 1649, aged 86.
>
> Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
> Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall;
> Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this,
> Wholy of him with whome she's now in bliss.

Then, passenger hast ne'er a tear
To weep with her that wept with all?
That wept yet set herself to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed.

The thought that Susannah is rated higher for her possets than for her wit and wisdom sustains me as I attempt to write up the years, sitting successfully in the three-legged garden chair which once let G. B. Shaw down—an augury, I hope, of the victory of sense over intellect, or perhaps of balance over brilliance. At night I leave these pages lying, hoping that the ghost of good Will will "walk" and fill my blanks with poignant phrases.

Here in Shakespeare's village, everyone says it with Shakespeare. Even the donkey brays "Heigh-h-nonny-ho!" But though I sit in the garden of Susannah and am fed upon mulberries from her father's tree, though my writing-pad bears the caption, "Paper such as Shakespeare used," well I know that I am not a writer. Once, a friend tried to place some stories taken from my records in the Idaho jail. They were returned with the remark, "This gal, G. G., can write like the wind, indubitably, but she trifles with the truth more than the average newspaper woman. What Miss G. should turn out is fiction."

I was given an introduction to an eminent agent in Paris, sponsor of successful-authors-about-town, who received me affably in a palace. The milieu was *ancien régime,* but the advice was strictly modern. "You, yourself, are not interesting," he said. "Your friends are not particularly interesting. The things you have done haven't sufficient news value in

themselves, but if you combine friends, adventures and yourself in a story written from a satirical point of view, and call it, 'She wrote a book in spite of herself,' it might get by." This wasn't exactly encouragement, and nothing would have been done save for five staunch friends. If this were properly a book, it would bear appropriate acknowledgment to:

Dorothy Elmhirst, who sent me on adventures,
Dorothy Eustis, who gave me time and inspiration to write them up,
Glenway Westcott, who prodded me on,
Kenneth Saunders, who authenticated Oriental flavour, and
Tantine (Josephine MacLeod) who lent me Susannah Shakespeare's house.

As Glenway says, I praise people poorly, though I borrowed his *Apple of the Eye* for adjectives and his *Lives of the Saints* for courage. I can only quote the words of Leonidas upholding unwalled Sparta, "Every man is a brick."

I wanted to call my book "The Lord's Houseparty." In Peiping I had once heard Tagore, Poet, Philosopher and likewise my friend, reply to the arguments of Chinese scholars concerning God: "Think of the Lord as Host of the Universe and mankind as guests. Why wrangle over the accommodations allotted each and all?" I submitted the title to the verdict of a Bishop who said it savoured of Buchman. On the other hand, critical but well-meaning friends found it irreligious in flavour. Suddenly I remembered a card that came to me at Christmas, also in Peiping:

> When you are tired of the long road and the open sky
> I wish it might be my door you pass by

I wish it may be my hearth where you will sit down
And tell your tales of land and sea and strange far town.

It had made me think of "The Long Road" as a possible title for a book of rambles as I walked along a short road of colour and infinite charm. Suddenly a huge sign confronted me blazoned over the door of a very small dry-cleaning shop. Under the Chinese characters were vivid Western words, "The Whole World & Co." Glorious indiscrimination! "Each of us inevitable, each of us limitless, each of us here as divinely as any is here."

Why not?

Hallscroft
Stratford-on-Avon

THE WHOLE WORLD
& COMPANY

CHAPTER ONE

YEARS OF GROWING

My name owes its origin to a culinary poem, "Gretchen was a kitchen maid, she came from Vaterland," an honest, stupid girl who once upon a time cooked her mistress's bouquet as a cabbage in cream sauce. Father found the German gem in a little book on one of his journeys overseas and waited to make use of it on a flaxen child. At times it has been a handicap. "It savours of a chorus girl," said the Big Sisters when I applied for a job. Fortunately their president, Mrs. Vanderbilt, had a sense of humour. Together we chose a worthy substitute.

In grandfathers I have a goodly heritage, a Doctor who cared for bodies, a Bishop who ministered to souls. My parents carried on, Father in his ministry of the church, Mother taking the sick of every parish under her gentle wing. As for a "home town," we were at home in every town. Father loved the human race, and all loved him. We lived North, South, East and West; in city and country. There were lean years and fat years but life was always an adventure coming to meet one round the corner.

Years ago in Alabama, a dear old man who loved his Lord put up a magnificent plant (church, rectory, bell-tower and parish house) in a neighbourhood the boom forgot. Big

Business, iron, had turned the population the other way. Over the grey stones of the cloisters were green traceries of Marechal Niel roses; magnolias bordered the drive, and scuppernong vines twined through the trees.

I drove in each day to a Dame school. The Dame, very much the Southern Lady, paid more attention to one's P's and Q's than to the three R's, enforcing manners with her ivory cane.

Negro cabins mounted on stilts cropped up unexpectedly. Pigs grunted in the goober patches, the more intelligent pork rooting their way to the railroad track searching for succulent tidbits flung from a dining car. Mornings and evenings "Uncle Hoke," short for Hokus Pokus, rang the bells and told me scary tales of "ha'nts." (Shades of the past, I told them years later, in my turn, sitting in a stone coffin at Hinchingbrooke, with a little Lady Montagu all eyes and ears.) We had a haunt ourselves, on the oath of Father's predecessor, a sober, godly man, who had seen a headless cow come down the rectory stairs, exit through the study and lose herself in the cloisters beyond.

Uncle Hoke believed in good manners:

"When a nigger done had enough to eat, he says thankee kindly, my sufficiency es satisfied and I'se completely runcified." (Meaning well-rounded, like the Owl and the Pussy Cat's runcible spoon.)

Old Nannie, the nurse, begged Mother for a piece of ribbon. "I wants to fix for de foot washin'—Deacon Brown hisself is comin' round."

Mother gave her some bright scraps and on Sunday Nannie exhibited a left leg resplendent, the right frankly unwashed and unadorned.

"I belongs to de one-foot Baptists," she proudly explained.

If humility was the lesson of the foot washing it was lost on Nannie.

Negroes ever aim to please. Grandfather asked for nutmeg at a Diocesan luncheon, and the black butler brought it. Later the hostess apologized. Old Jim, discovering the spice box empty and not wanting to "unoblige de Bishop," had grated up the handle of a buttonhook.

Poor white trash, huddled in hovels, sprawled over the low red hills; we caught glimpses of clay-eaters, digging up the bits with unkempt nails. The clay had a narcotic effect, stunting mind and growth. The children slaved in the cotton mills to support their unnatural parents, until they, too, began the dreadful habit, hoping to find surcease from unending toil.

It was stupid of me not to have listened with more attention to Father's stories of the South, his father's life as Professor of Belles-Lettres at the University of North Carolina and later as the Bishop of Mississippi. Nothing daunted the old Bishop, not even ill-tuned choirs in country chapels. When a hymn rasped horribly on Father's musical ear, Grandfather would soothe him:

"Never mind, my son, the angels will tinker it before they hand it in."

Once Jenny Lind, driving along a sunny Southern street, did not drive by, but stopped the carriage and, her skirts belling about her, knelt in the dusty road to ask the Bishop's blessing.

Later, when life had written much beauty upon Grandfather's face, he sat in the chancel on a Sunday morning in his high, carved chair. Light streamed through the stained-

glass window and made a glory round about him. He was old, and he drowsed a little. He did not wake when the preacher of the day announced his text, "The Beauty of Holiness," but the preacher turned and saw the glory and turning back to his congregation, said,

"I thought to speak to you of the beauty of holiness; I want you to look and see now the holiness of beauty."

And then the wedding tales:—The nuptial ceremony of a Texas cowboy and his "lady"!

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" asked Father.

"Lady!" said the cowboy.

"Lady," corrected Father, and proceeded with the service.

"I, Jim, take thee, Minnie, to my wedded wife,—"

"Miss Minnie," interpolated the cowboy, and pulled his gun.

"Miss Minnie," amended Father, and the formalities thus having been observed, the service progressed to the end.

The times with my sister, Faith, were always the nicest. Coming out of the nursery together we lived in a world of our own. We two spent a holiday on a Kansas farm. Prairie fires are frightening things, cyclones are frightening, too; we saw both, playing with poppy dolls under the trees. It was a growing-up summer. Not far from the farm was the State Penitentiary; playing at make-believe adventures in an orchard, one cannot hear a siren shriek sudden warning and have hunted men in prison stripes run terribly past, and *not* put away childish things.

Tennessee followed Missouri. Father was Dean of the

Cathedral in Memphis. Next to the Cathedral stood the school, where Faith and I advanced in learning—or if we didn't it was not the fault of the teaching Sisters. No Lady Abbess of the Middle Ages surpassed the Mother Superior for beetling brows and haughty mien. We curtseyed in terror when we met her unexpectedly in the corridor, but gladly sat in her study of a Saint's Day eve, sipping sherry from tiny glasses and listening to *The Dear Little Marchioness,* her story afterwards put into print.

A marvelous event—my first room alone! Having moved into a rectory with a praying alcove, it was turned over to me. An oriel window, a cot, and a hanging desk made it a habitable heaven.

Sometimes we summered at Sewanee-in-the-Mountains. Sewanee had its Covites, forgotten people living in the mountain gaps, in customs and manners a law unto themselves. When Father held a funeral service for one of them, they interposed antics of their own—kith and kin circling round the casket, jerking their arms rhythmically and shouting.

"Help, Lord! Help, Lord! Right away quick, Lord! Quick! Quick! Quick!" the son of the deceased stopping to call out to Father, "Hi, Parson, bresh that fly off my ma's face."

Mother, New England born, bought an enchanting house in Ipswich, where apple boughs leaned in at the windows. We steeped ourselves in Puritan lore, supping with a gaunt, delightful spinster in the house of Colonel Nathaniel Wade. She fed us spiced oysters and equally spicy gossip of bygone days; and we explored with fearful delight the attic where Minute Men had practised and Faithful Pompey had hung himself to a solid rafter.

At seventeen and "finished," I was sent to Boston to learn in a small church hospital. Ten dollars earned the first month was spent in a night—on the coachman at the corner, the head nurse, and a play. Bored by routine, I began a romance about a patient which had to stop because the hero recovered and left, his mother tipping me fifty cents for my nourishing eggnogs.

Winter months interned with the sick were bearable, but when spring came laughing through the Public Gardens, life shut in just wasn't possible. The Henry Howards took me away to their captivating house in Brookline. They were off for Europe, Mr. Howard to arrange yacht races for the Kaiser and the King of Spain. I stayed to guard their strenuous offspring, whose relatives refused the honour.

Soon after that the Bishop of Maine borrowed me to give a woman's touch to his bachelor house during an Annual Convention. It was fun to have the whip hand over the hovering ladies of Portland and their visiting kind. The very nicest thank-you letter I ever received came for that small service rendered:

My dear ——:

If you will try to love your Bishop one little bit, I will go you one better; if you will love him one step more, I will go you another better, always keeping ahead. God bless your heart and give you a fine husband.

God has not as yet given me a husband, though a few years ago I squandered a ruble, in the Kremlin chapel, praying for a virtuous one.

Suddenly I went to Mexico for the winter. There a fortune-telling gypsy who "saw" through the eyes of a water-spirit,

prophesied for me: "You will like Englishmans best, you going to like four Englishmans. You going to travel very far and very much."

The native dogs I swear are crossed with roosters, though an eminent breeder says "Improbable!" The native turkeys are given a spot of brandy before they die. This relaxes muscles and imparts flavour.

On my last night in Mexico there was a farewell fiesta, with dancing in the plaza and a tailor in attendance—to mend possible tears in the canvas floor. Light came through coloured lanterns; there were oleanders in bloom, pink and white. The orchestra played *"Sobre las olas"* over and over and over again, while my caballero murmured, "Señorita, your eyes are a different colour every time I look into them."

He left it at that! But I never see an oleander, pink or white, without remembering.

CHAPTER TWO

THE ENCHANTED ISLE

INCREDIBLY we settled on Mount Desert for nearly a decade, but then it was the Enchanted Isle. It was also the perfect parish, for added to Father's qualifications for a competent curate were two stipulations made by Faith and me—the curate must have the ability to act charades and the willingness to wash Flora, our Saint Bernard dog.

It's much simpler to drop into the present tense now; memories come more sharply if I write them so. Memories of people changing with the seasons, charming, curious, grave and gay.

A worried parishioner has asked to have her daughter see as much of the curates as possible this summer, wishing to cure her of a passion for them before she "comes out" next winter.

The present curate has a tendency to write poetry about Faith and read it to me; they all do this in a measure. However, histrionic ability is marked; his subtle interpretation of a serpent, coiled about the piano lamp, makes one feel him wasted in Holy Orders. Not so—ten years later found him become a highly successful Archdeacon.

There are six services at Saint Saviour's of a Sunday. People remember those services. Twenty years after a woman said to

me, "It is indelibly printed on my mind, hearing your father preach, though I can't remember a word that he said. It was his voice."

To be bowed into a pew by "Lord Edward," the verger, betokens social distinction. St. Peter will find him an accomplished assistant. He has invented a system of ventilation satisfying to the most fidgety dowager, distraught between draughts and fear of damnation. Before each service Lord Edward solemnly tiptoes down the aisles blowing bits of thistledown. Where tufts dance too airily, he shuts the window firmly and the dowager is safe.

The receiving tomb is a genuine godsend in charades. It stands at the back of the rectory, a Greek stone affair covered with vines. The burial cloak, too, a voluminous black cape, designed to protect churchly vestments against inclement weather, proves an invaluable asset. It is a serious moment when Sybil Thorndyke, a dashing Rosalind, leaves the Ben Greet Players to join our company for tea.

Some visiting missionaries had roused an interest in their clients, the heathen. One of the missionaries was a rejected viand from the Cannibal Islands. His three brethren had been eaten "as is"; he had been held for further fattening, but no amount of local food aroused avoirdupois. The cannibals either felt it a sheer waste of bananas or that he was a "worm and no man" and let him go.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is making Saint Saviour's a visitation. After preaching at various point-lace resorts he said he wanted to meet real Americans. Father is giving a party, and has invited the butcher, the baker, the fishman, and the only genuine Indian the Island boasts. He sent to the mainland for half a dozen lumbermen and farmers, even per-

suading a lighthouse-keeper to leave his post. A village social light, asked to pour tea on the lawn, said she'd be pleased to, but wouldn't it hurt the grass?

The Archbishop loves his party and distributes buns and blessings in equal quantities.

A traveling repertoire company has put in its appearance for Sunday night supper. Father is a member of the Actor's Church Alliance and supplies everything needed from counsel to clerical waistcoats. This is the cast of *The City of Sin,* a pleasant, homely lot with no high ambitions. The sister of the leading lady explains that she is not an actress, but a stage piece—the crowd-at-balls, or yells-off-stage. She further confides:

"This is a temporary life. I want to work in a sanitarium for ladies nervous from drink. The nurses wear swell livery."

Autumn announces itself with the cook's notice. City maids refuse to hibernate. Primitives arrive from various ends of the Island to offer their service. This year Abigail Angers appeared at the door. Before entering she demanded, "Do you do your own stretching, or do I have to shuffle for you?" She is seventy-five, with three husbands to her credit, but only two in her cemetery plot. Lately she remedied the deficit with an ornate granite shaft.

> Here's where Ned Hillhurst had orter to be
> If he hadn't drownded out to sea.

Abigail may resemble the Witch of Endor, but she has a way with husbands. Recently she brought in the unlikely specimen she hopes soon to espouse and for whom she apologized, "He ain't much for looks, fur he's been kicked by a

cow and won't never be upright again. Still he's a man and I gotta house to put him in."

Father has a Mission in a little schoolhouse on the other side of the Island. As we drove across tonight in a sleigh, a deer rose out of the snow by the side of the road. Northern lights, like ice-green flames, danced on the glittering mountains. In the schoolroom kerosene lamps smoked, damp shoes and flannel steamed from the big stove's heat. It was a combination entertainment and service, magic lantern to begin with, then lusty singing—the vigorous audience like a sturdy harvest of America's good earth.

There is no thrill to taming clams. In an old cookbook I read that clams tended a week before eating and fed upon cornmeal would prove succulent! They do not; nor do they prove responsive pets.

Bleak, restless afternoons I call on caretakers. Their cottages are bright with canaries and children, and the Scotch gardeners are sure to offer tea. We discuss the two events of the winter—the Way Bak Ball, where everyone goes in the clothes of his forefather or mother, and the Horticultural Reception. All the best plants from all the best families take part in the latter, lent by cautious gardeners. Mr. J. "grows prominent carnations for New York." Shy young John K. tended a daisy plant through a blizzard to have it blossom for Marguerite, his English bride.

Winter is popular for weddings. In the vestry I keep fruit cake and dandelion wine, also soda mints for those who cross the Bay. The service sometimes suffers improvisations. A landlubber bore the ceremony as long as he could. He stood on his right leg, then on his left, shifted his plug from

one side of his mouth to the other, then pled with Father, "Hold on, Parson, ain't we had about enough?"

A farming couple tied their fee to a pew—a rooster, utterly subdued.

A commercial artist brought a bride who shook so with fright she couldn't speak. Father repeated the responses again and again. Finally, in exasperation, the groom jabbed her with his elbow, shouting, "For God's sake, try, Jennie, try!" Then he hurried her off on a honeymoon, to paint "Castoria" signs throughout New England.

The rectory parrot, who has a reprehensible habit of saying and doing what she should not, has just eaten Mr. K.'s death certificate, left on the study desk, thus signing her own death warrant as well. I must tell Mrs. Dusenbury. No one ever enjoyed mourning as thoroughly as Mrs. Dusenbury does. While her husband was still very much alive, she had him choose her widow's weeds. Years later, on the day he died, crimson cannas and salvias in the garden were swiftly replaced by lavender petunias and purple pansies. Her cakes for church suppers wore violet icing for months, and her cheeriest moments are when knitting at the door of his tomb.

Circling the walls of the church are bronze tablets to those who have gone down to the sea in canoes, but in spite of them we spend whole days paddling out to the Porcupine Islands. A friendly fisherman, bobbing about in his motor lorry, keeps a lookout with his weather eye. Mount Desert is most beautiful in spring—waves like serpents dart in and out amongst the rocks, sea gardens are uncovered at low tide

with no diversity of colour, but green refracted in a hundred shades.

At this time the Island is unique, not a motor on it—cut-unders, buckboards and smart victorias attached to horses trot one about. I like to drive very early, before breakfast, to the lily pool near Eagle Lake. Fun, on returning, to leave wet, sweet offerings on the doorsteps of sleeping friends.

It is the Lenten season and I am author, actor, producer and manager of a children's missionary play. (Ever since, when I have a nightmare, it is of taming infant savages into sanctimonious cherubim.) I have taken the play on the road, playing Portland, Boston and Philadelphia churches!

How to deal with one's Sabbath School class and their gum has finally been solved by the card-index system, each child filing her portion against her initials. Some of my pupils are promising—there's Tim, who defines the prodigal son as "a wicked man who went out to feed pigs and when he came back he was better," and Joe who tells me that for Lent he has given up "cake and sin." His mother and I both hope he will keep both vows.

It is Midsummer's Eve. In the churchyard the rowan tree is scarlet. If you dance beneath it and wish, your wish will come to pass. Faith will dance for me as "Babbie," for dance she can and Babbie she is, with her red gold curls and gypsy frock. I shall pluck a scarlet bunch and wish and wish myself away. . . . And so I did, and before a twelvemonth passed I went away with the Lewis Delafields—may the gods be good to them!—to Turkey and Hungary, to Russia and France, to Sweden and High-Germany. When I should

have been listening to history, I was listening to romance; and when I should have imbibed culture, I imbibed splendour; and when perforce I had to come home, I wanted to stay. It was all scribbled on the pages of my diary that was burned, but it was also written on the pages of my memory and that, thank fortune, is fireproof.

CHAPTER THREE

MAKING AMERICANS

SETTLEMENTS in summer are not nice. However, six sizzling weeks in Philadelphia spent in preparing a pageant proved profitable and led me to experience philanthropy in New York and points west.

The pageant consisted of hybrid children wearing intensive American costumes calculated to conceal racial differences and to dazzle the Mayor into presenting a playground. The price of pushcart finery soared with the morale. There is a lure to sidewalk shopping, fish, flesh and fowl, alive or dead, jostling the latest thing in suspenders and garlic.

The College Settlement, a neat, efficient building, hasn't room for me. I lodge across the alley with friendly proletarians. The male roomer is a gentleman who works "by horses' hair"—a mattress maker; the feminine residents sew "by buttonholes" and produce progeny prolifically. One of them removes discarded roses from the ashcans of the rich, converting them into delicious, dusty jam. The other is addicted to smart slang—"Go hang crepe on your tongue"—far more effective than a mere "Shut up."

The four legs of my bed stand in four tins of kerosene—even the proletarian has his parasites. Sometimes I leave the bed at four A.M. and climb to the roof, past lodgers and live-

stock suffocating in the same room, past women, huddled on fire-escapes, hushing their crying babies. An occasional shady lady slinks home through the fetid street; gutters give off heat and the odour of yesterday's garbage; futile insects assault the arc lamps; suddenly hot light streams through the close clouds and the day and the life of the tenement begin.

A tubercular waif, Becky from Bessarabia, is the first to wake because of her cough.

"I want I should be American soon," she chattered, brown eyes shining. "I ain't so quick to learn the earth is round and such like, but youse can teach me. If maybe I shouldn't learn, hit me onc't."

Alley fights are frequent, ending in a clash of broken bottles, hurled by gutter gangs, or police chasing boys who hunt ice wagons in hot, dry streets, in lieu of adventure in cool wet woods. For the Fresh Air Society we borrow places in the country from sometimes reluctant friends; our only job is to anoint the heads of fortunate youth with larkspur and ship them off with blessings. Once I borrowed the original garden of a Biddle, by the river's edge, its walls covered with wistaria and fruit. Hessian cows supplied milk and Plymouth Rocks laid new eggs for city children to consume. The hostess gave permission to pick roses, but taking flowers back to town is in the nature of a feat. Children in the streets pursue me with frantic tugs, crying, "Teacher, teacher, give me one!" Only my height (which won me the sobriquet "Miss City Hall") lets me get away with a blossom or two.

Monday nights I run the Girls' Club in the Cardington Silk Mills. It seems as if I accomplish little except a colossal consumption of homemade cake. (Yet when later I went away the members gave me an umbrella and a compliment:

"We give you this because, although you are a lady, you have all the manners of a working girl.")

The supper club run by youthful Italians is a very classy affair, with male members at alternate meetings. Maria introduced her young man to me at the last meeting:

"He makes a classy living in a butcher shop—eight dollars a week and his Sunday meat."

The American father of Carlotta sent her to me with a note:

Dear Teacher:

My girl can get full of fun but I want it right with the law. A father gotta know where his daughter is. Good or bad, I ain't going to part with mine till death. Her home is lovely and I have informed her of the troubles of life.

Carlotta isn't bad, she is bored; her excuse, "The way my father wants me to learn is too educated."

The club president is really a dictator. "The club doesn't *be* the nights I don't get there," she advised the members. The secretary, whose mother has been making me a pair of crepe-de-chine unmentionables, brings the maternal account: "For fifteen hours labor on one pants, $3 and fifty." Tessa, the treasurer, boasts a possessive gentleman friend—Jim, alias Spike-eye or the Merry Widow. By profession, he's a political stool. When he stayed away three evenings running, Tessa decided to dance with a reliable rival. Spike-eye sauntered into the dance hall, stabbed the rival twice, the lady once, and walked out. Tessa, proud of her strapped ribs, snubs the rival as chicken-hearted.

In strange cities one comes to know the insidious line of social demarcation. In Philadelphia, Market Street is appar-

ently the great divide. The settlement being quite on the wrong side, at brief interludes I leave my ash cans, a willing Cinderella, in a coach with fat horses, to visit on the "right," attending the Weir Mitchell evenings at home. Charming people are there, exchanging chatter and wit. Dr. Mitchell, cornered by distinguished visitors, discusses nerves and novels, his own and others. It is restful to listen to the King's English; to see Agnes Repplier twinkling behind her face. If only Charles Godfrey Leland were still among those present! I pore over his manuscripts in his sister's library—Hans Breitman ballads, Kuloscap, the Indian, and his Gypsies, with whom I like to linger. Leland possessed a store of their language and their lore. A "masher" is quite a respectable word, he discovered, coming from the Romany root: "*mashava*—to fascinate with the eye."

Once I sallied forth to a ladies lunch given for the leading poetic light of Rittenhouse Square. Lesser literary lights were there. The hostess graciously called upon each in turn for a "few remarks," to which she listened with a faraway expression in her eyes. Her own turn came when a guest gushed over the flowers in the center of the table. "Ah," she said in a throaty voice, fingering a premeditated blossom, "this is my larkspur mood today."

Very early this morning Becky's mother sent for me—it is for the last time. Lessons and coughing are over for my little Bessarabian friend. I pinned a tiny flag on her nightgown.

"Teacher," she whispered, "is it that I am American?"

I turned away before the joy in her eyes.

CHAPTER FOUR

PEOPLE ARE NOT "CASES"

As a result of my experience in Philadelphia much discussion had gone on among Kind Old Ladies of Saint Saviour's parish who wished to help me to a paying post as social worker in New York. Each of them "sat" on the Board of some pet charity. Putting their heads together resulted in nothing; they felt forced to confer with Jane Addams who was summering on our Island. She said that only a course in a school of philanthropy could qualify me. The dears immediately applied for my admission to the New York school, stipulating (as I found out later) that I was "not to learn about life." This explained why I was left behind when the class visited the Night Court!

I hated that excellent school. I wanted to deal with the human rather than with the problem. Economics, statistics, and labour laws were simply dry facts. People weren't "cases" to me. Warned that mine wasn't the language of a social worker (when I reported that a tenement "exuded holy ornaments") I sought to employ more familiar forms—"reality situation," "areas of participation," and "contact." If it hadn't been for the Supervisor of Field work, sister to the potent Miss Thomas of Bryn Mawr, I shouldn't have stuck a term.

But she had wit and understanding, a godsend then and a blessing ever since.

The first term was enough. Hearing that the Big Sisters were looking for a corresponding secretary, I wrote three sample letters and got the job—by changing my name to Cornelia.

The Kind Old Ladies had placed me for safety in a shelter, St. Barnabas House in the Bowery, where infants are taken care of while mothers are in hospitals, and women are sheltered for the night. The Deaconess in charge would keep an eye on me.

The night shelter drew an extraordinary collection of derelicts. Sometimes in the morning they were kept on to do some work. Alma was one of these. She nursed me during an infection, secretly hoping I would die. She had a passion for "set pieces" and counted on a supply of flower pillars and harps. It seemed as if she were about to have her wish when a well-known surgeon friend dropped in and ordered me off to the hospital. It was a grand chance to go as one of "the people."

The receiving nurse skipped the entrance bath—either the effect of a Paris bed-jacket or the absence of "inhabitants" in the blanket. A darky with elephantiasis was on one side of me, a girl from a Third Avenue *café-chantant* on the other; twenty more patients of varied natures and aches stretched down the ward.

A cheerful professional visitor bent over me as I issued from ethereal dreams. "What are you doing for the Master's service?" she inquired brightly. My answer sent her six beds farther on.

The ward maid conversed at length. "I can't complain,

most patients I have to associate with is nice people. On the Private side I've swept for nobility, a Vanderbilt and two Roosevelt kids."

The elephantiasis lady, a laundress when in health, had a kind heart and did not mind *not* talking. The café singer, in visitors' hours, shared with me her gentleman friend, a composer who played triple rag. If I would finance the printing he would dedicate to me his latest song—"Send me a blade of grass, mother dear, from the old home town."

On Thanksgiving Day I went over to God's Providence House to help serve turkey dinners to the hungry. We poured coffee with a hose, and shovelled miles of plates onto oilcloth tables. One man returned five times. I let him—if he had the capacity to hold five filling dinners, he deserved them. Uncertain whether he could get away with it he tried a bit of blarney: "Lady, you gotta sad, sweet face; I'd kinda like to tell you my story." But he seemed cheered when I turned to him with a plate of food instead of with a listening ear.

The Big Sisters seem good sports. The president, Mrs. Vanderbilt, has a way of letting her light shine without turning the spot upon herself. The treasurer, Mrs. Willard Parker, is the most patient woman I ever met. The speaking member, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, meets with howling success. One night, in addressing a meeting, she called down to me from the platform for a forgotten statistic. A gallant in the audience jumped to his feet: "Gosh, lady, it doesn't matter what you say, we'd fall for your looks anyhow."

Maggie, aged eight, says, "All the world's bad, only you do it different." Girl problems aren't too easy to handle. The

large majority of cases are of improper guardianship. But if you take a girl away from her parents, what are you to do with her? We've tried Shakers—they're always in search of postulants, since their creed prohibits personal propagation of the species. I took two possibilities to Lebanon. The Eldress, buttoned into broadcloth and virtue, made us welcome. In the dining hall rows of feminine Shakers were eating copiously. Not posted on the religious tenet which forbids food left uneaten, I left a morsel, and in consequence went supperless to bed! Buildings are on a generous scale. Barns run over with plenty, workrooms are stacked with cloth and furniture, handwoven and handmade. Through long golden afternoons the little ladies work over their appointed tasks, with never a glance at the jolly brethren tossing hay. Leaves danced, the brook burbled, the wind sang, but in the house all was order and quiet. Can pulsing youth stand such stillness? It cannot, for it is a week later and the two possibilities are with us again!

The executive secretary of the Big Sisters is Mrs. Evans, whose zeal and sincerity I'm hoping to absorb. She brought me a baby from the court today to deliver to an uptown address. I took a taxi to the house and had it wait while I left the baby. When I appeared alone the taxi-man said sternly, "Madam, you have forgotten your baby."

Last evening at dusk I was alone in the office when someone cautiously turned the handle of the door. A haggard woman, hugging a large box, staggered in. "Miss, you will help me, won't you?" she began without preliminaries. I made her sit down; she still clung to the box.

"What is it?" I asked.

She thought I spoke of the box. "It's my baby, it's dead,"

she answered, and poured out her story. "My name is Mary Corn and I'm a foundling from a Home upstate. Twenty years I had of it, not calling your soul your own. When I did get out I hadn't sense about things outside, I'd never been out alone. Come to the city I starved and slept on steps, until I grabbed a scrubbing job in a Bowery joint. I'm ugly, always was ugly. I didn't know nothing, don't know nothing now; for fifteen years I've scrubbed, one place worse than the other. I didn't make friends, they take money; I was saving to buy something for my own. I had twenty dollars set by, when a woman found out and picked it off me. Then I didn't care. I got taken on to clean in a men's lodging house and saw my chanst. Some men has to have women; they wouldn't know what I was after, they wouldn't bother, and maybe I could have a baby for myself. I guess I wasn't made to have a baby. It wasn't never strong. Three weeks old—and it died today! The city wants to take it away. Miss, will you please help me to buy a grave for my own? Christ! to have *something* that belongs!"

Father, Chaplain for a certain House of Reform, has come to me for help. Paula, a sixteen-year-old inmate, set fire to the place. The flames were put out with small damage to the Institution but much agitation to the board of trusty gentlewomen. Father's duty being to punish Paula, he inquired into the motive for the conflagration. The answer came swift and sure: "My God, I couldn't stand another prune." For three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, four prunes in sweetened water had sanctified the evening meal. Paula was pardoned, and the menu and morale were changed for the better.

Although Europe and the West intervened, I usually returned to New York to work in the intervals.

One summer it was filing diseases at Bellevue Hospital—countless thousands of charts. The compound fascinated me. In and out of the gates clanged the ambulance on an endless cycle of birth and death. The wards were crowded with those who have tasted life's dregs. I got so worked up over dramatic possibilities that I wrote to Eugene O'Neill, begging him to come and write a drama of "A Day." He merely replied, "Thanks, it is an interesting idea." (This was before the era of popular medical plays.)

The Queen of the Belgians came on a visit of inspection; mine the honour of inscribing, as a souvenir for her Majesty, a copy of Bellevue's *Dictionary of Disease*.

A friend, enthusiastic about the powers of a certain temperance cure, asked me to write a pamphlet about its merits, called *How to Conquer Drink in Three Days*. I wrote the pamphlet and also tried the remedy on a young woman on parole; then, to cap the cure, arranged with Father to take her to his Long Island rectory as maid. Ten days later, Father telephoned and begged me to remove the lady who, having drunk all of the church wine, had robbed the poor box in order to buy more. He further suggested that I do not combine business with family affairs.

Working for the Vicar of Grace as sociable secretary—the Mothers' club misnomer for me—I live in a hotbed of races bordering on Avenue A. Impossible to form a league of nations, for individualism is rife and too many nights I lean from my window to see who is murdering whom down below.

There is a job offered now in a hotel for women. The very thought of three hundred and fifty women under one roof staggers me. Literates and illiterates, every type of female from fifteen to seventy is represented, in every variety of trade, business and profession. The hotel provides workers on small wages with necessities, comforts, and sporadic luxuries at minimum rates. Run for several years as a successful machine, the new committee on Welfare want to make it a home as well; my problem is to find the way.

The only way is to move into the midst, the better to look and to listen. Each morning three hundred and fifty women and girls go their different ways, and each evening three hundred and fifty return, individuals with walls of loneliness between them.

One night a gentleman-of-the-street, leaning against a lamp post, inquired of me genially:

"Where are you going, all by your lonely, dearie?"

This has given me an idea—gentlemen friends, administered in proper proportions. Recreation is the solution of many a problem. I said this to various men's clubs which were also suffering from segregation. Some of them got the idea and cooperated, exchanging parties and partners.

My telephone rings with an order for twenty girls for a social evening. I call up to ask for an assortment of fifty men for dancing and cards. Friends are genuine necessities—we furnish the right sort.

A girl isn't always capable of choosing for herself. Frances "picked a winner," she said, adding, "He's on a Admiral's staff and knows all about obstetrics"—possibly the wrong word. At three A.M. a fortnight later, I bailed her out of jail

at Coney Island. While jaunting, the Admiral's bodyguard had been arrested as pretender to office.

The hotel is on the East River: on the opposite side are city buildings for the ill, the criminal, and the forlorn. At night a gust of misery blows through my window. Coal barges tie before the door. They're a cheerful lot, especially the *Mary Ellen*. Dull afternoons I take myself and ginger snaps to tea. The skipper is a jovial soul who helped me rid the waterfront of a persistent idler. To daily reminders from me that he had no business to hang about, the idler merely retorted, "I'm a Fresh Air Inspector," and didn't budge until the captain disposed of him.

The Committee have put in a diet kitchen, the delight of women grown stale with lodging. Fussing over favourite "messes," grievances and inhibitions vanish, proving that woman's place *is* in the home! I once asked Sir Patrick Geddes, the eminent biologist, for a definition of woman. He replied that you couldn't define her apart from man: "Man is the web running through life, vertically; woman is the woof that weaves it together, horizontally, making the pattern on man. Man is an engineer, or an architect, or a doctor, or a chemist, etc., etc., and in his own field knows a good deal. Woman takes a child and says, 'how good it is'—that is *Ethics;* 'how pretty'—that is *Aesthetics;* 'how much it costs to feed him'—that is *Political Economy;* she nurses him—that is *Hygiene;* she cooks for him—that is *Chemistry*. So every woman is using every science every day but doesn't call it science, and this is life."

In the dispensary each patient possesses a pet idiosyncrasy and a particular doctor. A Lithuanian receives her medical adviser in a chiffon blouse over a purple nightgown, with

tam-o'-shanter and gloves. I have to unwrap an over-modest invalid from the Sunday *Times* before a stethoscope can approach her chest.

Kascza, a Czech, entertained me today as I gave her an alcohol sponge. A prisoner in Austria during the war, an army doctor operated on her, she doesn't know for what. She frets, because, as she says, "the Czechs I know in America are not in my same shoestanding and my beautiful years will be gone before I am back in mine country."

After I ship Sari to the country she sends me her thanks:

"I will be obliged to you, forever. In this place of nature I am from life a prisoner free. Yesterday we have it glorious, today is so sad as my soul. How *you* wish, that I *did* always."

Even in sleep you have to be prepared for emergencies—two calls last night; the first, a girl with a sprained ankle, who had spent the day trying alternate packs of vinegar and holy water; the second, an artist of uncertain age who staggered in, sobbing hysterically, "I *shall* jump out of the window, I know I will." I thought she was practising grammar, but discovered she had a *crise des nerfs*. The ground floor sitting room seemed the sensible solution; it possessed a comfortable couch and she could jump if she liked. An impressionable night watchman shared his coffee and sympathy with her so successfully that I fear nerves will become a nightly institution.

Beauty culture takes on a different complexion when I see salesladies come home each evening with furrowed faces, and set forth each morning armoured in cosmetics—warpaint in the battle for existence.

Modern sales talk stuns me. Yesterday I tried without success to find a becoming hat. The young woman in charge of

hats in a large emporium was polite but frank. "I am sorry, Madam, but you have your face to contend with." A floorwalker in another establishment replied to my query, "Where shall I find nightgowns, please?" with "Latin intimacies are on the third floor."

Thelma, an excitable blonde, stopped in my room to say she had quarreled with her boy friend, who "puts a quarter aside for his bath and never says damn to a lady." She hinted at suicide, having just come from a movie where the heroine, apparently painlessly, did away with herself. I paid scant attention, for I'd heard her threaten before. However, two hours later she attempted to follow the film with ineffectual but unpleasant results. She shrieked for me and I did what I could, but she had to be taken to City Hospital, with a policeman on guard. Two days later her views on life, love and death had completely changed. Hoping to lessen the legal complications of the charge "attempt at suicide," I connived with a practical priest to marry her off to her boy friend under the nose of the sleeping policeman.

For weeks I have watched a pretty girl, and she has furtively watched me; I fear she is insane. What family she has have declined responsibility and beg me to put the girl away. The pretty thing went alone with me quietly to see many doctors. She does not understand but she trusts me. For a fortnight past she has been sleeping in my room, afraid "they" will come in the night.

The doctors have finally decided on an Institution. It was I who enticed her behind barred gates. I cannot forget her eyes; she trusted me.

In this household of many women there is usually one to need my care. This time it is the many women who care

for me. Today a tap came at the Infirmary door. A delegation tiptoed in and put a package brave with ribbon upon my pillow. In excitement I tore it open. A doll beamed at me, spreading crinkly paper skirts over a little box. In the box was gold,—pieces hardly earned, the charming offering of three hundred and fifty loyal friends. Friendship such as this makes it easy to instruct one's courage to be proud.

CHAPTER FIVE

JAILER IN IDAHO

THEN I got a job in Idaho, thanks to Calvin Cobb, owner of the *Idaho Statesman,* the grandest old man west of the Rockies. It was a two-sided job, Policewoman and Welfare Director. The dictionary defines the latter as "anything pertaining to the body, mind or heart of the community, individually or as a whole," and the dictionary doesn't tell the half of it!

The city had a progressive mayor and an enterprising police chief. The conservative faction voted against me as an "Eastern violet," but the progressives prevailed.

City Hall is a Victorian eyesore built of red brick. His Honour, the Mayor, occupies the top of the building; the Court sits below, surrounded by a series of musty municipal bureaus. The street floor is divided between the police force and me. On the one side, as welfare lady, I listen to hard luck stories, give out clothes and advice; on the other, as policewoman, I dispense justice in the name of the law.

At the far end of the department behind an iron grill are several cells. If there are prisoners, they peer at me pleasantly, standing on their cuspidors the better to see me, sitting at a ponderous desk. The women I shut up in a room across the

yard. They mostly hate being shut in and take it out in scratches. I've taken to wearing the Bishop's ring for protection—a rap with it over their knuckles goes further than moral suasion. My duty is to search each woman before locking her up, but I'm not the easy mark I was, when a Queen of the Cokies rid herself of a fortune in dope by flushing it down the drain.

As Boise is off the main railroad, the floating population is small. Established citizens in ill standing furnish the undesirable element; old-timers are punished and fed just once in so often. Sage Brush Moll, who has served seven sentences, will probably never serve another because plumbing cramps her style. On arrival at the city jail, I gave one look at the women's quarters and fought for a bathtub. When Moll arrived she gave one look at the bathtub and yelled to the guard, "Welfare workers is sure damn pests; even jail ain't what it used to be."

Last night I went with Minnie Jellison, protector of youth in the Juvenile Court, to remove minors from the dance halls—the type of dance hall known in Wild West tales as the "Bucket of Blood." My job also is to round up the girls working in hash houses (railway restaurants) who haven't turned up for treatment 606. The State Doctor is a live wire. The State orders and pays for the treatment; if the girls don't turn up, it is an "offense."

In the penitentiary Harry Orchard, who bombed a governor, leads a God-fearing life. He persuaded the prisoners to do without sugar for a time, saving the money to enlarge the shoe shop, adding earnings of his own: the result—benefit of work for every man.

The penitentiary is run by the State so it doesn't involve

me officially, but personally I am interested in the half-dozen feminine inmates. One woman, a half Basque, confided that she'd done "perfectly nothing, the cop changed the truth on me." Basques are imported to Idaho direct from the Pyrenees, for they make the best sheep herders in the world.

The star prisoner is an appealing character who had a way with husbands. After marrying one, she would heavily insure him, then kill him kindly with fly-paper, the kind that floats in water. The water, impregnated with arsenic and poured over canned vegetables, the husband's death could be attributed to ptomaine or typhoid. A clever little woman, but not so clever when she insured her last, a petty officer in the Navy. The insurance company was fed up and exhumed all previous matrimonial ventures, discovering the wife's sly ways. She was given a short sentence, because the evidence was purely circumstantial. Disconcerting to have one's husbands—or, more strictly speaking, their mooted portions, duly labelled Mr. So and So and So—admitted as evidence in Mason jars.

A man came up to me this morning and asked if I was the policewoman. "Because if you are," he said, "I want permission to send the little woman a Christmas present."

"Are you a premeditated husband?" I asked.

"No," said he, "but I'm kinder sorry for the poor thing, her first Christmas in the penitentiary."

The present, a pink satin boudoir cap, turned up this afternoon.

Years later I asked for news of the lady and got this story: Shortly before her time was up, three convicts fell for her; Convict No. 1 made her a rose trellis—the women work in

the penitentiary garden; No. 2 gave her a hose to water the roses. One foggy day she climbed the trellis to the top of the wall, slid down the other side via the hose, and ran away with Convict No. 3. In Colorado she answered an advertisement for housekeeper for a widower, got the job, and months later, about to marry the widower, was discovered and returned to finish her sentence.

As we use the city jail simply as detention quarters, women prisoners aren't with us very long. Grace—not really a bad girl—has been here a week; she broke a drugstore window to steal cosmetics and cigarettes. Her mother, indignant with the law, sent one of her ten progeny with a note, marked urgent:

Dear Lady:

We are seven day people and keep Saturday holy and the commandments with God's help. Please send my daughter home; Christ is coming soon and we got to prepare. Also I wish her to work for me. Can an offspring be allowed to treat her parent so? Not a penny have I had off her. Can the law keep the child from the parent what needs its money? My husband defies me in a check suit of $15, and me and my children in cast-offs. Please favour me with Grace's early return.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Lockard.

Grace is better off serving a sentence; twice her savings have gone to purchase family robes for a false Ascension.

I'm extremely lucky, for when one set of friends isn't putting me up, another is; my return for hospitality is confiscated brandy for their plum puddings and a sense of security knowing a police officer sleeps under their roof!

Life in the city is life at the Cobb house chiefly. The day is lost unless one looks in to be scolded, commended, and cheered beneath that roof. I've just confessed to persuading an erstwhile cowboy, now a civilized citizen, to ride through the streets as Paul Revere. Some bright person in Washington, wishing to increase the sale of Liberty Bonds, has instructed all capital cities to commemorate April 17th. The idea may be to arouse patriotism, but I've roused only ridicule.

"Barney," the Chief Councilman, a French Canadian with the sanest mind and the largest hands I've ever seen, has come in for a gossip. He used to be a logger and he's a dear. Acquiring forests for himself by dint of hard labour, he has acquired a knowledge of human nature as well. I've been going over the records of the Welfare Bureau with him. You can't catalogue human beings any more than you can classify their complaints. This isn't an attempt at stating cases, but simply notes jotted down for Barney to read between the lines.

May 4th Jim Davis's aunt, after Jim has benefited by a temperance cure, paid me a belligerent visit. "Yes, he's sober all right, but you took the liberty of curing him, so you can have the privilege of paying for him."

May 9th Mrs. Macleod brings in a gift of stolen eggs from the farm where we placed her with a feeble-minded daughter, a solution that definitely relieves the police. Mrs. M. being by profession a washwoman and petty thief, the only safeguard to clients was to have her wash under police

supervision—three nights a week patient detectives had dodged damp lingerie in my office. Now, relegated to a farm, mother and daughter appear content; the daughter chews with the cows while the mother helps with the fruit, undoubtedly picking and stealing a bit on her own.

May 12th Mrs. Thomas came to borrow money for the rent. She wailed, "I'm down to me last cent!" and didn't seem cheered when I spotted a ten-dollar bill indiscreetly slipped down her leg from her stocking bank.

May 16th Angela Torona telephoned: "Are you the Farewell Lady? Well, come over quick. My mother says my father is throwing things at her again, and she ain't going to stand for tomatoes this time."

May 18th Mrs. Jackson, a fast woman in a quiet way, sings in the restaurant at the Amusement Park. She wants two yards of net to fill in an evening dress. "Society can go bare, but I don't."

May 20th Mr. Marsh arrived seeking a housekeeper, no matrimony intended. "My children need a woman to put them wise, but I don't want no wife."

May 21st A Scotch miner, suffering from "pecuniary trouble," wishes a cheap but respectable rooming house.

May 29th Mr. Stanley came in for a bottle of "hair restorer," as he euphemistically calls lice remover. "The trouble with my children's scalps might be hereditary, my wife had quite a few on her wedding day."

June 2nd Mrs. Blaisey, a good Mormon, wants mourning clothes for her daughter Ionica's funeral. She is very sorry

for herself: "I'd raised her up a peach, and at seventeen she's died on me."

June 4th Rose, from the Greek restaurant, blew in with a grievance. Rose hails from back East. "A damn drummer got fresh. I settled him with soup, but Nosey Joe [the Greek proprietor] butts in and grabs a carving knife. That down-East boob don't wait for nothing; he yelled, 'My God, this *is* the West,' and lit out without paying his check."

June 7th The Matron of the Salvation Army Farm came with a query. Emma Wa Kee, Chinese orphan of fifteen, has borne a son, and is it Chinese or American? Emma has been had "up" before me with possible fathers of both nationalities. If Chinese, the Chinese grandmother will take it; if American, nobody wants it. I could guarantee nothing, and the baby is destined for the Church Army Corps.

There's a large, jovial lassie who's been "rescued" three times. Moral vaccine is taking. On my last visit to the Salvation Farm I heard her encouraging a dispirited mare who turns the furrows: "Git up, you lousy lollop, git up to the Rescue Home and be saved."

June 10th A miserable specimen, who does nothing but reproduce his kind, brought a note from his wife begging a sack of coal.

Just a line to say a lovely fat boy arrived at our tent this A.M. I cannot believe it a boy, having six girls. I feel as good as can be expected, having another angle to care for. My mother-in-law loaned me a dollar and helped me bear my pains. From a loving parent and one who needs heat.

June 11th Sadie Featherstone advised me on pink paper that she wanted to start a new life and be good, or a little better, as a young girl should. I hope she will become a great deal better, as her father says she is becoming a "damned parachute."

I've just become a headliner in the morning paper. "Policewoman Eats Sour Grapes." This is the interpretation of a warning which I issued, prohibiting motor-spooning in the Gulch. A youthful reporter assumes personal motives: "Having no one to spoon with herself, the Policewoman gets busy and keeps others from doing it." The penalty of spinsterhood!

June 13th This order came into the Bureau marked "Important."

RESPECTED MADAM:

We would like a baby by return mail, we would come if you wrote us. We are fine livers, as my husband is a large undertaker. I have Tishan hair and would care for a permanent blond, but will take an infant darker. We have religion somehow neglected on account of business, but think of making the baby Lutheran. They are very cooperative. The cost we will undertake with no grudge.

June 19th Mrs. Cox lives on the sorrows of others. She reported: "The lady next door is sick in bed, the ceiling fell on her head. You know when the head is hurt, there is a pain, so please get prayers where most convenient and a tonic to be took lying down to oblige a suffering Christian."

July 25th A vagrant Venus, who dove in a tub for five dollars a week, wandered in. Her show stranded in Pocatello

and she is here minus her tub. Dare one offer a mundane job to a goddess? She is really beautiful, with yards of red hair, enormous eyes and little sense. No prisoner on tap at the moment, I can lodge her in jail while I negotiate with a button factory for her services.

August 1st A Domestic Relations case to be considered. A bored wife pawned her wedding ring to go to the movies. The thrifty husband was annoyed. He was shaving when she confessed, so he heated his razor over the gas jet and branded her Gillette.

August 10th If one could only dole out self-respect with bread and shoes! Mrs. Epperstrom shuffled in, whining for a loan: "I've got a dispossess and am crazy worrying. While I drink, I don't want my children should. My own mother lays in the hospital and hasn't two cents to write me where her operation is."

August 15th Borah is in Boise. Together with countless constituents in good standing I am "received" with lemonade at the Hotel Owyhee.

September 5th The Consolidated Dentists came bearing gifts—a hundred wild ducks to be given to the poor, shot on amalgamated sports day.

Barney and I call it a day and let the rest of the records go. We walk along Warm Springs Avenue, the chic avenue of the city, basking in prosperity. A handy set of homes, for if you wish to be warm you have only to press a button, and warm water from the hot springs pours into the pipes.

No wonder "milkmen shudder when they perceive the dawn!" So do I, especially if I have to see it three times in one night. Unruly women can't be put to bed or even locked up without a woman's touch. The telephone rings and the Chief's voice says, "Hello! Knock up, I'll be out after you." In five minutes he is, on his motorcycle. Clutching him in a coma, I am bounced, still half asleep, to the jail. Last night I was annoyed. A couple brought in from the park for "undue loitering" were a married couple, with their certificate at home. True, the husband as an inmate of the Barracks Hospital shouldn't have been out of it, even with his lawful wife. The wife had come on a visit from a neighbouring city, which the husband hadn't mentioned to the authorities; however, they might have passed a peaceful night and so might I if the police hadn't demanded matrimonial evidence.

Another case connected with the Barracks today. The manager of The Mode, the smart shop of Boise, sent for me. In his office I found a terror-stricken girl. She had stolen a dress from a rack and been caught putting it under her coat. She sobbed out her story. Married only a week, the husband was sent to a training camp, then shipped overseas. He had been wounded and brought back to America and finally landed in the Boise Government Hospital. In the meantime the wife worked for three years in Iowa. An illness took her savings—all but enough to come to Boise. All the way she had agonized: would he still like her looks, would he think she was classy, her clothes was wore out? En route from the station the dresses in the shop window dazzled her, she went inside just to see, and took one. She'd have done anything to keep him liking her, but now, if he ever knew what she'd done, he'd kill her!

The manager of the shop was a human being as well, and there was no prosecution. Maybelle went with me to the Welfare Bureau. I set her to washing her face, ransacked the give-away cupboard for a dress, and told her tale to the Chief. He made her a magnificent speech on the value of virtue, the dire things that befall vice, and strengthened the effect with coffee and a hamburger. Maybelle cheered up. I sent her to the hospital alone. An hour later she telephoned, "Gee, everything's okay all right."

I'm running a Matrimonial Bureau unofficially. Out here people are too busy claiming homesteads to search for proper domestic partners. It's the pre-flivver era; near-neighbours are often a thirty-mile ride, and a party-telephone line discourages courting. Men come into town from the mines with gold to be assayed, lumbermen dash in for a spree and homesteaders truck solemnly for supplies. They may find ladies of the evening, but they do not discover good companions for life. It was a letter to the Mayor which started me: "Won't you please find someone to love a lonely young girl?" He turned the job over to me. If I do it for one, why not for another? As Mr. Podzer, a successful Matrimonial Agent in New York, says: "Marriage is Heaven's first law, so why hold up to ridicule that which tends to encourage it?"

The preliminary step is the Tuesday night "Get Acquainted Dance" at White City Amusement Park—not jazz, but Five and Seven and Lady of the Lake, dances that demonstrate the staying power of the contesting parties. To any woman who can survive these vigorous whirlings, housework will prove a cinch.

Non-dancers and inarticulate speakers can court in my

chambers, easily converted to a Municipal Beau Parlor. Five-cent lemonades or coffee are potent aids to conversation. Certificates are demanded of both sides, regarding character, business and health, and naturally there is careful consideration of temperaments. Will a "widow by death, a good-looking Protestant," suit a farmer with a "fine form and three hundred chickens"? I rather think she will, so I'm asking both for Tuesday next.

The police force can't understand my lack of personal interest; the Chief assures me, "I've seen worse looking girls than you married." On top of this comment, a man bustled into the Bureau. "Say, I want a wife to go out by the three o'clock train," and when I demurred at short notice, he compromised, "Well, lady, if you can't find anybody else, you'll do."

Mothers of eligible daughters come for advice. Mrs. Quinn is explicit: "My girls are bound to get married, so if they can show a certificate by the man, it's all right by me. You have a parent's feelings, even if God hasn't made you one. I don't want my girls to go through a drunken future, so kindly pick non-alcoholics."

A Roman Catholic girl asks interference in her sister's choice of a husband. "The Pope says it's bad to marry cousins—God gives you plenty of others to marry. Even Protestants isn't so suspicious as relations."

Minnie uses the Bureau for uplift. "Say, can you get me a new gentleman friend from the Christian Devil Society? [Presumably she means Endeavor.] Mine's in jail, though I still got him in my locket—he's one for looks, but he's up for five years and I'd like a new deal."

I've also a correspondence course in love letters. The

world's workers are ever more articulate in action than on paper. Hilda from the barber's shop showed me her last letter to her last young man, a salesman in cheese.

Dear Mr. Bob:

I take great pleasure in riting to one I love. I would appreciate a thought from you. There is not many like you. This is earnest. You fanninate me who have been a manicure from coast to coast and met a lot. This is all hoping you are well and dandy. From your fond friend.

Spring in the Sawtooth is a lovely thing. The tenseness of winter relaxed, prune orchards blossom beside green valleys; a hint of syringa is blown from the Pass. The King of the Mountains motors to his house in the hills, and I shall ride at his side. The King is a man of stature, an acknowledged leader among miners and men. His house is a cabin of forty-foot pine logs, set on the edge of a rocky ravine. There's a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to a green gorge below! There is also a rock garden, pride of Ah Sin—the all-competent Celestial who fries golden griddle cakes and harries the rattle-snake from the door.

The King's guests enjoy his sensible sleeping system. You undress in your bedroom, tuck yourself into bed under blankets and net, and trolley out to the sleeping porch. If a mountain lion bays too close for comfort, you press the button and trolley in again, with none of the discomfort of hopping out to fetch a gun. So powerful are the workings of the dam and so sweet are the uses of electricity that even the gates open at a touch. The nearest civilization is Idaho City, where rotting shack and bar and dance hall jeer at their golden past. The King still operates a worn-out placer mine;

even highwaymen beware when he drives alone with the "clean-up" hell-bent for leather to Boise.

Red Haggerty rode in from the hills with a young bear—freshly shot, his tummy full of blueberries. Red is a pleasant, carroty man, with a distinguished right arm. It terminates in three devices: iron hook, corkscrew or wooden hand. The hook is useful by day when he rides the ranges; the screw when he tends the bar by night, and the black-gloved member when he goes to circus or church in town. I've learned a good deal of wisdom from this man: "Keep your eye on other folks' business and your mind on your own." Also that the excellence of Idaho bacon is due to the pigs' régime; feeding on alternate days ensures alternate strips of lean and fat.

Interesting to discover the craving for music in ranchmen's wives. I've finally started a traveling library of gramophone records—six exchanged every fortnight. They are carefully chosen where cows come into consideration. A well-known laboratory in New England, featuring music for electric milking, has found that the flow of milk increases during Beethoven or Debussy, with a tendency towards dryness through a Wagner cycle.

The other morning, riding out with the sheriff, I stopped to catch bullfrogs while he went hunting for a still. The frogs had luscious legs, but it was hot work. A number of bored bovines browsed about; the S.P.C.A. should add to their activities the promotion of pleasure among cows. My mind began to run on milk. I wandered to a barn to beg a glass. The cowman in charge was evidently a gentleman, for over the door he'd neatly carved: "Speak to the cow as if she were a lady." (Years later I sipped at romance from a

foaming pail in far Stamboul. The Red Sultan had fed his herd on pears from the Palace garden.)

There were heaps of fish in a leaping brook and I hoped the still would take the sheriff long to find. The farm woman came to chat with me; she is a graduate of a midwestern college, married to a plodding son of the soil and starved for news of life. Twice a year she goes to Boise; it is an event and she wears white gloves. She knows no one there, but sees the streets, gets a "feel" of people and lives her hour. We've made a date to take the gloves to lunch when next she comes to town.

It is close to Christmas. Sheep are so plentiful, the city can have a Municipal Crèche. Probably we can manage a pageant in Capitol Square. Real shepherds can learn parts and bands of sheep can just be natural.—As it happened, they were too natural and ate the manger at every performance.

Such a Christmas! The police force and the prisoners proved towers of strength. On Christmas Eve there were toys for the children and clothes and food for the parents on the welfare list to be put into a hundred baskets—the prisoners filled the lot. As most of the baskets had to be taken to Tent-town, a straggling settlement on the edge of the city, we commandeered idle police cars. The populace, sensing the Christmas crisis, girded up its morals and for thirty hours there was no new crime on the blotter.

We had five very pleasant men in jail; fortunately three of them had good voices and I borrowed them for the angel chorus in the pageant. They were paroled to me and behaved perfectly throughout rehearsals and performance. I

asked the five what they wanted for a Christmas gift. To a man they chose a shave. The town barber, nervously conducting a tonsorial parlour behind the bars, unwittingly replaced whiskers with self-respect.

At four o'clock the Mayor and the citizens gathered on the steps of the Capitol. A stable stood in the square; an angel chorus, recognizable by its white wool wings, hovered behind and above, supported on ladders. Trumpeters stationed at the four corners of the building blew clarion blasts; Wise Men on asses, shepherds with sheep, rode down the street from the hills, the Holy Family waiting calmly at the crèche.

Directly after this excitement, the police gave a tree party in the courtroom for their families and friends; the singing jailbirds filled a gap with topical songs. The jail cat had her Christmas mouse, and the jail mice had their grain. I dined unprofessionally with friends in a flurry of tissue, holly and laughter, then slipped off to the Barracks Hospital. Most of the patients are soldiers imprisoned in plaster since the war, weary with months of lying. Their fairy godmother, Margaret Cobb, had hung a Christmas stocking at the foot of every bed. The Cobb cook had prepared a mammoth bowl of dough. An orderly attached an electric stove to a wheeling table, and I fried hot doughnuts up and down the ward, with apologies to the Salvation Army.

Christmas afternoon at the Penitentiary my Mummers played to a crowded house. On tour, the sheep were reduced to two and the angel chorus left out, the carols being supplemented by songs from an enthusiastic chain gang.

In the orphanage a crisply starched staff was pleased with an expurgated pageant, but the orphans were not amused. Santa Claus won prior favour with a sack of toys. The or-

phans were no longer prim puppets, ready with a "Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am" for every kind-minded inquirer; the asylum mask was off and they were children. Jimmie pulled me down beside him. Jimmie is four, with eyes like a certain R. E. He was playing with a tin train. "Miss!" he said, tugging at me. "Look, see it go!" He rubbed his cheek against my soft silk skirt. "You don't scratch, I like you." I liked Jimmie—and Boise.

CHAPTER SIX

SAILING UNDER FALSE PRETENSES

My spinster spine bristles with pride. I am taken for the mother of sons. The hectic purser of the large liner has mixed me in with a group of Gold Star Mothers, crossing to France.

The Gold Star group is well assorted, coming from every section of the country, from every social stratum. I sit by each in turn, swapping gossip; keeping my end up with stories of sons borrowed at odd times from kind friends.

There was John, aged six, who solemnly questioned, "What will happen when all the speak gives out?" What could one answer?

Harrison, at fifteen, telephoning from school, "May I bring thirty boys home to supper to discuss philosophy?" The philosophers were quite satisfied to argue Plato over hot dogs.

"Bookie," who at eight wrote a concise history of the world. He'd heard fragments of Wells' *Outline* and wanted to "get into history."—"Chapter I: Julius Caesar was so wise, so great and so good that his best friends killed him. Chapter II: Jesus Christ was a kind man, as we all know." The book ended with "Charles the XIII of France didn't have much of a career and died soon afterwards." ("Bookie" is

now John Boogher, Phi Beta Kappa of Princeton, with a prize for *Concept of Force in Mechanics.*

The various mothers express varying degrees of maternal pride. Alabama's mother, a wisp of a woman, pretty in a meagre way, is continually tired.

"I never feel real good, though I got three girls to fetch for me. I find I gotta do for daughters, they buzz 'round. Sons ain't so, they just sit 'round smoking. Sons is generally comforts—daughters, you can't be sure."

A widow from Kansas, beginning to perk up, confided in me her hopes and her doubts.

"I could marry again—there's two parties in mind, but men need considering. One of them has good references from his church and business, but he sports whiskers, and how are you to tell but he mightn't look worse with them off?"

A harassed individual accosted me at my cabin door.

"Are you the lady that took a bath? I saw a man who says he's a steward right in the bathroom and think maybe it would be safer to stick to sponging acrost."

Touring the ship with Mrs. B. from Virginia, we stumbled over a man in an Inverness cape, walking a first class deck.

"He may be a Duke," she sighed hopefully. "His stick has a silver knob and he said, 'Pardon me,' kinder grand. Of course, maybe he isn't, but again maybe he is, and *I* shall always believe I've seen one."

An energetic matron, habitat Connecticut, never stops knitting or talking about her native state.

"It's the greatest inventing state in the world, from corsets to nuts. I guess there isn't a nut in this ship that isn't from home. My son was six-foot, stockinged, and a natural blond.

He lived the life of a regular army man, but in every other part of his life he was a thorough gentleman. Never married—didn't think a woman ought to be tied to a moving van. He died in a Government hospital but we paid for the extras. He never knew—he thought the Government was giving him good for what he done. If I took him a cartoon of cigarettes, he shared them like a diplomat—different from other folks—that's why I miss him, I guess."

A bustling clubwoman, keeping a journal for her Literary Society, can't keep up with the dates of important occasions. "Excuse me," she said, running after me in the dining room. "Do you remember the day we changed napkins?"

A little old lady who stays by herself is shy and sweet.

"My boy wasn't just a soldier—he was in an ambulance corps and died of his own accord. He put off his appendix too long, so he could care for the boys over Christmas."

"Friends," harangued a wordy Westerner, "told me to look out for New York, but I just put my trust in God and held on to my pocketbook. My son would sure be glad to see me sitting steady; he used to kid me about wearing out the ground walking on it, but if a family eats stylish food it takes standing to fix."

I'm sitting in the salon; there has been a concert. The mothers are quiet, perhaps stirred by memories that do not pass their lips. A dignity is on them in their silence; diversity of nature and education, but a common bond, "My son."

CHAPTER SEVEN

MADAME LA GRANDE COMME ÇA!

I AM INSTALLED in Morocco in the household of a charming *Capitaine le Comte,* family *bien connue,* and *la Comtesse,* his wife, antecedents unknown, plus two pampered offspring, Philippe and Madelon. My job is to teach English to anyone in the house, for no one in the house speaks it. However, no sooner do I commence lessons with my pupils of four and six than *la Comtesse* clamours for her children or for me.

If the sun is fine, we are on the roof, Philippe and Madelon and I. The children play *au cirque* with a rocking horse, a goatskin, and Ducalore, the Canary Island dog. I watch the shadows play over white houses terraced to the sea, and ponder on the fact that the Islands are named for dogs, not birds. Ducalore exploded the idea. It seems when the Islands were new and all, dogs of this type outnumbered the inhabitants. Hence the King, who knew his Latin, christened them the "Carne Isles," a later, less literate sovereign, corrupting Carne to its present form.

Betunal is making my bed, executing strange steps the while. Betunal is black, Senegalese, an orderly from the *Troops Indigènes;* he is also my chambermaid. I feel as if a kindly chimpanzee had undertaken domestic service. His white teeth are sharpened to points, his working clothes are

an undervest, red sash and khaki trousers. He speaks little, even of his own language. My name being completely incomprehensible, he substitutes *"Madame la grande comme ça"* and a lofty wave of the hand.

Faiz, the Arab orderly, arrives for the shoes to clean, in a turban and flowing cape. He it is who brings me coffee in the morning, and at night tucks me under white, woolly rugs.

Lali, the laundress, appears heavily veiled. I wait for a vision of beauty, but a wrinkled visage comes out of the folds. She dangles a pair of silk stockings, shrieking delightedly to Faiz, what I take to be delicate jokes.

Sylvia, the Levantine *bonne,* runs up the stairs solely to scream shrill sentiments to the sweetmeat seller below in the road.

Madame la Comtesse—she insists on the title—hurries in, her dress more scarlet than red. She borrows my furs, scolds everyone for nothing, paints on lavish lips, and flounces off to a rendezvous with her latest admirer.

Enter *le Capitaine,* soldier and scholar. The atmosphere instantly betters. The children hang over him, servants smile and depart, I exercise my French. He brings gifts—chocolate for the boy, a ribbon for the girl, and a French *Odyssey* for me. There's a phrase he must know the English of before he rides into the Bled.

Another morning: Madelon, a tiresome child, shuffles round and round in my slippers, whining a mournful ditty; Philippe, his cheeks streaked with honey, screams aggrievedly, *"Mees, Mees, où est mon costume?"* meaning trousers so minute they can never be found.

As a mother's helper, I do not give entire satisfaction. The

mother being antagonistic towards ablutions, I bathe the pair surreptitiously, but something always gives it away. Philippe squeaks, he hates his ears scrubbed, or Madelon "tells" if her bribe is too small. Ostensibly we promenade, in reality we visit the *coiffeur*—haircut, laundered, and perfumed. *"Eh bien,"* sighs *la Comtesse,* resigned since she hasn't paid the bill, *"les Americains sont tous extravagant."*

I ran away this afternoon to the heavenly house of the *Ministre d'Agriculture*. He is agreeable, his wife is English, and Daisy, the daughter, is beautiful. The entire American Escadrille, come over to assist the French, has fallen in love with Daisy, one infatuated Ace painting a mammoth marguerite on the wing of his plane. The aviators being in the hills at the moment, French beaus abound.

Having run so far, I ran farther to see the sun set in the garden of the Oüdais. There the sea bounces over the pink stone walls, storks nest in a ruined tower, and Arabs in pale burnooses wander hand in hand, a rose clasped in their fingers. I hunt for a blue table, in a bower of wild sweet vines. Ali is dusting one with his purple sleeve. Ali belongs to the little café, concealed in an archway. There is dignity in his bearing beyond duties ill-performed. I stay him when he comes with tea redolent of mint.

"Where do you come from, Ali?" I ask.

"From wide spaces—once I was a shepherd, sleeping under stars," he answered.

It's a beastly day, cold rain grinning through the windows and creeping over the tiled floor. I leap from rug to rug, a shivering Eliza minus the thrill of hounds. Secretly, I am sorry for myself, although an hour ago I had tea with the

Sultan's brother. Before that I went to the Royal Mosque. Being Friday, it is Mohammedan Sunday, and the Sultan goes to his prayers. Trumpet jazz wakes His Highness each morning and wakes us too. In the rains here that feeling of up-with-the-lark is lacking. We went by motor and sat shivering as near to the Mosque as religion permits—it sits like a carved white turnip on a red clay plate. The court musicians, in white kid aprons, played skilfully with a loud noise before the door and pandemonium in general reigned. The Sultan once safely behind the sacred doors, we were about to leave when the *Comtesse* cried in delight, *"Voyons! le frère du Sultan,"* pointing to an unprepossessing individual sorting himself from the crowd—a younger brother of His Highness by a different mother. The Royal brother, more pleasing than he looked, returned her effusive greeting with an invitation to tea.

We headed for the Palace proper, only to find that the brother, at the moment in the dark of the Royal eye, is housed near the hens. Balanced on low divans, with muddy feet sticking out straight before us, we made polite conversation; the exalted brother and the *Comtesse* chattering in flowery Arabic, the courteous Captain improving my French with Arab tales. Their philosophy dominates their thought and action. An old man quarreled with a nephew of nine, heir to his property. The uncle fell asleep, exhausted with quarreling. The nephew endeavoured unsuccessfully to cut his throat; the uncle recovered sufficiently to justify the deed. "I should not have slept," said he.

It appears that the flowing trousers of the Mussulmen are worn with a reason: in his next incarnation Mahomet will be born of a man.

Conversation was interrupted by a visit to the wives. In a very small room were very large women. I never feel so unmarried as in a harem.

Two wives, writhing with colic, asked me to feel their pulse; another removed my hat and tried it on herself. A handmaid in flowered trousers and a superfluity of earrings placed a silver table before the head spouse—she was also the chief complainant, but not for pain would she yield priority. Scrunching a bunch of mint between her hands, she threw it into a pot, with a cone of sugar and a spoon of tea, infusing the three with boiling water; then offered interminable rounds of the stuff in gold-rimmed glasses.

Finally, torpid with tea, the Royal brother bowed us out, first counting in English on his fingers to show his learning. In return, I grunted in his language *"Baracalofic,"* which is to say "Thank you" in mine.

My month is up. I've "given notice" to *la Comtesse* and a final haircut to the children. Philippe, returning from the barber, stopped me before the residency. *"Mees,"* he said, swelling with pride, *"regardez, c'est ne pas la maison du bon Dieu, c'est la résidence du Maréchal, chic ça!"*

La Comtesse is secretly relieved, the household can now relax and relapse. Only *le Capitaine* enjoys ordered living.

I go to the hills to visit the American who enticed me to Maroc. Transportation affords a choice—donkey, Ford, camel or camion, horse or char-à-banc; safe arrival lies in the hands of Allah and the short sight of Riffian sharpshooters. The American, Cassie Marthelot, came down from Ouezzan to meet me. She is pure Philadelphian; her husband is French, Captain in the *Troops Indigènes,* his chest well-med-

alled for seventeen years of service in Maroc and in the World War. A relative of Abdul Krim's now lives in the village seized from the French and in the house seized from the Marthelots, Cassie losing everything she possessed except, by good fortune, her life.

We motored upward for six hours to the Riffs—foothills. Riffians are growing bold; with spring comes active fighting. Part of the way, debatable road, it was comforting to have a soldier for chauffeur. Violet shadows slid down the hills before we reached Ouezzan, a town of white houses straggling up steep streets to the Pasha's Palace at the top. An absurd hotel, mixture of French-Arab convenience and inconvenience, dominates the place, its terrace a vantage point for meeting and mart for gossip. We left the car on the level, climbing up a narrow, cobbled street to Cassie's Arab house. From its inevitable rooftop the view of the Atlas is superb and the sight of Singer machines sewing in Jew Street is most reassuring.

Life is ordered and lazy. Having the American aviators quartered near lends excitement to the hours; free lances, they've flown over unofficially to help the French. The French could undoubtedly manage without them, but are too polite to say so. Nominally the escadrille belongs to the Sultan's army; I don't understand the complicated military machinery, except that it involved a purchase of scarlet trousers, the correct dress in the Sultan's Own. (The aviators never wore their scarlet trousers save on the day the French Commander-in-Chief kissed them and sent them home.)

Two of the nicest are coming to tea, an amusing artist and a serious architect. If Larbi the orderly will hold an

umbrella over the stove we will make fudge, for the rains are commencing and fall where least wanted. At tea the talk vibrates between the expected attack on the aviation field and the Colonel's costume ball, the Post much more excited over the latter.

The ball is a success. The Colonel is a bachelor, but his aides outdo a hostess in food and drink and tactfully isolated nooks. A friendly officer from Afrique de Soud has been feeding me cake and tales of Timbuctoo. Now, at midnight, when everyone is dancing, I steal away with a soldier-sheik in attendance. The town is silent and dark, the occasional fire of a sentinel and the stars the only lights.

It is the day for the *souk,* the *souk* of the week; everyone goes to market. Onions, red slippers, wild olives, dung, and embroidery are spread on the Place. From the hotel terrace, aviators resting after bombing put down apéritifs to shout advice when we become embroiled in bargaining. The populace amuse themselves among the motors, trying the tires with thorns.

This afternoon, Cassie's Captain took us to an outpost guarded by the *Bataillons d'Afrique*—battalions of discipline, men under sentence who are given this chance to live or die. The valley is filled with flowers, the hills yellow with buttercups. Spahis passed us, riding swiftly, their red capes blowing like banners in the breeze. The path to the Fort wound through an olive grove, peaceful except for the buzz of planes bringing bombers home to tea. Tonight from the rooftop we could see lights flash on the hills, camions lumber over the road; hear distant rumbles and the nearer beat of drums. Suddenly, everything was still. The excitement is

explained next morning with news of an attempt on a Post fourteen kilometres away.

The patio lacks vines. We sought to remedy the lack by cajoling the gardener at the Public Gardens. Alas, a sign states: "The gardens are temporarily closed to the public," and the gardener is not to be seen. An official in the Intelligence Bureau gave us inside information.

It appears that the soldier-gardener, wise in his profession, was most unwise when in his cups. At this inopportune moment, an officer's wife of uncertain charm sought advice concerning rose-worms. The gardener gave the advice but also kissed the lady. Discharged in ignominy, he now, with better pay, tends the Municipal garden in Rabat.

There is a wedding going on in the family of the Pasha—it continues for forty days and forty nights. A guest may have a choice of ceremonies; the newly-wed couple must attend them all. The Pasha is the son of the Englishwoman who fifty years ago broke all precedent to marry the Shereef of Ouezzan. The gentleman fell in love with the lady's golden hair as she sat drying it upon the balcony of the British Legation in Tangiers. Her British Highness bore two sons; they in turn married Arab wives, who begat children, and their children begat more—the Shereefa does not lack for family. One of the best accounts of Morocco is in her book, *Emily, Life of the Shereefa of Ouezzan.* She draws true, vivid pictures of country and customs, but doesn't give herself credit for what she has accomplished in welfare work and in vaccination reform.

An extraordinarily interesting person, San Altesse the

Shereefa, I wasn't half as interested in the wedding festivities as in meeting her. Madame Marthelot took me to the Palace for the tenth day ceremony. Dozens of heavenly houris in rainbow silks lolled on cushions; the Shereefa, sitting very straight, knitted woollen socks. Three hours of sipping sweetened tea and sweetmeats almost finished us. I loved listening to the Shereefa, dignified, delightful person that she is. When we left I was very rude and asked point-blank if she'd been happy. "My dear," said she, with a wise smile, "how do I know if I should do it again?"

It is Ramazan now, a time of fast for Mohammedans, of wakefulness for everyone else. True believers neither smoke nor eat from dawn to sunset, but in return they feast from sunset to dawn! I am down from the hills for a week in Fez, stopping in a hotel so perilously poised on the edge of a ravine it will probably at any moment join the goats grazing at the bottom. Today I asked for a bath, certain I'd glimpsed a bathroom at the end of the corridor. *"Apres deux jours,"* said the proprietor, having rented it as an illegitimate bedroom, the traveler resigned to a bed in a tub as an old Moroccan custom.

A tennis match is playing on British Territory; the Consulate is filled with guests. I sat beside a gallant Irish Admiral to watch the game; he is the clever sea-dog and equally clever M.P. who once made history in the House. A discussion arising over a British trade-mark on foodstuffs, an irascible Scot demanded what the Irish Member could possibly know about oatmeal. To which he serenely replied, "I know the stuff well, I use it for pasting photographs."

Reginald Berkeley has arrived to rest after his *Lady of*

the Lamp and before filming *Cavalcade*. He dined the lot of us at the Jemai Palace Hotel. For once no misnomer but a veritable palace reinstated with plumbing. A recessed platform in the salon suggested charades. We played them with costumes mobilized from clothes left for brushing before bedroom-doors. Unsuspicious owners, sipping after-dinner coffee were far too absorbed by the performance to recognize their garments. Most enthusiastic of the audience was a Prince of Denmark, *Officier of the Légion Etrangère*. He roused his party to such a pitch that they retaliated with a charade of their own "Champagne" in English, ending with drinks all around of the wine itself.

A section of the Foreign Legion is camping close at hand. Their heterogeneous ranks are a terrific lesson in humanity—over their face a deliberate mask, concealing a common bond, the desire to escape suffering body and soul. Wolfe, the artist, is working on a portrait of a British *Légionnaire*. I sometimes drop in to watch or to bring the soldier to the hotel to dine. Last night we motored him back to camp a second too late. Rules are iron. It was simpler to blind the sentry at the gate with the headlights than to have the *Légionnaire* do eight days in quod.

Berkeley has organized an expedition to gather Arab material in the raw. The British Consul knows where he can find it, at Figuig—rhymed with Bigwig, it lends itself to a play. The spot being in the "unsettled country," euphonious term for territory liable to attack, the expedition embarked in an extra-size motor, the British flag well in sight and a rifle as thoroughly concealed. Figuig could double for an Opéra Bouffe; in a forest of blue palms, a city of thirty thousand Arabs sprawls over golden sand, with here and there a

building which the French might have built from coloured blocks.

We came upon the oasis at the moment of the moon. That night the air of the desert blew through blossoming almond

AN AMERICAN AVIATOR SKETCHES A FINAL IMPRESSION OF MOROCCO, AT THE FAREWELL DINNER TO THE ESCADRILLE IN OUEZZAN.

trees in the garden Rest-House. Camel boys bustled up in the jade light of morning, tugging their supercilious beasts. They warned us not to speak for the first hour as the camels do not like the Anglo-Saxon tongue. I felt like trying a full-flavoured Arab word which I'm assured is a curse—"may

your grandmother creep as a caterpillar ten thousand years in hell!"

The new Resident is arriving in Rabat from France, and five thousand Caids rode in from the Bled to make their homages. I followed the Caids as I rode back to the hills, coming across their encampment outside the walls of the town. In a flock of brilliant tents they were tidying burnoose and saddle. At the crossroads a hunchback smithy plied his trade. Three lumps of charcoal for fire, for an anvil a tailor's iron, yet he had shod a thousand steeds for the morrow's parade.

The time has come, so it is said, for the American Aviators to leave the French. Cassie Marthelot, as an American and the wife of a French officer, wished to entertain them. She commandeered the hotel for the purpose. Mildewed walls were hidden behind native embroideries and the bar was discreetly draped in purple passion flowers. To music, supplied by a convenient wedding party, thirty uniformed males danced with the handsome hostess and four fluttering guests.

Tomorrow I take to the road again.

CHAPTER EIGHT

FEZ, FEVER AND FRIENDS

"*L'hôpital* you wish to attend, Madame," said a discerning Spanish brigand on top of a disreputable cab. I did. I was in Fez, and I was alone; I had fever. What else I had, I did not know. The hotel did not want me there, I did not want to stay there. I wanted to crawl into a friendly bed and die.

Sixteen hours before, the capable bus of the Compagnie Transatlantique had transported me from white French Rabat to this dusky Arab town. Fez huddles on the side of hills, descends into a valley, crosses the river, and escapes into the glaring Nouvelle Ville (French city). Palaces, houses, tents, and huts indiscriminately mingle. In the guarded gardens and *jalousied* windows one senses the presence of women.

Somewhere I had collected a germ—it gave evidence all through the night of being a powerful amoeba. Daybreak, I felt, was not the moment to seek advice from a British Consul; the United States didn't keep one here. Finally, the hotel-keeper—unshaved, with a glass of burning brandy in one hand and my bill in the other—suggested the Military Hospital. I rose, dressed, tumbled into the brigand's carriage, and arrived. The office was filled with scribbling soldier-clerks. They entered me as an officer, also I trust as a gen-

tleman, and said but certainly they would provide a bed for Madame. An orderly led me across endless compounds. There were five hundred sick and wounded here. I stumbled past stucco quarters for officers, skirted a tin-roofed pavilion for soldiers, and dodged the ropes of many tents. A final scramble through a hole in a wall brought me into a small court with a very small Arab house, set aside as sanctuary for females fallen ill. There were four rooms in it, two up and two down. I chose one up, with a bed by the window that looked on the lane. Through an iron grill at one end I could see the tip of the courtyard tree with oranges, gold against an arch of azure tiles. A handful of Sisters of Mary nurse the hundreds of patients. One is not exactly bothered with excess of attention. Convalescing soldiers act as night *infirmiers;* Fatima, an Arab woman with an indispensable baby, spreads the sheets and dusts the tiled floor; Ahmet lights the night flares and brings unappetizing meals from the cook-house across three courts.

For the first twenty-four hours the charm of a North African courtyard seemed poor substitute for the hygienic comfort of less romantic spots. I hated the hospital and maligned Maroc. A swallow chirped in an orange tree, hopped through the grill, perched on a ledge, scolded me roundly. I named her Noisette. In the next room I heard the gossip of women, the cry of a sick child. The day began to move, the hours to bring interests. The moments held others' sorrows that might prove as poignant as mine. It might even have a cheering effect to record them. I called to Ahmet to bring me a pencil and started scribbling on the back of my fever-chart:

Médecin Chef.—Portly and pleasant, clever and courteous. His motto: *"Ça ne fait rien."*

Sœur Cyprian.—Round, conservative, conscientious, bovine.

Sœur Adeline.—Ecstatic, *exalté,* ineffectual and unhygienic.

Sister May.—A delightful sister sent from Ireland ten years before, sent in to me on too rare occasions to cheer with blarney and tea.

Fatima.—The mother of the indispensable infant, a funny *bébé* that looks like a lively gargoyle. Fatima performs her duties in soiled silks, the *bébé,* decked in charms, hung on her back. In need of attendance, I clap my hands; no modern nonsense of signals here!

René and Raubert.—Alternate orderlies; convalescent Zouaves, proud of a very little English.

Père Gaspard, the Chaplain.—Fine combination of St. Francis and Friar Tuck.

Patient No. 1.—Jean-Jacques, a very ill child of five, nursed by his mother, whom Raubert describes as "Madame without dents."

Patient No. 2.—The Heartsick Lady, appellation also Raubert's—a husky, moustached woman, with pain in her heart.

Visitors.—Phyllida, the British Consul's wife, an English rose with brains and a sense of humour.

Miss Dennison, salt of the earth, an Irish missionary. Various officers sent by *le Capitaine* ——.

Music off stage.—The band of the *Légion Etrangère.*

The call of the muezzin to prayer.

The song of the swallows.

One day follows another monotonously, but no two reveilles are alike. Sometimes it is a muezzin noisier than

usual, sometimes it is Fatima swabbing the tiles. At seven, Ahmet brings *café-au-lait* in a bowl, bread under his arm, and a jug of water with which I am to wash. Sœur Cyprian takes temperatures at nine. Ahmet or Fatima shakes the crumbs out of the sheets and smooths them smooth before the *Médecin Chef* makes his rounds. I give him a pathetic report of my pains. *"Ça ne fait rien,"* he says, beams comfortingly, and departs.

Being an officer, I am entitled to a spoon for my medicines. *Les Charités* sip from the bottle direct. This presupposes a nice sense of restraint.

The Heartsick Lady and I exchange carrots and conversation over *déjeuner*. I prefer her carrots to mine, for they are served plain; because I am *officier* mine swim in a slightly scorched sauce. Idleness, sleep, more idleness. Three o'clock temperatures are taken by Sœur Adeline who counts my pulse by her beads. Evensong by the swallows. Just as hope dies, a visitor arrives, or Raubert or René drifts in for a chat. Night falls; it is a night long drawn out, smothering silence unless Jean-Jacques cries out in pain.

Sister May is detailed to visit me. My temperature has gone up; perhaps her cheerful presence will bring it down. It is good to hear and to speak the English language. Unaccustomed to her own tongue, words come slowly, but the brogue is still intact.

"Is it feeling fine you are?" says she, scanning the chart. "Sure and you ought to be with your fever running away with you. Sœur Thérèse, glory be to God, is sick of the same trouble. Her chart is after marking her straight on the road to heaven. She's been nursing native babies for a dozen years. Now she falls to praising God in one breath for near-

ing Paradise and begging the Doctor in the next to keep her on earth for to help the babies. I'm thinking neither of them has the first thing to say about it—our Blessed Lady will be after settling the matter for Herself."

During the afternoon I had drowsed. Vaguely I heard whispers and clumsy tiptoeing. Half an eye opened to take in a large and splendid officer. Behind, three other officers followed him in. He addressed me:

"Madame, we have come. Do we find you asleep?"

"Oh, no," I yawned, thinking them *Médecin Chefs* who'd forgotten their aprons. They marched to the foot of my bed, one in blue, white-haired; one in blue, brown-haired; two in khaki. All had gold stripes of the important sort, and a goodly sprinkling of medals. White-hair spoke as slowly as a schoolboy:

"I am the Commandant, this is the Colonel, these my aides. We are arrived to see if you have need, because the *Capitaine,* your good friend in Rabat, asked it." They bowed and waited for me to answer.

"Do sit down," I urged, "having need" enough but knowing that what I did need they couldn't supply. Sœur Cyprian bustled in with straw stools.

The Commandant then made a new start: "Reading the English well, I think it simple to speak, but the words do not pronounce." Whereupon the Colonel winked. Evidently he and I would be able to get on without words. One of my arms straying from the covers, he replaced it with a prompt, *"Permettez-moi."* More talk with the Commandant concerning women's work in the world—he does not favour suffrage.

"In your country women direct from the marketplace, in mine they rule from the bolster."

I tried to tell him in my too literal French that he was kind to call. *"Je ne fais pas votre affaire."* He seemed more confused than pleased. Later I discovered from a French friend what I had said and it was my turn for confusion.

The aides seemed to feel they must take an intelligent interest in my case and alternately examined the fever-chart, upside down. The delegation remained an hour, courteous to the last, kissing a pitifully hygienic hand on their way out.

A storm blows the night down before its appointed hour. I am restless. Raubert brings me books, English books. "A *Légionnaire* left them, a Scottish *Légionnaire, trés bonne famille,* who liked the drink too well. When he died he would not tell his name, lest his very good family know."

Père Gaspard breezes in, skimpy with his cheer today. *"Bon jour, ça va?"* and he is gone, leaving a fat orange on the bed.

"Why does he hurry so?" I asked the Sister on her evening round.

"He carries extreme unction to the little soldier in the tent below," she said.

"Is it the end, *ma sœur?"*

"I know nothing, *le Bon Dieu* may relent," she replies.

Through the storm trots Miss Dennison, tiny, brisk, amusing, done up in a white burnoose, *à la* Saint Geneviève. Thirty years ago the Sultan ordered this costume for safety's sake, protection when she first came riding a camel across unchristian plains. She has founded schools for Arab girls, baby clinics, and a dispensary for women that includes men. (Walter Harris writes of her in *Maroc That Was.*) She tells

me tales of the coming of the French and the massacre at Fez, tales of the slave markets, and the opening prayer of the auctioneer in praise of a maiden's charms: "This one hath beauty, but this one hath had smallpox as well." A danger past was a value gained. Her tongue wags merrily, and I hate to have her leave. She must visit an indisposed merchant, having received an urgent request from his four wives bidding her hasten to "our husband." An especially harmonious household, she tells me, wife No. 1 and No. 3 having clubbed together to purchase two musical slaves; their husband is fond of duets.

There was a wedding today in the next room—a civilian electrician married the mother of his children four. Here and now she is bearing him a fifth. The husband found that she could not enter the hospital unless lawfully espoused. Nothing daunted, he sent for Père Gaspard, and said, "If it is necessary for her to become my wife, she shall become my wife. We have meant marriage before, but the time passes, *qu'est-ce que vous voulez?*"

Violets came in with Phyllida, from out the olive-wood. I love to see Phyllida appear in the dull doorway; a hint of spring in Surrey comes with her into the room. She shakes my pillows, combs the bed for crumbs, brushes out my tangled hair. Today she has been busy boiling six plum puddings for the six British *Légionnaires* at the nearby post. The Consul sends me a tribute from Tophet—the Consular hen who lays when she will; this is not often. Phyllida in exasperation once condemned her to be stewed; the cook sought out his victim with willing vengeance, but, canny hen, there was no trace of her until the Consul, about to seat himself in his official chair, saved himself from sitting on an

egg. Justice appeased, up strutted Tophet, knowing herself secure, for few are the fowls who lay in Fez.

It is René's watch tonight. I try to draw him out: "You have a family?"

"*Non,* Madame, I am an abandoned one. Who knows what I am? Mère Margot found me as she digs for *champignons* in the *Fôret* of Bordeaux. She kept me for good luck. She is kind, but she is dead. I am by myself, alone, but Marie waits in Bordeaux. Soon we make a marriage."

It is cold tonight. I have opened my window at Noisette's insistent tap. She will not come in. Ceaseless twitter with a friend. What do they discuss—feathers, travel, the best market for worms? I urge her to hasten. It is cold even under the covers. "Little silly, if you won't come in, you will have to spend the night in the orange tree," and I poke the window shut with a cane.

Mlle. K., *Etat-Major Infirmière,* in charge of the officers' quarters, called today. She is a distinguished Frenchwoman who nursed with high honour during the World War and has given the rest of her life to Morocco. Just now returned from holiday, she finds twenty officers, wounded or ill. She spoke of one, of his patience and courage. Though he is suffering greatly, he intends to live through Christmas Day for the sake of his wife. His wife has come from France to be with him. I have seen her walking in the courtyard, her head held high. "Be unencumbered of what troubles thee, arise with grace and greatly go, the wind upon thy face."

Christmas is in the air. An excited Raubert ran in at noon with mimosa for my water jar. He has been chosen to play the *Ave Maria* at midnight mass on Christmas Eve. This requires a violin, and no violin can be found. He is searching now

for Jasrash the Jew who cries, "Wares to sell and wares to buy," in the *souk* and through the town. Sister May is painting rocks on yards of brown paper for the crèche. Père Gaspard seeks singing soldiers for a choir. The fat kitchen Sister computes pudding by the pound. Jean-Jacques's *maman* sews a new pinafore while he sleeps. I badly wanted francs for five hundred packets of chocolates, sweet biscuits and cigarettes. A cable to England brought them from a friend who has never refused me yet. René shopped for me, helped me wrap the goodies, too, and we've heaped a babies' crib with the scarlet packets.

Fatima is ill, ordered to the Arab Hospital for a week. Ahmet, delegated to bring my food, believes in fingers. By the time he fetches some sort of implement, the purée is a grey-green, greasy mass.

All night Jean-Jacques wailed, *"Maman, maman!"* All night Madame-without-dents sat beside him stilling his restless hands. Through the dark hours the sick cried their sympathies, *"Le pauvre petit!"* Not one complained of his night's rest broken.

Robin Adair is in Fez. I am eager with interest to meet him, both as a direct descendant of the original and also something in Public Works. He's come to build the new British Consulate; Phyllida is bringing him to call. . . . Alas! What's in a name?

There were shots this afternoon in the distance. Père Gaspard explained, arriving dust-streaked. He brought two oranges on a twig. "For you, *tous les deux,*" he chortled. His joviality is often a mask. "You have heard the volley?" he asks. *"Pour les braves.* I have put them to sleep in the *cimetière.* Georges, *l'infirmier,* who did not cease to care *pour tout*

le monde until it is time for him to rest; Paul, *un garçon sérieux,* who had no friends, he nevaire speaks with me, with nobody at all. At midnight he says, *'Il n'y a personne'*—there is nobody—and goes to God. *Enfin!* this is not good talk for you—*regardez* my shoes, so dusty, seven kilometres have I marched."

Fatima and the funny *bébé* are back. She put me in a chair and dragged it to the room of *Les Charités.* Jean-Jacques had many toys upon his bed. He lay quiet, but his fingers stroked a sawdust lion. The Heartsick Lady was slashing shears through coarse cotton.

"A night chemise for my *mari.* He is a good husband and I have tried many."

News is brought in by Raubert. Ten soldiers going to a stream for drinking water were attacked by thirty Riffians, dressed in stolen French uniforms. Seven soldiers were wounded; the Corporal shot, stumbled fifty feet, then fell, finished off with knives. Two men escaped and looked back from the cliff and wished they had not looked back. Do men in Bureaus, moving red flags forward on maps of war, count the cost of each new pin prick?

Raubert has also brought me dates from Tafilelt! Would that I were in Tafilelt. Ladies there are fattened for the marriage market on honey, almonds and dates. It isn't ten pounds of sex appeal that I long for, but ten pounds of avoirdupois.

Taunts and jeers under my window above the lane—Riffian prisoners in rags, roped neck to neck, chained ankle to ankle. They crouch for a moment at the corner fountain to be watered.

Another offering from the Consulate. This time from Deen Mahomet, the cook. He is a personage, the Mahout of

the elephant, a great gift sent from India to the Sultan twenty years ago. The Royal beast disdained Maroc, turned up his trunk and died. No one could be blamed for an elephant's ennui, so blame was placed on the keeper. The keeper was placed in prison, but because he was a British subject he was released. In gratitude he attached himself to the nearest British territory, the Consulate at Fez. Withal an excellent Mahout, gratitude didn't change him into as clever a cook. However, one is sustained by his charm of manner alone. At the moment he celebrates his eighth marriage. Seven previous wives have not given entire satisfaction. He explains their failure according to his lights: "A woman cannot have the understanding of an elephant."

This afternoon, a red letter event, I am carried to the housetop. The Atlas Mountains wear a mantilla of snow, asphodels blossom in the valley. In the still air I hear the clamour of camel drivers, urging their beasts. They halt on the road below to straighten the burdens. *"Nokoss yerrubb o'azizia"* (speed, oh, chosen of my heart) they cry, and the caravan moves on. If I could only follow my dreams to Tafilelt, or to Samarkand, no matter where, if it be half the world away.

Alas, a patient has been put into the bed next to me. Companionship at close quarters is not so good. The window is sure to be a bone of contention. *"Ces Anglaises,"* she frets, "and their currents of air!" Within twenty-four hours homesickness worsts physical pain. "Noël comes," moans the patient. "Who will arrange the goose of my husband?"

Two not at all well-bred fleas went home with Phyllida on her last visit. The Consul did not appreciate their coming. His messages have been less cordial since.

The face of the funny *bébé* has turned saffron, her wrapping has been dyed a brilliant green.

"Mercy, Fatima," I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"C'est la Djinn," she replied.

"Nonsense, Fatima, there are no Djinns," though who am I to dispute with a daughter of the land?

Fatima salaamed and murmured, *"Inshallah,"* but the green remained till the saffron vanished. Miss Dennison explained. When Arabs are ill it is from the evil eye of some special *shaitan* (devil). To assuage its wrath, one wears its favourite colour. Blue for rheumatism, purple for fever, green for liver. Delicious word, Djinn. If I wore a coat of many colours, would mine come out of the shadows and carry me off from the hospital to a castle in Spain?

Sœur Adeline is an irritating creature with her pale fingers that do all the things that ought not to be done. The real woman has been scooped out; you cannot scold an exalted shell.

It is Christmas Eve and festivity is rife. A wind from the desert has torn the banana tree. It is still very hot. As a seasonal favour, I am allowed a bath. Ahmet and Fatima carry in a tin drinking trough, fasten a curtain before the grill, pour in a vase of hot water, and wait ablutions. I should like to amuse, but modesty forbids, so I shoo them forth. Noisette has had crumbs of cake, Jean-Jacques a toy, and the Heartsick Lady, perfume. Sister May put a paper napkin over the rusty supper tray, with a tiny candle for the Christ-child, and a rose beside the purée. I left the candle burning in the window, spoke to the sympathetic stars, and lay down to sleep.

By prearrangement, a few hours later Raubert knocked

at the door. *"Onze heures,* Madame, will you attend the mass?"

I slipped through the room of *Les Charités,* past Fatima who sleeps in the hall on a mat, and groped down the stone stairs to the court. It was beautiful in shadows etched by the moon. The sentry had orders to let me through the barred gates. In the officers' quarters a light showed a woman kneeling beside a bed. It was the Lovely Lady praying that her husband should see the day to come. The tents of the convalescents flapped in the wind. I steadied myself by the low wall bordering the dusty road. An occasional *Mohazni* (native hillman soldier) rose up to salaam, a gazelle flitted into a garden. The little chapel was brave with lights. Père Gaspard sent me to sit with the Sœurs. "You are *encore malade,"* he said.

Sister May let me share her wooden box and warm white shawl. *Ave Maria* sounded softly, so I knew that Jasrath the Jew had found a violin. The *Adeste Fideles* of the soldiers rang clear, the civil congregation grouped themselves about the crèche—how real were the paper rocks! *"Pax vobiscum,"* chanted Père Gaspard—"peace on earth" and in the hills to the west the cannon boomed!

In the morning a *sœur* came to wash my face, bringing a cup of chocolate *"pour Noël."* I stayed in bed till noon, resting grumbling muscles.

"Pas de lettres, pas de télégrammes pour vous, Madame," René announced regretfully, but there were other interests. *Les Charités* had *déjeuner* with me, cream cheese, macaroons and red, acid wine.

The *Médecin Chef* made rounds with his wife. She chuckled when I pinned violets on her husband's ample

front. Raubert came for me at three to take me to the entertainment of the *Croix Rouge*. The day was so fair that three hundred *blessés* and *malades* could walk or be wheeled to the big tent. Colonels, colonels' wives, and lesser officials clapped clowns and boxers, stifling nobly through an hour's performance of talented convalescents. Convalescents had built the stage, hung it with grey blankets, trimmed a tree with baubles and little flags; underneath were presents from the *Croix Rouge*. The band of the Senegalese and Foreign Legion burst into the *Marseillaise;* soldiers who could get to their feet, got to them, others raised hands at salute; Général Naulan, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Maroc, entered with his staff. The *Médecin Chef,* whom I didn't recognize out of his pinafore into his medals, presented me to the staff. *Le Général* himself, very amiable, capped his gift-distributing by handing me a tiny French flag. On it was written, *"Avec ma reconnaissance et mes homages pour les blessés et les malades, Hôpital, Fez, Noël, 19—."*

I strolled for a bit along the canal, beyond the gate. Narcissi were blooming, so fragrant I carried an armful to the officers' quarters. Mlle. K. exchanged *"Joyeux Noël"* with me. I dared not ask whether the Lovely Lady had had her day. Mlle. finally told me. Madame's husband, the good *capitaine,* had lived until sunset.

Night settled down, I blew out the oil cruse. I wanted the peace of darkness. Shepherds watched their flocks on the hills of Fez, but on the midnight clear came the eternal song of the Arab, *"Allah, Allah, Allah, Mahomed ya ressoul, Allah."*

A few days later an order came through at noon with an imposing military seal: "Discharged"—honourably? The

Médecin Chef paid a formal visit without an apron. Even Sœur Cyprian unbent—perhaps a gift of hot water tins had effect. (I gave her a dozen, in lieu of wine bottles that break in the bed.) Sister May spoke a wistful last Irish word; Fatima, *bébé* and Ahmet smiled at *pourboires, Les Charités* cried, *"Bonne chance,"* René and Raubert helped me to the gate, Père Gaspard shouted belated blessings, and I went my way to spend a week with Phyllida, the Consul, and Tophet, the hen.

Tophet's husband, the cock, makes a joyful noise in the courtyard; Abdullah calls me with tea and toast. Deen Mahomet makes me surprising soups. When I inquire into their substance, he enigmatically replies: "Take as much water as there are sons of Adam present."

I simply do not believe it true, all this cleanliness, comfort and cheer. I do nothing but sit and think, or, in a state of Turkish *keyeff,* don't think at all. Phyllida sews, I lie idle on the upstairs balcony, watching traffic cross the courtyard to the Consulate door. Towards four o'clock, if an unusually personable person passes below, Phyllida ties a red scarf to the rail, a signal to the Consul to bring him or her to tea.

On the eve of New Year, all there is of the British Colony gather round the stove and radio to listen to Big Ben. An ill-assorted lot, but the bell boomed straight to homesick hearts, and they joined with the crowds at Westminster in singing *Auld Lang Syne.*

The gate clicked just now, three tall Arabs entering with brass pyramids on their heads, a tribute of sweetmeats for the New Year. New Year begins with Consuls in high hats calling on other Consuls in tails, and ends with a reception to

all the Consuls at the house of the General in charge of Fez.

All day Caids have ridden to the door to leave salaams; Europeans and English leave cards. The road was blue with officers and orderlies bearing champagne, one to the other. The official reception was rather grand, in an old Palace with yards of room, tiled arches, a forty-foot terrace, dripping with fountains, ornate with trappings from over the world. The chic New Year gift of a Moslem was a mosque done in marigolds. The presiding Commandant swapped stories with me, the champagne having improved either his English or my French.

It is so pleasant being alive again, I stayed out till shadows turned the hills into mountains of the moon, and an importunate muezzin loudly bade Allah good night.

Phyllida entertains the stay-at-home wives of the principal Manchester Moors once a season. Manchester Moors are those who go to and fro in the interest of cotton cloth. They usually possess a traveling wife, who can be seen with propriety abroad, but who doesn't necessarily count at home. A reception sounds simple but is not. The least suspicion of a male must vanish, mattresses are dragged from the beds to make divans on the drawing-room floor, and pounds of sweetmeats have to be prepared. Twenty legitimate wives appeared, two brought Circassian slaves—these were social assets, playing the piano and pulling our hair, in curiosity, not temper. Phyllida speaks Arabic, but even so three hours of heavy sitting palls. Fortunately, their jewels take time to examine and they enjoy being overhauled.

It was a relief to turn from mass feminism to French officers. Four of them rode in from the Bled to dine, their sen-

sitive nostrils quivering over coffee in a drawing room that reeked of recent patchouli.

I went to the hospital today with soup for the Royal buffoon, once clown-in-chief to a Sultan. The French have cared for him since his master died. Then he had riches and rank, now he is old and ill. He craves for an audience, to forget for an hour that he is old and ill, and to remember that he is the Royal clown—"Present mirth is present laughter!"

CHAPTER NINE

FLORIDA GAMBLE

FAITH has been ordered to Florida for the winter. Having worked too hard on other people's problems, physical and psychological, in a Jersey sanitarium, she needs must rest in the sun. The aforementioned sister still pores over the pages of her fat mythology, and once wintered with the gods on their Hymettian hills. She now pores over ancient manuscripts, copying them to a nicety, and strings strange jewels after the manner of the Chinese. As there isn't a job in sight for me, I go ahead to explore in Florida, taking the family teaspoons as a working possibility and the Bishop's portrait as a guerdon of respectability.

An appalling city, Miami, in November, the start of the season at its worst. Real estate men in crumpled Palm Beach suits swarm the streets. I can cope neither with them nor with Big Business. In the city square are many buses advertising tranquil environs. The driver of a squatty red one assures me Coconut Grove is "the top." Certainly it is a monstrous lovely place. For an hour I loitered in citrus groves with signs "For Sale" hiding the trees, searching under crimson bougainvillaea and orange trumpet vines for signs of houses marked "To Let." A small brown cabin poked its roof above a flowering lemon tree—possibly Gretel's gin-

gerbread hut—it didn't seem to be anyone's home. The lattice windows were low; I pried them open and climbed into a fair-sized room of unstained wood, with rough, brown rafters. A minute kitchen opened on to the porch, an efficient bathroom lurked in a corner. The chief furnishings were three square tables and eight rush chairs. Before I'd finished counting them, a scheme hatched in my head—"La Cabaña," a road-house for tea. I dug the agent from his grapefruit patch—a melancholy man, who negatived the whole idea.

"That cabin is off the main road and nobody round here drinks tea; we are a highly residential section, excursionists excluded," and much more he said in the same discouraging vein.

Dealing with pessimism verbally met with signal unsuccess; what words wouldn't do, dollars did. There wouldn't have been any dollars if Zaidee Bliss, the winsome wife of a worthy man, hadn't put some into my purse at parting. "For luck," she said and giggled delightfully; good deeds are her favourite sport.

Three days gone and I'm in my own cabin and what's more, the cabin is a registered tea house! Already a series of blue arrows point the fact to thirsty passers on the highway, causing them to swerve in this direction. Inadvertently they land next door in lovely Chota Khoti, the house of the Owens, Ruth Bryan and the British Major, her husband.

Literally the whole cabin has been scrubbed, varnished and painted. It is so small and I am so tall, even the roof is in reach. I have sewed blue borders on yellow print curtains, tying them back with a bunch of fresh cherries each day.

Everything is perfect *but* the rats; a mouse gives me goose-shivers. The first night two rats got into bed with me. I snatched a cloak and fled to the next house. New England Samaritans lived there, who gave me not only sanctuary but doughnuts, rat poison and advice. A "Cracker" carpenter from Georgia boxed the rat holes next morning and begged me to try Voodoo magic. A Negro from Haiti told him about it and it never fails.

"You writes a letter and puts it down the hole: 'Respected Rats, I am sorry to say there ain't enough food to go round for your family and mine, so please go to ——' " not hell—but as the Cracker continued, "the home of anyone what's pestering you."

I wrote the note and success followed. (Later, in India, I tried the remedy with complete failure. Tagore said it was because I hadn't written the note in Bengali.)

La Cabaña complete is charming. Flowers are to be had fresh every hour; brilliant hibiscus, suitable to a morning mood, can be subdued to subtle shades for afternoon. Lemons lie in wooden bowls, oranges form a frieze along the ledge, and pine branches wave from the rafters. The chandelier, executed by the Cracker and me, is of crossed sticks lacquered black, hanging by chains of spools, red, yellow and blue, and supporting five fat candles.

The next step is to collect clients. There is the brotherhood of clergy to draw upon with the Bishop's daguerreotype as voucher. I called at the rectory, meeting with the warmest welcome and an offering of grapefruit—grapefruit in Florida is the symbol of hospitality. The Rector sent me to the Owens' to offer my help in a Christmas Sunday School play. Ruth Bryan Owen is producer. Her drawing room buzzed

with energy. Kitty, a daughter, lank, lovely sixteen, executed Egyptian dances; Bryan of eight romped with his dog Trousers; Helen-Rudd, infant, chuckled in her father's arms, while various neighbours fitted costumes on squirming children. Mrs. Owen directed, calm in the midst of it all, with a moment for all—chief secret of the present Madame-Minister-to-Denmark's charm and political success.

Christmas came and with it Faith. Friends begin to flock to La Cabaña, then came clients, enticed by crullers cut with a thimble and orange flower cakes.

I borrow the children of Maxfield Parrish to "wait" on a "good" day. At the end of a poor day they are not averse to dispose freely of leftover sweets. Over the teacups Maxfield, himself, made the retort courteous, to "How many lumps, please?" by answering his hostess, "One if by hand, but two if by tongs!"

The Owen baby has been kicking her heels on the couch all afternoon, the delight of the tea drinkers, who feel uplifted at patting a Bryan, even unto the third generation. Sometimes Bryan of eight stares through the screen door, hoping for crumbs to feed Trousers, his inseparable pet. The pet is the village abhorrence, from his custom of napping at the crossroads.

The neighbourhood spends happy evenings at Chota Khoti, curled up on cushions, in the white paneled drawing room with Chinese cabinets of red. The Major and his pipe sit in the chimney corner. Ruth Bryan ruffles her auburn hair, leans against the piano and sings: "I am not fair, but that he thought me so." Small wonder that when she nursed the wounded in an Egyptian hospital, they forgot to suffer in the music of her voice.

An artist is in need of a model; no one wants to pose if he can bathe in the warm sea, or play bridge on a cool veranda. I have said I will pose, if he will paint me as I ice the daily cakes. He is now painting, chiefly *not* me but a Persian calico frock, nasturtiums spilling from its folds.

It is convenient having fresh orange blossoms on hand for tea if taken unawares by a bridal pair. Sir Charles and Lady Marston dropped in this afternoon, married this morning. Authenticating the Bible is more fascinating than one imagines, according to Sir Charles' stories; having subscribed largely to expeditions in the Holy Land, his book *New Bible Evidence* is the result.

I have acquired the calm of Thackeray's Charlotte, and go on cutting bread and butter in crises just as serious as that of Charlotte. She continued, quite unruffled, although her lover, Werther, was borne past her on a shutter. This noon six unexpected people besieged La Cabaña for lunch. La Cabaña isn't rationed for lunches, but it seemed cruel, also unbusinesslike, to turn them away. Chilled grapefruit quenched their appetite and gave me time to run down the road and borrow the Owens' chops. Ruth was away, but the Major handed them over with true British courtesy. He is "the Major" to everyone, just as he is the friend of everyone, white and black.

Mr. P. of Boston wandered in with the spoils of a fishing trip, gin from Bimini, trapped in a lobster pot. It adds flavour to fruit-juice, also price to the bill, for those who do not care for fruit as nature made it.

Who should appear today but Dorothy Straight. Edith Lindley and she have brought respective and lively sons, Whitney and Vinton, for a week's respite at the Grove.

Dorothy is busy at present with the *Life of Willard Straight* and the building of the student house memorial at Cornell. We spent the evening talking of the world and its ways. With her extraordinary faculty for piercing to the heart of people or things, in an hour's conversation she may make but one comment, but that one will be the crux of the matter.

It may have been the beauty of the tropic night, a certain fragrance in the air, I do not know, but when she asked, "What next do you want to do?" I answered, "Work in India." We spoke no further and Dorothy went North next day.

Elaborate flower arrangements for tea tables and intricate icing have been taken on by Faith. She does them both with a Chinese eye to intimate detail. It is well, for a flock of little cakes go forth to feed Alexander Graham Bell and must be worthy of the illustrious inventor. He is staying with his daughter Marian, wife of David Fairchild (principal agricultural explorer of the United States Department of Agriculture). David trots round the world collecting plants to try them out in Florida.

Marian manages both scientists skillfully—they take managing, it would seem. David was anxious to have Dr. Bell see a Plant Introduction Garden early in the morning, insisting that you can't do plants justice if the sun's long up. At six he tapped at his father-in-law's door. A voice said "Come in" and there was Dr. Bell, fully dressed, sitting at the window, watching buzzards over the bay. Dr. Fairchild, delighted to have him ready, asked how he'd managed to wake.

"I didn't," said Dr. Bell. "I sat up all night. No one could be expected to wake up at such an hour!"

I've added his piquant small granddaughter, Nancy Bell, to the tea house list of willing waitresses and consumers of leftover cakes.

Stefansson wishes a sandwich to eat tonight after a talk on the North Pole. He does not like to dine before a lecture. He kindly lent me an Eskimo robe to appear in at a garden party of Mr. Bryan's. I am not quite sure why I went as an Eskimo, unless to show the Seminoles what their cousins the Eskimos wear. Several Seminoles were present, walking arm in arm with William Jennings. It was a hundred per cent American gathering, guests pledging each other in amity and grape juice. Mr. Bryan is a power in the community, never sparing himself in small things, his enormous Sunday School under the palms an amazing sight to see.

If the moon's like a Chinese lantern, we swim in the kumquat pool at "Aladdin's" house over the way, wearing purfled trousers filched from a Persian movie set. The town, from Mayor to vagrants, is deep in movies, produced and directed by Ruth Owen. Scenes from the *Arabian Nights* have nothing to do with a rumoured film of her father's, *Back to God*. We went on location to learn from a Barrymore and Colleen Moore filming the *Lotus Eaters*. Ruth wanted to study professional direction, though she herself might be Hollywood bred; nothing daunts her. Needing a heroine with hair as dark as night coming over the hills, she found her in a teacher at the Miami High School. The authorities, smiled on by Ruth, loaned the teacher, and accepted me as a substitute, changing the curriculum to fit my capacity.

The winter houses of the rich provide housetops de luxe, and the crocodile farm is invaluable, the beasts greedily straining after the toothsome dummies, ruthlessly thrown to them. If a mob scene is to be staged, the Mayor orders out the village—the citizens bring Negro cooks and the cooks, sandwiches. The Negroes are an economic asset; unnecessary to colour them for Nubian scenes. Surprising how movie expenses mount. I've been told that $80 a day was saved in glycerine perspiration by filming *Emperor Jones* in Long Island's hottest weather.

The season is over, tea drinkers are thinning, a sign is pinned on the cabin door: "Please go in, the kettle boils, tea is in the pot, cake on the table; fifty cents may be left under the plate." This leaves me free for movies and gives wandering clients a feeling of home.

The Major helped me take down La Cabaña's sign. We stopped to admire the cheerful cabin, blinking in the sun.

"It has been such fun," I said, "and a success."

"I'll give you a good mark," the Major conceded, adding, "What about next year?"

Before I could reply a boy bicycled up with a telegram that answered for me.

"Work ready in India. Dorothy Straight."

Since the wire said India, it didn't matter what the work was. I went straight to New York to see.

I found Mrs. Straight holding a reception for Joffre. In the middle of it she took me into a corner to say work in India means unofficial aid to Rabindranath Tagore at Santi-

niketan, his school. The Poet wants someone to help with the village women. To gain the confidence of the women is often to revolutionize the lives of the men, so great is their deference to the *mai*—mother. He suggests a dispensary to start with, other duties to develop—they did, in multiple!

This is June. There is still time to prepare a bit; a little learning may be a dangerous thing, but it can also be a useful one. Considering I know nothing practical concerning the origin of babies east or west of Suez, Dr. Alec Lambert slipped me in as "observer" at the Bellevue Midwifery School. The matron assuring me the Fourth of July would be an auspicious day—the sudden popping of firecrackers, together with the heat, hastening independent citizens—I stationed myself with strawberry ice in a room of prospective mothers, with signal success: two Italians, two Scotch and a son of Israel were born!

In August Dorothy Straight waved me off, via London, to the great adventure. In London with a few weeks to put in, I browsed about the Institute of Tropical Medicine and tried out serums on my own. Dr. Castellani filled me with cholera vaccine and advice, chiefly what to do when you have nothing to do with. His admirable *Manual on Tropical Diseases* cost me a fat price, but he inscribed it with his compliments! The Scotch Director of Helminthology gave so much time to explaining subjects other than his own, that I sent him a pot of white heather for thanks. His severe secretary says it is something I should not have done. In the Scotch language of flowers it means a proposal! However, the Director is undoubtedly more familiar with the language of worms.

CHAPTER TEN

I JOIN THE POET

India of the eternal calm is one thing; but life in India is another. I am plunged into its vortex and off to join Tagore at a durbar in Mysore. An envoy from Santiniketan met my ship at Bombay with the two indispensable articles of travel —a bearer and a bed roll—guiding me through a maze of bewildering experiences to the Poet.

In spite of himself, Rabindranath Tagore is much more than a poet. *Rabindra* means "Child of the Sun," *nath,* as in Jaganath, "Lord of the Earth." It is traditional in the Tagore family to marry for beauty—all the world knows the Poet's beauty—"Damned like Christ" a British officer summarily remarked, not without reverence for both. Tagore founded Santiniketan as a model school and community. It embodies his ideal and ideas, expressing creative unity: all castes, all nations, co-workers together with God in a new yet old Hindu Way of Life; unhurried activity its aim. *Santi* is "peace," *niketan* "the house of." People of his own country and those who come from afar find peace under the mango trees, even as the Maharsi, the Poet's father, decreed long ago. "Great Seer of the Unseen" was the title all gave him; all call his son *"Guru Dev,"* holy teacher.

The Poet, sensing the absurdity of extraneous education,

wrote a satire called *The Parrot's Training*. What is more to the point, he instills common sense into culture. His Nobel prize, the royalties from his books, his personal income, all is spent on his school, Santiniketan. The students, who at times number two hundred, pay little or nothing at all.

Two nights and a day we traveled, Tagore, C. F. Andrews, L. K. Elmhirst, myself and the Sylvain Lévis, Madame and Monsieur. We started out in ordinary cars, changing to the royal coach at the border of the state. All through the night as the train passed, crowds on station platforms cried, *"Tagore Ki Jai"*—Hail Tagore—as if to gain a benediction from his passing. Three times a day a porter salaamed. "The Royal Meal awaits," he said, or gestured to that effect. Thereupon the train stopped and there was a many-tinned breakfast spread in some small station. If the banquet was not finished in the allotted time, the train waited patiently, to take us on through a country of red earth, blue cactus, green parrots, and scarlet trees. Sacred peacocks stealing a moment's solace flaunted themselves along the railway tracks.

The ceremony of welcome commenced at Mysore station. Officials draped with marigolds sat in cane chairs along the platform. Minor officials bowed the Poet and party off the train. A Brahmin priest offered coconuts, symbol of hospitality. The Poet made a short speech of thanks. Trains could not move on because passengers refused to get in. Distracted admirers, struggling with one another, jammed the platform. Finally the Vizier cleared a path to the Royal cars, motoring us rapidly to the Rajah's summer palace—an adorable small palace in a large garden, with a zoo of its own. Tiers of verandas run round and round its rose walls.

What part is Oriental is sheer beauty; what is Occidental features the worst of Western taste. Defunct animals from the zoo have been converted into electric fixtures—a mournful polar bear clutches Mazda globes in outstretched paws, ostriches wear pink silk lampshades. The court electrician, oddly enough, comes from Cincinnati!

Three rooms and half a dozen servants suffice for my humble needs! My bed, built for the Prince of Wales' visit, is a thing of beauty, but I suffer from his lack of inches. It is soothing when I enter my suite to have three attendants spring to attention, turn on the fan, wield a flyswatter, and light braziers of incense; to hook or unhook a dress requires the exertions of all three. I loiter on the balcony in early morning, sniffing jasmine, spreading toast with strange delicious jams; a neighbourly giraffe leans over the wall to beg for crumbs. The palace secretary interrupts with the schedule of the day.

"Will you prefer to use the elephant or the Rolls-Royce?"

"The elephant, thanks," I reply, with the proper nonchalance.

The elephant does not come to me, I go to the elephant. There are roses batiked on her forehead and her ankles are bound with silver bells. The mahout taught me to measure an elephant, a fact no one believes: its height is always twice the circumference of the left hind foot.

A reigning Mohammedan princess, the Begum of C., is here—a jolly soul who knows six English words. Frequent laughter exposes jewels lost in the folds of adipose tissue. Today, with her secretary and bodyguard, we motored to the shrine of the Maharajah's ancestors. The way led through burnt-orange villages shaded by scarlet trees, the streets lit-

PORTRAIT OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE, DONE IN PEIPING BY THE AMERICAN ARTIST, LEONEBEL JACOBS.

tered with pilgrims and cows. Life for the pilgrim is a mat, a prayer, and a cake of native bread, washed down with water from a wayside pool. The cow's life is one long feast of tidbits provided with reckless generosity by the poor. In a cartoon by Abanindranath Tagore, the Poet's nephew, a fat bull and a thin child sit side by side. "Feed man," says the naked child.

Up the thousand steps of the temple pilgrims crawled in expiation of their sins. Priests intoned prayers in the outer court. The high priest stopped to answer the telephone which rang in his sanctuary: some message about fodder for the sacred elephant. Professor Lévi pestered him with pious questions.

At an audience with the Queen Mother this afternoon, she asked what I liked best in her city, and was amused when I answered, "Your jail." Speaking as a jail expert, East or West, it is an admirable example of its kind.

Tonight the Poet and his party attended court as private observers. Thanks to my compatriot, the electrician, the palace façade rivals Coney Island. Once past this Occidental blaze there is a more than Oriental splendour, swinging lamps of silver and gold, men-at-arms in leopard skins, and brilliant coats, the perfume of ten thousand flowers, the fall of fountains, curious music, women behind a carved lattice. From an alabaster balcony where we could see yet not be seen, we looked down into the great court crowded with humble people, or peeped through an orange curtain into the Hall of the Throne. At dark, lights blazed on wherever lights could be, and a shout rose from the multitude: "Long live the Maharajah." Wazirs in purple, spreading a golden carpet, came before His Highness who seated him-

self with splendid indifference upon the throne. He is an ascetic, less interested in the pomp of office than in the power he can wield for good.

Court opened—Ministers of State bowed one by one before the Rajah and received a flower-chain. In the courtyard below pandemonium broke loose: wrestlers, acrobats, fire dancers, sword throwers, performed in rapid succession or all together to the blare of militant bands. The Ministers appeared on the gallery to review the royal means of transport: the sacred elephant adorned with precious stones, two lesser elephants in lesser trappings, the state horses burdened with magnificence, the camel cart, the state coach, more elephants, more horses. Finally servants appeared with trays of sweetmeats and blossoms, scattering them among the crowd. A last blast of trumpets; lights extinguished, His Highness disappeared behind an ivory door. The *Devoraj* let me linger on a moment to watch the splendour fade, and rescue a white lotus fallen from the throne.

There are moments, especially at dusk, when a palace palls. I fled past the sentries in their red pill-boxes to find quiet within the Royal park. In India one must be alone for a time to sort the wonder and the beauty from the dross. I was alone save for Sastri the *vena* player, famous and blind and seventy. I found him by the bamboos thrumming tunes that suit my thoughts.

> I wish that I could show to you—
> The thoughts that come and go in my heart,
> I have not the trick of words,
> Words for me are slow stupid things
> Coming uneasily in jerks.
> I need them to be swift, scintillating

When I tell of what has come to me—
Because of you—strange country.

At dawn when cocks call to the sun
While the last star lingers on,
At noon when black shadows
Tattoo staring paddy fields
At even, when cloud colours
Dance on the dust red köi
At night when the moon distills
White peace to a drooping world—;
In each hour's mood I seek you—India.

The *Devoraj* is attention itself. He says that he understands Americans well. I ask if he has been in America. "One has no need with the educating of the cinema," he explains.

En route to Santiniketan. I am lounging in a train whose temperature is somewhere above the hundred mark. A whirring fan combats flies, and Mahomet, my latest acquisition, cools me with cups of steaming tea. Mahomet is a product of the American Express Co., an intensely respectable bearer with respect for Sahibs, small use for Mems, and no knowledge of a Miss! That I travel second class to enjoy the populace already lessens Mahomet's faith in women. In the compartment with me is an aged Hindu woman, with two attendants, going to Benares to die.

At Bangalore, I had stopped off for a day with the Canadian Director of Agriculture—in the morning teaching his salaaming cook to make a pumpkin pie, in the afternoon watching cataract operations in a modern hospital, and

in the evening driving through a sandal forest intoxicated with sun-hot scent.

There were six long hot hours to consume at the railway junction. With a disreputable horse and gharri I sought adventure beyond the tracks where the town lapses into a village. Girls were filling water-jars at a community tank, dabbling their bracelets in the water, laughing and calling gleefully. The Hindu horse stopped to eat a bush in the yard of a tin Methodist Mission. The Indian Christian parson, quite unperturbed, asked me to tea. I played with his numerous dark progeny and promised to come again. After two hours of dawdling, the driver remarked that he wished to sleep and returned me to the station. The station-master suggested that I take a bath. He said it was the customary thing so I acquiesced though the waiting room seemed entirely open to the public. A sweeper passed water in jars through a hole in a screen; a discreetly concealed punkah boy evolved an intermittent breeze. Supper whiled away another hour, what with fishing lizards out of the soup and pursuing avid ants. The waiter offered the complaint book. Not sure when a complaint is a complaint in this zoophytic land, I refrained from lodging one. The train finally turned up, I got in thankfully, and we moved off.

In the middle of the night Mahomet fretfully announced arrival at Bolpur station for Santiniketan.

The School being closed for holidays, Pearson, the beloved English teacher, met me at Bolpur. Nine coolies hoisted my wardrobe trunk—the American albatross—into a bullock cart, and stowed me beside it to jolt three miles.

Santiniketan stands in a grove of glorious trees, a group of scattered buildings. Pearson ushered me into the great

house, into a room entirely occupied by a bed, and admonished Mahomet concerning mosquitoes.

Everyone is away for the holidays, even the cooks. Pearson proves friend, commissariat and cook in one. Food is scarce. He clucked to his hens who forsooth laid two eggs. I tried at the Junction station to buy a tin of Campbell's soup but it was evidently a mascot for they wouldn't part with it. Mahomet lies on his mat, sunk, he says, with fever, I say with chagrin, at having embarked on the simple life.

This morning I received a visit from the Swiss Professor. He is not a comely sight in flowing shirt and judiciously draped dishtowel. The skin of the West is glaring; only an Indian blends with the background.

The Swiss professor possessing rice, we three decided to pool the evening meal, seeking Mahomet to collect my share. Mahomet, still on his mat, was easy to find; the meal prepared by his substitute was simple to transport—bananas, two biscuits and a dried fried egg. The substitute had never seen a bed, and made mine with tremendous effort, tucking in a few unwary toads. As he is a pleasing person, singing as he toils, domestic discrepancies are overlooked.

Santiniketan without Poet, without students, is without rhyme and reason. Pearson will take me to Surul tomorrow, three miles away.

We came to Surul by bullock cart, across the *Köi*—a plain of rose-red clay that reaches to the *nim* forest miles away. Paddy fields interrupt the landscape—harsh brown stubble until the rains fall; *sal* and *gatch* trees, and palms like feather fans spring up at intervals; small mud houses cluster about a wide tank with a flight of water steps; smaller tanks polka-dot the village.

Sriniketan, the rural reconstruction department of Santiniketan, is to all intents in the village but not of it. Elmhirst, supervising its construction, built on the outskirts, feeling it part of the experiment to win the way in as friend rather than reformer. The place is still very much in the process of building; four two-room student cottages are finished, and several outhouses converted into dairy, weaving sheds and shop. These cluster round a great house that Lord Sinha once owned, a straight white house with carved balustrades, three stories, with the third story the housetop. A shallow staircase of red porphyry leads to the second floor, its rooms bordered by a broad veranda. A spiral iron stairway climbs to the roof. On the roof is a tall room, three windows looking upon the compound, three shuttered doors opening upon a wide roofless space fenced by a low stone parapet. I went to Sriniketan to look; I stayed, spellbound. The housetop is romantic but impractical. Seven students, left on livestock duty, nobly helped to make it livable.

At one end is a ten-foot cubicle marking the spot where the Poet wrote *Sacrifice*. We painted this blue, and opened a complete side to the horizon with curtains to blot out the heavens if need be. It now contains a lacquered cot, laced with tapes, a table, mirror and two straw stools. Down three steps a bathroom of corrugated tin is fastened securely onto something, and fitted with a life-size brass fingerbowl for tub. At the opposite end of the roof is the kitchen of sufficient size for me to squat before a minute oil stove and reach round the walls for condiments or pans. Food is daily brought by the *barbuchi* (cook) from the market; poultry is tethered where it is least seen; ice is not a problem, for there is no ice. What the larder lacks in staples, it makes

up for in refinements; no bread or butter but date sugar fresh each day—an old man under the date-palm tree pats it into little cakes.

I have spent the first night in my heaven of heavens. Convenient lizards crawled on the walls (three of them make a pair of shoes). Carts creaked past on the Grand Trunk road—were they bound for the Hindu *kush?* The *durwan* (night watchman) kept himself and me awake with raucous cries. Mahomet recovered once order was established, and brought a household staff for inspection. Regardless of efficiency, I engaged those who have chills on alternate days, lest malaria interrupt the domestic routine. A dignified old man salaamed.

"Who is he, Mahomet?" I questioned.

"That is the goldsmith," Mahomet replied.

It was less embarrassing to add him to the staff than to explain that I have no need of a personal jeweler.

One by one the students are returning to the second year at Sriniketan. There are beginnings of a dairy, a poultry farm, a tannery, a cooperative shop, and weaving and dyeing departments; a dispensary is being built; and Boy Scout troops are being formed. It is up to me to run the Dispensary, and do something for the women. Already rumour has walked abroad and I wake to find patients crouching by my bed, waiting to tell me of their pains.

Shubhanibas is the name to be given to the Dispensary, Sanscrit for House of Welfare. But will it ever be finished? Labour has its problems. I stopped to encourage a contractor and found him berating a bricklayer.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"The lady desires to dance," said he.

It is annoying to contract a job and have one's workmen—or workwomen—infected with the spring. This one was within her rights, for four days of the full moon are always holiday. In India drudgery and festivity alternate.

Daybreak—the voices of the students starting to work challenge me lying lazy on the housetop. *"Amara chaskari anande:"*

> In the fields we plough gladly,
> In fields, time is passed
> From morning to evening,
> The time is passed in fields.

They sing the song of Sriniketan which the Poet has written for them. Term has begun, days are a panorama of people and adventure.

Monendra the shopkeeper came to enquire, "May I humbly request why I have not seen you with frequency? I am a busy man, yet it is unconscious pain when you absent yourself from my movements."

My excuse wasn't very good so I asked in return, "Have you something special on your mind?"

"Yes, I have a high aim which I humbly hope to realize with your assistance. I would be a bachelor, not a plane tree sending its strength into many branches, but a betel tree growing straight and high. I have got my parents. They are alive and wish me to marry. If you would speak maybe they would hear."

I did speak, but with five prospective brides subject to his choice I hadn't a chance. However, they let him postpone the nuptials until another year.

There are two little pots of mignonette growing on my

desk. The Japanese gardener raised them—fragrant inconsistencies among languorous tropic blooms. They appealed to the nose of a British Commissioner of Police. Hearing that he'd come to inspect the District, I sent a runner to invite him to tea. The policewoman in me thoroughly aroused, I sent other runners to invite the *chowkidars* (village police) also to tea. This was entirely out of the order of things, but I hoped it might help to raise their morale. The *chowkidars,* forty strong, ranged themselves at attention on the veranda. Sweetmeats served, they broke ranks but not caste, each caste choosing its own feeding corner, while I fed the officials on the parapet. We talked in peace until a crow with curiosity swooped down on my Boise Police Star, lying shining on the table, and bore it off. An agile student brought it back next day from a nest in the *shimul* tree.

A Santal Princess is a bewildering chambermaid. I walked in the *nim* forest last week and met the Princess walking too, a rope in her hands twisted from the tendrils of a vine. I gathered that she was about to hang herself. Persuasion to desist by signs was difficult, but she got the idea and I took her home with me. Santosh, who speaks Santali, translated her story. She was the daughter of the headman of her village. An Indian Christian missionary wishing to marry her, she followed him to his community. The community said it would be best to delay the wedding until such time as the Princess should know the Ten Commandments. Six weeks went by with few of the commandments learned and several broken. The convert had a growing conviction they were unsuited to each other. The Princess was positive of it. Deserted by the Christian, thrust out by her own peo-

ple, she had decided to end the matter when I chanced upon her. Never having been in a house, it is a bit complicated to use her for household tasks; it is simpler for me to study Santal dancing.

The woman in her thoroughly enjoys a mirror and a peacock fan. I've taught her to see herself, which she thinks is frightfully funny. I think her language is funny too. *Lol-lol* (hot water) hasn't even a respectable sound.

No effort for a Santal to absorb one Western custom; cigarettes disappeared with such alarming rapidity, I now keep them in a sheep's skull. Skulls savour of ghosts and a ghost is feared by a Santal. Poor, pretty Princess, the students are very polite to her. One of them brought up my milk today.

"I saw your Queen seeking the Dairy and it was rather rainy, so I myself have gone," he said.

Last evening I found her crooning the song of exile and weeping into a scarlet cushion. She sleeps on a straw mat at the end of my bed; often I wake to find her staring at the stars and listening to the drums beating in the hot black air.

The rains come inconsistently in spasms—beautiful to see storms stampede dry, brown paddy fields. Torrents of silver rain, ribbons of golden lightning, mountains of clouds with droll figures hurrying to shelter, holding black umbrellas over scanty loincloths. This is the moment to tackle malaria in the villages. The Scout troops work hard clearing tanks and holding quinine parades. They line the populace up; they order "mouths open" and pop pills in.

The Poet once put the troubles of his country in a nutshell: "Malaria, monkeys and mutual mistrust." The malaria

destroys the health, monkeys destroy the crops, and mistrust destroys cooperation between the classes.

One has always to be on call. A student hurried up the stairs. "Madame, come quickly, there is a woman newly fallen from the roof and she is very bloody."

An aged man with bandaged eyes tottered to the gate. I found him there.

"What troubles you?" I asked.

"I had an only son who left me for the other world. With sorrow are my eyes afflicted, since I weep by day and night."

I have only to mention to Mahomet that Pearson Sahib is coming to dine and the order of the meal changeth. I could wish Mahomet the Prophet had inculcated in his followers greater respect for women. In ancient China, especially, where woman's adornment was a cock's comb, then as now while men thrash the fields women must work, the comb a continual reminder that they should rise at dawn.

I cannot keep up with the *pujas* but today is a special one, All Souls' and Candlemas mixed. The poorest hut in the village has its quota of *prodips* (tiny clay lamps). They burn with mustard oil saved from the evening meal. In a nearby courtyard lit with fireflies, a newmade widow wails her girlish grief to the stars. In Benares pilgrims float lotus leaves upon the Ganges, bearing lighted wicks—symbols of the soul's journey to Brindaban, Krishna's Garden of Bliss.

A pleasant woman director of health brought on a Baby Welfare Exhibit from Delhi. Praise be to God, Mahomet and Krishna, it is over. In three days there were three thousand visitors. To house the exhibit the *Zemindar* (squire) lent a huge hall, its broken columns inhabited by nesting birds, a Hindu shrine which had to be avoided by feet that

were shod, and several indigent families who refused to be dislodged. The delight of the *dais* (midwives) were the wooden jointed babies designed to teach technique. The men, intensely interested, had their hour, then were banished out of one door while a stream of women entered through another. The night was given over to untouchables who may not mingle with caste Hindus. A rival *Zemindar* having refused his household permission to visit, the lamentations of the women prevailed and we set up an extra exhibit in their own house.

Impossible to wait longer for a proper Dispensary because patients with all manner of diseases come thick and fast. I have a student to interpret and help dispense medicine: the patient brings his own bottle, we glue on strips of paper to denote a dose. Epsom salts are a joy, answering every purpose from eyewash to cleansing wounds—cow-dung poultices are my bane. Fussy patients balking at brown cinchona, I dye it red with beet juice. The Dispensary takes so much time, I've trained a student to show visitors the School. He is possibly a thought too thorough, for I overheard him say to a strait-laced missionary who was eyeing the poultry askance:

"Those, Miss Sahib, are a castrated variety."

From Santiniketan the postman-telegrapher, official-in-one, has sent for me. He says that I am his father and his mother and wishes me to hold his hand while the Doctor *Babu* punctures his spleen. His combined offices occupy a small room which in turn is entirely occupied by a table. He lies convalescent on the table among the telegraph instruments, sorting letters into the hands of willing helpers, well pleased with the publicity his spleen has brought him.

This is the name day of the cowman's daughter. At six months a daughter is given a name and rice. The Staff feasted from curry piled on plantain leaves, sitting on the floor of the tidied cowshed. The daughter's name is Dorothy Santi-Lota, Dorothy for Mrs. Straight, godmother of Surul, and Santi-Lota for a peaceful vine.

Sachi, a student, came for me to visit a woman lying ill with fever. He found me also lying down.

"Are you uneasy, Madame?" he asked.

"No, I am lazy," I replied.

"That is not a virtue we should like you to suffer from!" he rebuked.

I grabbed a bag of first-aid and went with him. We walked and walked, passing wayfarers who stopped to look at me, an object not to be regarded lightly where a Western woman seldom has been seen. Suddenly Sachi announced our destination, a huddle of huts under palms. I sat down on a straw stool by a scummy tank. The inhabitants swarmed about, developing symptoms alarmingly for love of a nauseous dose. Supplies gave out. An unpleasing hag croaked in disappointment, pointing to her shrivelled chest. Nothing for it but to make an impromptu poultice of bananas mashed with camphor. Bananas are often used in village remedies; plantain pellets containing fireflies are a favourite cure for night-blindness and a palatable manner of consuming phosphorus. Coming home, we stopped to rest in the shade of the elephant stables, relics of indigo trade. Sachi fished hopefully in a swollen tank. I hunted purple wind flowers.

Life is one succession of social events. Santiniketan has had a *mela* (fair) for three days; five thousand visitors arrived by train, by cart, by bicycle, by foot. The elephant

of a District Rajah lumbered over to see for himself. The crowds came in rags, in saris, in G strings, in trousers, with turbans and without, styles and castes mingling and varied. I enticed mothers into a welfare booth, washing babies free at stated intervals, presenting each angry but hygienic baby with a shirt for cold weather wear. When the shirts gave out, the exhibit couldn't go on, so I snatched the unexpected freedom to prepare for Christmas.

There is a galaxy of foreign professors at Santiniketan, including the French artist Andrée Karpeles, a devoted friend of the Poet's. Protima, his daughter-in-law, studied with Andrée in Paris. Naturally these people had to have a proper Yuletide. First there was the tree to be got. Kashihara did that. It took a Japanese to make one from a green prickly bush, with tapers cut from candles. The Santal *durwan* hunted a goose. I rather fancy it wasn't a goose but at least it wasn't a goat; that in itself was an event. The day began even earlier than most days. At three A.M. the sweeper, the sweeper's wife, and the sweeper's child swept busily, room and roof, in hope of baksheesh. Mahomet appeared with a smile and butter for *chota hawzri*. I packed a bullock cart with cabbages for the congregation, and wedged myself among them, jolting a mile to a mission service. The service was unintelligible but there was no mistaking *Hark, the Herald Angels,* sung in Bengali to an accompaniment of drums. On my way past the Dak bungalow I spied two American youths who, "seeing India," were stranded there between trains. With the mention of pancakes of rice and syrup of dates I lured them home to tiffin. They proved household helps, inventing "holly" wreaths of mango leaves with berries moulded from red flowers.

The Poet and a host of satellites arrived for tea. Though the satellites belonged to different schools of thought, all felt free to eat the fudge of a foreign power. We lit the tree at dusk for the children of the compound, two little Japs, six little Hindus, three little Mussulmen, and one stray Santal child. Everyone came bearing gifts, fruit, nuts, incense, flower jewelry—the Poet's gift a silver box complete with a poem.

There was sufficient time between guests to change into flamingo muslin. Dinner to be a party, the professors had spent hours hunting the trousers of civilization. An international lot, they were American, British, Swiss, Russian, Swedish, French, Scotch, and a Czech who carried off honours in a stiff collar and tail coat. The plum pudding burned indecently well with fermented date toddy. Afterwards we spread ourselves on cushions along the parapet. Henry, a Hindu Christian from the Dairy, mounted to the housetop "to sing the Lord's music in proper season." He seemed glad to compromise on one hymn and listen to the ballads that followed. Pearson sings delightfully—"I saw a lady passing by"—his voice carried far in the still moonlight; another audience gathering on the shadowed veranda below nodded in time to the *Raggle-Taggle Gypsy Oh!*

That should have ended Christmas but it did not. Everyone gone, I went to bed and to sleep. Suddenly I dreamed a hand was smoothing my arm. It was. Too sleepy to open my eyes I asked who was there. The answer opened them effectively: "Madame, it is a murderer and a thief come for succour."

I sat up the better to hear the details. In the starlight I

could distinguish two youths kneeling by the bed. One of them continued to speak.

"We are one son and a friend of a writing *Babu* in your office. We live far away and work there. This night we have thought to take the gold of a rich man, but have not desired to hurt him. By grave error we have killed him. I have brought the gold because in my haste I did not leave it. The writing *Babu,* my father, speaks much of your holy figure; we come to ask you to beg mercy and justice for us."

At two in the morning the mind is clear; deciding that the case was distinctly one for higher powers and the highest power, a friendly magistrate in Calcutta, I shooed the murderer and thief below to harness the bullocks. A train left in an hour, we could catch it if the bullocks would run, and run they did. At the station a willing wayfarer promising to return the steeds to Surul, I bundled the culprits onto the train, the gold concealed in my topee.

With four hours to think in before reaching Calcutta the youths sobered and were all for escaping. My police training came to the fore and I got them to the magistrate intact. They made a full confession. The magistrate put machinery in motion and found that their "corpse" was reviving. This lightened the affair. I left them at the Bureau for the day, brooding over possible punishments. The just official decided weakness rather than wickedness was the root of the matter. For their families' sake—their family honour is good—he did not prefer a charge but returned the gold and paroled them for three months in *my* care! I appreciate the courtesy but could do without the honour. However, they are now doing odd jobs about the place, presumably under an eagle eye.

The Poet is in residence at the Tree House, a sanctuary skillfully built into the branches of the Bo, Buddha's sacred tree, by Kashihara, the Japanese gardener. "Come quickly, spring speaks so swiftly I scarce can put her message down,"

When you hold your lamp in the sky.
it throws its light on my face
and its shadow falls over you.

When I hold the lamp of love in my heart
its light falls on you
and I am left standing behind
in the shadow.

Rabindranath Tagore

FACSIMILE OF THE POET'S HANDWRITING IN ENGLISH.

he summoned me at dawn. I scurried from the housetop with the Corona; a Poet and his Muse are not to be kept waiting. He is happy here. At Santiniketan people expect philosophy, in the treetop birds beg for his songs. Later, I went with a basket of breakfast; the sun strode up red and fierce. This time he handed over a bunch of letters to answer, of the type that falls to a secretary's lot. An angry letter came from a fellow countrywoman.

Dear Sir: I am sending a self-addressed stamped envelope for the return of the three poems which I sent to you while you were in Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A. In November 1926, A.D., I sent you a self-addressed envelope but you did not return the poems but sent back the stamped envelope with nothing in it but your card. It said "Thanks." This is all I have ever received from you. Will you please return my three poems. I want to get a copyright for each of them. I should have had a copyright for all *my poems*. I knew your reputation as I had read several articles at different times. I am a great reader and thought my poems would be safe with you as they would be in my own house. Will you please return my poems or else let me hear from you. Hoping an early reply, Ida A. Long, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Through the long hot hours of the day the Poet turns thoughts into poetry and in the cool of evening turns poetry into song. The girls stroll over from Santiniketan, in yellow saris, red flowers in their hair. They make a charmed circle on the ground beneath the Bo branches. The Poet leans down from his little house, hums his new sweet air; the girls listen intently, then sing back his song:

> "When I hold the lamp of love in my heart
> Its light falls on you,
> And I am left standing behind in the shadow."

The statistics of the Dispensary are very cheering this last month, not from a standpoint of health but because patients turn to us for help. Ten little girls drove ten hours in a bullock cart with a Mohammedan schoolmaster who wants them to learn from me things that he cannot teach. Their

trust lies heavy on one's heart, especially when women beg me to help them have a son.

A Mohammedan and several wives arrived for various treatments. I gave each wife her due and they all departed. In less than half an hour they were back. "Madame," said the husband imploringly, "kindly do unto all as you have done unto one or my life is not worth the living, so jealous are they of the other." Next day the ruling wife sent as thank-offering a hair from the left whisker of a tiger warranted to insure authority over husbands!

Indian babies are unhandy to hold; oil makes them slippery, and there is nothing to clutch but jewelry or strings. I tried a day nursery under the mango tree for children of mothers at work in the brickyard. The idea was excellent, but I reckoned without the beasts of the field. A jackal carried off a plump son of the soil by his silver belt. The son howled furiously, the jackal paused, the gardener heard the howls, got his gun and shot. The bullet which saved the baby put an end to the jackal and the day nursery.

The pretty, mad girl of Surul often wanders up the spiral stairs to beg a lump of sugar when I am having tea. Mahomet's ideas of hospitality clash with mine. Give him a Sahib, no matter how dull, and every ant is abolished from the food; give him an amusing guest, such as the pleasant, mad girl, and he suffers from social pain.

There is always someone celebrated or just plain hungry to be fed. Today it was Sir Patrick Geddes, the town planner, who designed the University in Jerusalem, and found in India inspiration. The table looked well, though the food was weird. It is a teak table, covered with home-grown doilies. The students dyed them orange and wove amazing

animals into the borders. Cups were black; plates red lacquer; and lamps, brass cobras reared in the act of striking but burning jasmine oil. Sir Patrick was less interested in the artistic effects than in the insects. He collected odd ones from the centerpiece of blue lotus, and enticed them from his food.

Just as we finished dining, the *durwan* brought up a visitor. The visitor might have been the orangoutang's brother but the *durwan* explained that he was the nephew of the *Zemindar* and had come to see me concerning the "pain of a female aunt." He rubbed his tummy violently so I concluded the pain must be there. A student arrived to interpret and we went deeply into its source, revealing the fact that the old lady had eaten too much of "the drug that brings sleep."

"She will die too soon unless you make haste," he added.

I made all the haste I could, gathering up a supply of coffee, brandy, permanganate crystals and appliances. The courtyard of the *Zemindar* was choked with relatives and friends, a hundred and fifty gathered together bewailing. Supported on the arms of two male relations, the patient staggered in a ghastly promenade for life. The husband stood by, ineffectually stroking a series of stomachs. The woman, having already swallowed one nauseating antidote, still drowsed on. Dismissing one hundred and forty-eight helpers, I kept the remaining two to assist; and gave the husband a cup of coffee hoping that the unknown beverage would make him submissive. The only effective thing I could think of was to try an internal permanganate bath, followed by one of brandy and the remaining coffee. This accomplished, we removed the patient to the shelter of an

oleander, where a posse of feminine relations performed ablutions with water from the lily pond. Going to reassure the husband, I found him diving for the dregs in the coffee pot. This morning he sent a messenger to say, "I find the woman weak, send coffee." Literally interpreted, he found the coffee strong and good.

It is Sriniketan's third birthday; there is to be a harvest festival in honour of the time of new rice; this will include the ancient ceremony of blessing. Spring house-cleaning is going on throughout the School. The boys are painting the office bright blue; the girls are sewing coloured cushions; the cowman is daubing his cows with vermilion designs. The housetop is topheavy with guests from Calcutta, the American Consul-General, wife and suite. The Tree House is given over to devotees of the Poet; odd delegations of guests camp where one least expects them. The preparations for feeding are like the preparations for a barbecue; a paring party spent the night at work on a hill of potatoes and the inevitable eggplant. Indian eggplant is a prolific legume, quite the guinea pig of the vegetable kingdom. Eight hundred persons will sit for tiffin; lucky that etiquette demands leaves for plates and fingers for forks; the thousand cups are of home-grown clay, the ground beneath our feet is the table.

At daybreak, curious Santals brought flutes and played reveille; they wanted to get us up, to see things happen. A swarm of uninvited mosquitoes got ahead of them; city guests had been scratching, some of them cursing, since an hour before.

Poet, pundits and professors drove over from Santiniketan. Elmhirst and the Staff met them at the door. Over the door a bronze *Ganesh,* the god of prosperity, smiled enigmatically —the tiny bronze rat at his feet, watchful for grains of rice.

Under the sal trees was an *alpoona* of elaborate and appropriate design (*alpoona* is a symbolic decoration drawn on the ground with coloured rice water dropped from the fingertip, done by the women in an Indian household. The

ALPOONA DESIGN, WHICH ACCORDING TO INDIAN RITUAL IS DRAWN ON THE GROUND BEFORE A BRIDEGROOM'S HOUSE ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

Poet sat in the center with Elmhirst at his feet and the Staff standing about him, a tray of *mandalas* and votive offerings on the ground. Musicians, hidden in a flowering tree, played softly without ceasing.

"Om Santi, Santi, Santi," the Poet chanted.

Elmhirst followed:

"I offer this the invocation of union, ye who are distracted may we incline you towards one mind, one cause, one aspiration."

The Staff.—"Incline us towards one mind, one cause, one aspiration."

Elmhirst.—"May I gain your minds with my mind, come to my heart with the fellowship of hearts. May you dwell here together never falling."

Response.—"Let some mighty leader, some lord of nourishment gather us here together."

Master of the Dairy.—"Like a river after a shower, carrying its food, may all races and quarters of the sky carry their fullness."

Response.—"May all races and quarters of the sky carry their fullness."

Master of the Fields.—"Like a fountain that is never exhausted in a hundred, nay, even in a thousand streams, may our store of grain never be exhausted in a thousand outpourings."

Response.—"May it never be exhausted in a thousand outpourings."

Mistress of the Dispensary.—"May brothers never hate brothers nor sisters hate sisters, may you possess a kindred spirit and a common cause."

Response.—"May we speak words with good-will."

Village Workers.—"May you through me become friendly and gracious to each other, free from mutual hatred, serve each other even as the cow serves her newborn calf with care."

Response.—"Hither may all creatures come in a united stream, here, let the plenty that is of the harvest be heaped."

The Poet.—"Be like Gods who day and night protect their draught of everlasting life."

Elmhirst.—"Let there be well-being for our fathers and our mothers, for our kine, for all men and for all the world."

Response.—"Let peace reign over the earth and sky, let it spread in the water, in the fields, and forests; let the divine powers in the universe be for our peace which is for all, tranquillize

whatever is terrible and cruel into the serene and good. May God bring here to us our welfare. Let peace come to us through the All."

Everyone followed the Boy Scouts on a tour of inspection of every nook and corner of the place. At the *Hät* (bazaar) a jolly old pundit amused the sweetmeat sellers with a discourse; the cattle at the Dairy submitted to blessings and necklaces of blue beads with copper bells; the hens cackled pleasantly, and the gardens reared healthy heads.

People stayed on to tea and to dine. The Poet elected to spend the night in the Tree House, which had to be disinhabited, and its lodgers lodged elsewhere. The evening was a medley of meetings under trees; a movie of anti-malaria and a shadow play thrown on the Dairy's white walls; students held a singsong; and naturally the nearest Santals seized the opportunity to dance.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

TANTINE

I AM SPENDING the day, it may be a week, with Tantine at the Math. The Math is the guest house of the Ram Krishna Monastery at Belur; Belur is on the Hoogli, and the Hoogli is the river that runs to Calcutta from the sea. Tantine is Josephine MacLeod, spinster, whose life is divided into three parts—life in India, England and America. She was born in America, Vivekananda introduced her to India, Shakespeare took her to Stratford-on-Avon where she purchased his daughter Susannah's house. She is fond of quoting Professor Cramb: "The two great voices of the Aryan people come from the Ganges and the Avon, Buddha from the banks of the Ganges and Shakespeare from the banks of the Avon." It is well-nigh impossible to describe Tantine.

Tantine, aunt to the world at large, allows a relationship free from the responsibility of own children and provides her with plenty of the Lord's. The Lord and she are on excellent terms. "Such fun," she will say, "let's play the Lord's game," and then do something someone has said cannot possibly be done, such as attempting the restoration of the ancient irrigation system of Bengal.

Vivekananda spoke of her as a "feminine statesman, she

can wield a kingdom." He added, "I have seldom seen such strong yet good common sense in a human being."

Certainly she exercised her power over Sir William Willocks, engineer of the Assouan Dam, and did it in her own inimitable way. On a return voyage from India, Tantine found she had twenty-four hours to spare in Egypt. "What is this," she said, "but the moment to see Sir William?" Now Sir William was in Cairo, busy with the translation of the Gospels into spoken Egyptian, the only thing that, in his age and retirement, mattered. Tantine sought him out. She didn't know him, but he received her and she straightway said, "Come to the help of Bengal."

Sir William, startled, replied, "Impossible, I am busy with the Bible."

Tantine tossed the argument aside. "If you want to play the Lord's game, to discover living waters is more important than deciphering dead words."

Sir William thought over her words and possibly the words of one of his Bible students: "In the Gospels we are using very little words and very big meanings." Six months later he went to Bengal.

He went to Bengal not once, but twice; Tantine found the funds for his visits, interviewed the Viceroy, secured the cooperation of Dr. Bentley, Director of Public Health, of Mr. Bannerjee, Chief Engineer, and everywhere aroused interest in the benefit of a well-watered Bengal.

Swami Vivekananda came to the Parliament of the World Religions at the Chicago Fair of 1893. He came into Tantine's life then and has never gone out of it. His precepts point her way, his principles she encourages in his own people:

"With the help of Western science set yourselves to dig the earth and produce foodstuffs. Not by means of servitude to others, but by discovering new avenues to production by your own exertions, aided by Western science."

The Swami's appeal to make use of soul force rather than to sit and think about it appealed to the practical in Tantine, ever a believer in "ours the right to action, but never to the result."

After Vivekananda's death, Tantine built the guest house whose arches overlook the river and the tranquil temple where the Swami rests. She lives in a great room with vaulted ceiling and white columns, in its center a round, low table. The table is built from a slab of redwood that took years in coming from California, months in making; village workers bound the edge with a protective band of brass and brought the grain to polish.

Tantine calls it her Round Table, gathering round it persons of varying degree and differences to discuss the differences and to forget the degree of caste and class. A Lalique crystal of Vivekananda stands in the center, a reminder of his words:

"It was the Roman Empire that scattered Christianity for eighteen hundred years. The Empire, with all its edicts, is the greatest nation that ever existed for the dissemination of ideas. I mean to put my ideas in the midst of this nation and they will be carried round the world. England has made the roadways by which Indian spirituality will travel. God bless England!"

Lord Lytton, the Governor of Bengal, has waived Tantine's American citizenship and made her Commissioner in her District. The lack of language doesn't phase her; if she

sets a task in sanitation, hers is the first hand to rout the rubbish in a village, an astonished but meek municipality following suit.

A Brahmin once came to the Math and laid a sapphire at her feet. "It is all I have; I give it to you because you love India," he said. She accepted in sincerity and took it to France to Lalique, asking him to make an amulet. He made a pendant of symbolic beauty—angels with wings of horn; the common thing of earth, supporting the jewel; love, kneeling on crystal; purity, saying, "I make you this because you also love my country."

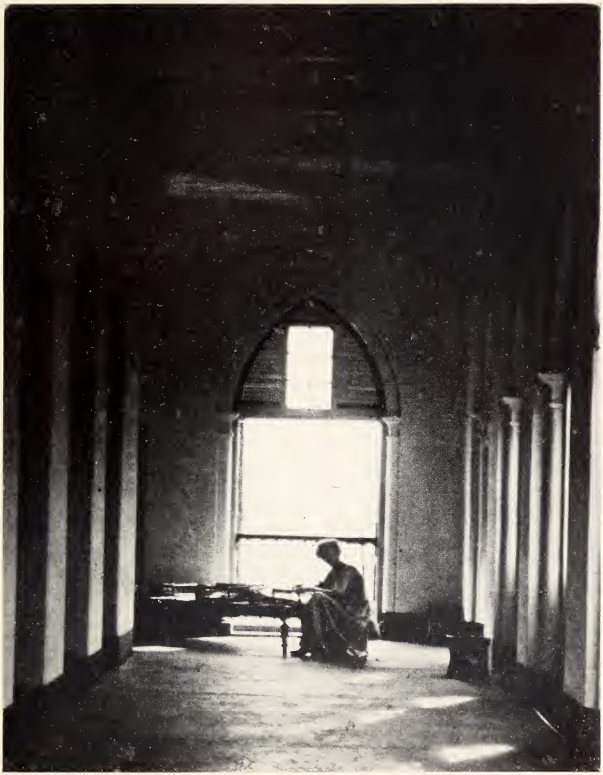
One summer Tantine lost the amulet in the Himalayas. Weeks went by without a clue, then traveling monks found it in the snow. "Shiva has been wearing it," they said.

At the Math, in the hour before sun-up, a very old Hindu steals up the stairs, a marigold in his hand. He does not speak, but stoops to leave his offering upon the threshold. He does not heed Tantine lying on her couch, searching the books of Swami for some daily spur:

> Behold it comes in might
> The power that is not power,
> The light that is in darkness,
> The shade in dazzling light. . . .

Thus he wrote of peace.

This evening Tantine and I sat on the rooftop watching the fishing boats go by, supping on bowls of *mori* (puffed rice) and milk. It is pleasant to see the river after dwelling in the Plains. River in Bengali means "that which sings." Sometimes at sunset I persuade a boatman to take me in his pointed craft. For less than a penny, I may sail until



TANTINE (MISS JOSEPHINE MC LEOD) IN HER GUEST HOUSE IN BELUR, INDIA.

a red sun drops behind the ivory temple and in the monastery silent monks light tiny lamps like stars.

Yesterday Tantine and I went by ferry to Calcutta, twenty minutes away. Tantine nodded and smiled at the scrambling crowds. *"Atcha,"* she said—all's right with the world, she meant.

We lunched with Sir Alexander Murray. After lunch he took us over his jute mill—nine thousand coolies at work, men, women and children. Indians look out of place among machines. Sir Alexander, much interested in Welfare work, has put in playgrounds and maternity centers, but it's a difficult job to separate the children from the mothers. They prefer to work with the babies tied on their backs or clutching at their skirts. It takes a day for a piece of aloe to turn into a burlap bag—one hundred thousand bags is a full day's output. After tea with the Scotch overlord of the mill, we dashed back to Calcutta to a football match on the Maidan. The British wore hobnailed boots, the Indians wore none. The Indians won! Tantine presented prizes to the winning team—enormous bouquets. In China football heroes are given fans.

We are off to Dacca. To Tantine, adventure is as the scent of battle to a war horse; she is so young in everything but years. It is she who spurs me on. "Remember that you are an American and a woman and keep your tail over the dashboard," she admonishes firmly, a sentiment more to be expected from a weather-beaten horsewoman than from an ethereal lady, with a cloud of white hair and intensely blue eyes set in a parchment face.

We left Calcutta by train at midnight, changing to a boat at dawn, drifting down the Brahmaputra to this small Mohammedan city of veiled faces, mosques, the tombs of Marabouts (saints, not birds), and muezzins calling to prayer. The Governor of Bengal who comes here for the rainy season is in residence at present. Our host, Sir Philip Hartog, Vice Chancellor of the University, met us with a motor and three pleasant men.

There was just time to be taken to the Club to tea, to meet women—dull, handsome, official women, knitting, bridging, gossiping—the everlasting chitchat where many wives are gathered together upholding the honour of the Empire. Dinner was a relief and a stimulus—men, many men, talking of things that mattered.

This morning the fastest horse in Dacca was put at our service. In a flower-decked gharri we ambled to the market; an energetic house guest, combining daily-dozens with the rôle of cicerone, sprinted at our side. Housing conditions are not what they might be; families rent the recessed archways of the Fort or occupy the stairs of towers, a family a step.

The jolly Begum whom I met in Mysore lives here. There she called me her Lily of the Valley; here she is more formal, doubtless due to a conservative secretary. Her royal landau came to take us to tea in the Royal gardens. The Begum received us, flanked by two English-speaking secretaries, in a kiosk by the lotus tank. A wall covered with yellow alamanders circled the garden. Conversation, tea and cakes exhausted, the Begum provided pleasure by calling for the Court Angler. He made his appearance from the bushes at the other end of the tank, carefully drew khaki shorts over

his G string—this in our honour—and ran lightly down the water steps summoning fish in the name of Allah. An amiable victim flapped its fins in response; the fisherman hurled his tarpoon, dived into the tank, rose again and panted to the shore, the fish clasped in both arms. The Begum shook with joy, we clapped, the fish dripped, the Angler salaamed—what ecstasy to sport before a queen!

The Begum embraced me in farewell, which was a feat considering her girth and my height. She gave me a piece of Dacca muslin, invincible as steel and evanescent as moonlight, so fine it has to be woven before sun-up lest the sun destroy the delicate threads.

Henry Drummond, essayist, has an uncle; the uncle took me to the jail at seven A.M., and afterwards to see the Government Agricultural Farm. Bouncing bulls strutted about the alfalfa fields. I thought of the cows pining at Surul and decided to crave a boon of Government. I thought also of the tale of a misspelt wire sent to the Foreign Office during the war: "The monks of Mount Athos have violated their cows," to which a harassed official is said to have unofficially replied: "This is a case for the Papal Bull."

We lunched at Government House today, informally—a few people and eight suite; Lady Lytton is in England, H. E. is supposedly on holiday. Lunch was on the loggia with screens of trailing flowers. I sat on H. E.'s left and leapt to the topic of Juvenile Courts, in which he is interested. He asked me if I would give a talk on "Big Sisters" in Calcutta this autumn.

I said, "I shall probably be leaving India."

He spoke to an Aide: "Under what law do I have the

power to forbid Miss G. going? Look it up and act accordingly."

Other guests engrossed his attention. It wasn't until dessert that I could beg the boon.

"What are you doing so far from Surul?" he asked.

"If you please, your Excellency, I have come for a bull; there is need of one for twenty villages."

"What can I do about it?" he demanded, with a twinkle.

"You can command one from the Agricultural Farm to accompany me home."

He did. The bull now answers to the name of G.G.

CHAPTER TWELVE

IN THE DAY'S WORK

WEDNESDAY is a holiday at the Sriniketan Dispensary, unless there is an important abscess, this being the open season for abscesses. If patients do come, they curl up on the veranda and sleep until next day. I bicycled to Santiniketan at five A.M., passing students of all sizes, meditating apart, or walking beneath the trees. Even the smallest child is taught to sit awhile in contemplation. The Poet was on his housetop; he rises for meditation at four to gather serenity and spiritual power for his long busy day with no moment alone. I walked with him to the *Mandir* (temple); the girls had wreathed its columns with champak blossoms and leaves of the sweet-smelling *nim*. It was the hour of service. The Poet read in Sanscrit from the *Upanishads,* then spoke in English on universal love, his voice like the notes of a flute when speaking English. In his own tongue it has the deep tone of an organ.

Rothi (Robindranath), the only son, is devoted to his father and his father's interests. I often breakfast in his charming house with its flat roof that sweeps the sky and a garden that wanders to the red plain. Protima, his winning wife, is now the Poet's standby and hostess, accompanying him on many journeys. Nadine, the little daughter, dances

through life, figuratively and literally, to the delight of her poetic grandfather.

Thank goodness for the Poet's sense of humour, and that he hates attitudinizing as much as anyone. I ordered a box of chocolates sent to him from Calcutta and the shop wrote the card. He acknowledged it thus:

Dear Gretchen:

Someone using your names has sent to me some sweet token of her love, but she has completely failed in forging your unique handwriting. I have no other alternative, but to send her my heartfelt thanks through one who bears a similar name and sentiment.

Yours affectionately,

When I stay at Santiniketan, I try to teach the girls something of Western wisdom: cooking, a bit of first-aid, and whatnots. I like it much better when they show me their arts and feed me delectable delicacies of the East.

Nundalal Bose, great Indian artist of the day, directs classes in the Kala Bawan (art school) in painting, drawing and sculpture. A small museum holds varied examples of Eastern art and Tagore's gifts from various countries. He feels that beauty should play its part in life. It is, he says, "the divine welling up through the earthly."

Protima, Kalimahun and I have been trying to revive the crafts in districts depleted by malaria or famine. In a *lac* village twenty miles away we found a fever-ridden community, skeleton cattle, and people who had lost heart and courage. The artisans themselves must be revived before there can be a renaissance in art. Advance wages of rice,

sugar and quinine roused them sufficiently to prepare sample craft for us to market. Kalimahun has a knack of dealing with very simple people. Once, when we were shooting monkeys in defense of crops, a Hindu angrily complained. Kalimahun quickly soothed him: "Those were Mohammedan monkeys, got into your village by mistake."

With the students of Surul to help, Kalimahun has taken on the responsibility for both the health and morale of the District. A quota of students apportioned to each village are backed by Boy Scouts enrolled from the suffering inhabitants themselves. Scouts are an excellent example to their elders, who live by precept. "Our fathers did not do thus, why then should we?" To which Kalimahun makes reply, "Do then as your sons do and learn that you may live."

If roads are smooth, we explore the neighbourhood by bicycle; if rough or far, there is the cart and a pair of cantering bullocks—a twist of their tails sends them galloping a mile an hour. It is a gorgeous cart with no springs, but a fine red calico canopy shuts out the sun. Bullocks are annoyed at the sight of me. An oncoming steed will vanish into the nearest ditch, his cart and passenger left dangling in the road.

While I was exploring yesterday, the sound of droning voices in a neat mud house roused curiosity; I poked my head in at the door to see. It was a school. The master, most polite, put a class in mathematics through its paces. I watched a moment, then walked on; footsteps followed rapidly. A long-legged infant, breathless, caught me up, thrust a paper in my hands.

Mesdames:

In honour of your kind visit to our school, we want to have a holiday. We hope that you will grant us a leave of two days.

We remain, Mesdames,
Yours obediently and obligingly,
The Students of Ryepor School.

Quick work!

Har banga (bone-breaking) is the Bengali term for dengue fever and much the most correct. I speak as one with authority, having groaned with aching bones for a week. Vacation on at both schools, there is no one to draw on for nurse. In desperation I dusted off the sweeper to knead me with oil, using sandal for scent, rather than mustard for effect. The treatment isn't as soothing as might be since the masseuse refuses to remove her glass bracelets. I could almost wish Mahomet back from his holiday, though since his departure I've been able to live according to my own desire.

The present incumbent of the cuisine is a deaf-mute who does his best. When signs produce no more than salaams, Prem Lal, a Punjabi professor, comes to the rescue. During the holidays Prem is acting Director and keeps a weather eye on me. At present he maneuvers his tall self about the room straightening turmoil or compounding a costly tonic of honey, pomegranate and gold, mixed in an alabaster mortar. He says I'm to be taken on the three A.M. train to Calcutta. If he can get me down the spiral stairway he may do with me what he please.

Once again upon the housetop I have eaten the dish of the full moon—an excellent dish: three tablespoons of rice,

boiled slowly in one quart of milk, half a shredded coconut, rose water and almonds. It is so bright I need no lantern to write; fireflies make the trees a perpetual Christmas. The students are celebrating; sitting within a circle of white lotus they sing their songs, a tribute to the moon. It is an extra-special moon night, the masque of the six seasons. India has six instead of four. The girls are wearing saris whose colours illustrate the changing months. A pretty sight to see, but I fell asleep upon the parapet, waking at midnight to the insistent drone of a drum. Someone presumably calling me, I slipped a black enveloping apron over night things and ran down to the ground. A Santal drummer was gesticulating wildly to a sleepy student. The student yawning, murmured "Cholera" to me. I answered *"Atcha"* (all right), a word capable of elastic interpretation.

Conscripting the bewildered student, I dashed to the Dispensary for supplies followed by the persistent drummer. Across stubbly fields we stumbled for a mile finally stumbling over the prostrate forms of the patients ranged round a smoking fire. An evil-smelling brew simmered on the embers, stirred by a whirling magic-man. Some of the symptoms of cholera weren't manifest—perhaps it wasn't cholera. I brewed a mess of my own of epsom and ginger, plus quinine and mustard, muttering incantations with apologies to Macbeth; then put my trust in the Lord and with the startled student's help poured generous doses down helpless throats. The drum beat on. My black apron was fortunate; Santals are afraid of ghosts. Once in the dark a missionary walked in white; Santals shot at him with poisoned arrows. Discovering their mistake next day, they retrieved the error by bringing bees to suck the poison out.

Back on the housetop I could not sleep with visions of a dozen patients dying because I did not know enough to cure them. The drum seemed to sound the call of death. I couldn't bear the suspense and ran across the fields again, crying *"Kamon atcha?"* (are you all right?) and holding my breath for the answer. *"Bala atcha,"* the cry came back—we are very all right. What was left of the night was comforting. Inquiries next day proved two things: first, it was not cholera but virulent ptomaine; second, my brew had done its perfect work.

An inquisitive cobra shed his skin at the Dispensary door and crawled away; more thoughtful than the one who spent a night coiled round the lantern of the watchman. The watchman, fearing to break the glass if he disturbed the serpent, curled himself to sleep upon the rafters.

There are three cases of hiccups to be treated today, the result of teaching the Indian to laugh. They are not accustomed to voice their amusement. Strolling acrobats performed such amusing antics in the road, I urged the onlookers to mirth. Now the laugh is on me! Kalimahun and I are electioneering for the Union Board. We erect a stand in the center of a village, then wait until a sufficient crowd of constituents collect. Kalimahun shows magic-lantern slides on varied subjects, talking eloquently about our choice of candidate while I lobby inconspicuously with bribes of quinine and epsom salts.

For a long time we've been begging for the cooperation of a certain Headman with no luck. He feels we encourage the cultivators to lead a better life. As luck would have it the sacred cow of his village fell ill; a devotee sent for me and I went. The cow was suffering, her followers were

frantic. "This must be remedied," said I, after the manner of the best veterinarians. Not knowing in the least what to do, I ordered a follower to grasp the patient firmly by her flower-wreathed neck, and another to steady the sacred tail, while I poured into Her Holiness a pail of castor oil through the inner tube of a bicycle tire. This accomplished, devotees sprayed her with perfume, a priest called loudly on his god, and below my breath I called on mine. Followers, devotees, priest and myself retired to a discreet distance. . . . The cow is cured and the key of the village is ours.

A village pleader asked if he might bring his wife to call. "I do not think you will find her intelligent," he said, "but she is healthy. I have had matrimonial disabilities. Two wives have died in the first year and the third wife quarreled so heartily that my mother cut her throat. I do not feel that domestic difficulties should go so far."

His Excellency, the Governor of Bengal, has visited us. Great excitement, but no eyewash by order of the Poet and Elmhirst, both wanting him to see things as they are. One feels in Lord Lytton not only his humanity and sincerity but his imagination that makes him understand the Bengali and his humbleness that helps to govern them. There was no triumphal arch, only the Boy Scouts were drawn up at the gate and the gardener stationed with an offering of vegetables. It was noon when His Excellency arrived, so Elmhirst brought him straight to the housetop for a wash-up. Just before his arrival I looked to see if the bathroom was still there—twice it has blown off. It was there and what is more, a tribute from the sweeper, Lord Lytton's initials in marigolds at the bottom of the basin.

The chic caterer of India, getting wind of the visit, had

sent twenty *khansamahs* (butlers) from Calcutta, without request, believing it impossible to manage minus his service or servants. They sulked hungrily apart, waiting for a train to take them back. The kitchen stove played up nobly, American concoctions amused and I did the waiting myself. We sat talking over the coffee until a banished aide cocked an anxious eye in the doorway and persuaded us to move on to the scheduled tour.

Chowkadars stood at attention the length of the way to Santiniketan; the ruts in the road had been hastily levelled by order of an unctuous office-seeker. The Poet received under the mango trees, the ground *alpoonad* in a gorgeous design. There were songs and sweets and pleasant chatter. That night an uninvited Rajah gnashed his teeth that he had not been a better neighbour to us all.

I have been christened *Mai,* meaning mother—this is synonymous with love and respect. A fortnight ago, returning from Calcutta, students met me to say that Sastri was ill, probably dying, would I stop at Santiniketan and see him. The Sastri, an elderly and extremely learned Sanscrit Scholar, a Brahmin of Brahmins, had never been to Sriniketan and certainly had had nothing to do with me, a woman and a Christian. I did stop to see: a topsy-turvy room, choked with mourning students, fanning servants, heat and mosquitoes, in the midst of confusion a cot with a crumpled figure that did not stir. My coming scattered the multitude, but two young men stayed to help. The fever having raged for days, Sastri was in no state to know whether woman or Christian was near. In the double rôle I worked through the night, bathing, feeding, stimulating. Towards daybreak, Sastri

opened his eyes; I closed them with a compress, which shut me effectually from his holy vision. Throughout the day I kept it on. Another morning, and the fever broke. This was so momentous that I forgot to hide my Christian face and with joy poked a spoon in the patient's mouth—result, consternation in the patient's widely opened eyes! Student-helpers hastened to explain:

"Like a *mai* she has cared for you." The horror changed into a smile, the dose went down the conscience-stricken throat.

Today the lorry from Santiniketan brought Sastri to Surul, shaky but smiling. He held out to me the thing he held most dear—the vermilion scarf of his sacred Order.

At Easter the dyer of cloth helped me colour eggs for the school where children of the staff and of village F.F.V.'s learn in harmony with the offspring of untouchables. The school considered the eggs a success but they were enigmas to a curious Santal who waited hopefully for a brilliant fowl to hatch.

English lessons are becoming popular. The wife of the cowman and the weaver's sister both wish to learn "the house of the hen is made of tin" and similar instructive sentiments. These, I can cope with, but not with the students who possess a far more expressive vocabulary than I. Discussing the advisability of two pupils rooming together, Satchi remarked, "I do not think this wise, for one is a pregnant poet and may not easily bring forth ideas in the proximity of another." An Indian is polite even in extremis. An interne in a hospital, having stabbed a friend with his scalpel, sent this urgent note:

Kindly come to see me in haste, I am to be hanged by my neck tomorrow morning, at eight o'clock sharp, until I am dead. I will very much appreciate an early appearance.

Yours entirely respectfully, etc.—

The dairyman fetched me to visit a *mistry* (workman) fallen from a height. "He is either alive or he is dead; in both respects he commands attention."

This year's statistics show 9,297 patients passing through the Dispensary doors. This isn't a bad record, considering the size, the amount of supplies and the infrequent attendance of the Doctor, an unfortunate man concerned with his own troubles—"a wife who bathes at untimely moments and a daughter who is a female child and therefore will cost rupees many to marry."

The *Dais* of the District come in for classes. Nuniwalla, a young woman of caste, character, and ability is going to Calcutta to train in the Eden Hospital as a midwife and return to nurse in the villages hereabout.

I am back from a sewing class at Surul where the women came in dripping saris, straight from bathing in the tank; though they oozed sluggish water, they wore red lotus in their hair. It is hot, the atmosphere is tense, the monsoon due at any moment. I dodge the heat in two garments; pigeons turn croons to croaks; the cook blends hot-weather insects with the food, more palatable than eating the obvious. Manna in the form of bread and butter arrived from the British Commissioner of Police concerned by my confession. There was no bread to be had, the town baker being away. Hungrily I sent a servant a day's journey to Calcutta for a box of crackers. The servant returned two days later with a

package of red paper snappers. It seems I should have sent for a "tin of biscuits."

A foreign professor at Santiniketan is ill. At midnight a cart came to take me to him. His thatched one-room cottage was stifling and musty with birds in the roof. He lay in high fever, suddenly desperately ill. The inadequate bearer lighted a dusty lantern, salaamed and left. It is the holiday—students are away and the Poet and his family are in the hills.

The Professor is an enigma, having drifted to Santiniketan as people do drift, the Poet taking them in and giving nourishment to bodies as well as sustenance to souls.

I shouted for the water boy. He sullenly appeared. The Professor lay on a string cot, babbling muzzled thoughts. I caught a name, a place, a sentence—this worn-out shell once was a man! The night passed, the bearer slept, the fever-bird croaked. I watched day come over the desert. The Professor stirred with the light; his hand was cooler—he reached for mine. His eyes were clear.

"Tell me, have I spoken?" he said. Terror tore his voice to a ragged whisper. "If I spoke of others you must forget—suffering and shame belong to me alone." He wrung my fingers. "You promise to forget!" he cried. I have forgotten.

The patients are having all manner of diseases I cannot cure. Kalimahun and I finally took a bunch of them to a Mission Hospital, a lengthy journey by train. Assuring me I had been their mother in a previous incarnation, they followed me like lambs. We spent the night at a junction siding, in an empty freight car. At five, the station-master offered a brew that he called tea; in the market we found ripe melons.

A disreputable motor chugged us to Rampur. Here

kalaazar (black fever) patients are thick. It is a weary disease but its progress is interesting. Outlined in red chalk one can see the organs change from day to day. A medical student once wrote up a chart: "Patient in the sink, patient flitting, patient flatted."

Tired of the sick, I walked in the beauty of the evening where lavender hyacinths grow near a ruined temple. A fakir stopped me at the crossroad, covered with ashes and very little else. He asked alms in the name of Holiness—I fear it was more in the nature of high finance. In the tank beside the date palms a crimson sun turned the water to a pool of blood. I waded in to pull a beckoning hyacinth; a buffalo rudely joined me, so I waded out again.

This is the second day of the year 1330 Hindu time. Santiniketan has had a New Year celebration. After tea we were resting in Rothi's garden. A little group strolled in; they were mother, father and child, also a young girl and an ancient man. The ancient man spread a mat beneath the sal tree, the woman laid brass jars and the child upon it, the young girl tethered to the tree an unsuspected goat hidden hitherto in her voluminous skirts—and all salaamed. They were the Poet's surprise, brought half across India for the festival. The women sat cross-legged on a mat, dancing only with their arms, tiny brass cymbals fastened to thumb and little finger, their hands like pale brown butterflies fluttering in perfect rhythm of movement and sound. They are *mundira* players. For a fortnight I've been taking lessons, their fee a melon an hour—many melons spent in vain for my fingers are all thumbs.

Elmhirst is going to America by way of China and the Philippines, in order to see various agricultural experiments. He wants a movie of the school, the better to explain the work. I've been doing a scenario based on Tagore and his vision, or the cooperation of thought and labour: Santiniketan with scholars asking, *"Guru Dev,* what may we do with our brains?"; Sriniketan with villagers begging, *"Maharshi,* what can we do with our hands?"; with a finale to include everyone in both places. So far, so good, but I reckoned without machine and monkeys. A raft of professional movie men came from Calcutta with a camera. It was no sooner set up, under an umbrella, with a boy to fan it, than something melted or broke. The whole company stopped for the bath that always must come before food is taken. When things started moving again, they would be stopped by inquisitive monkeys or by snakes wriggling towards water.

The Poet "on location" behaved beautifully. We photographed him walking through paddy fields with cultivators stooping to take the dust off his shoes; as the teacher with disciples sitting at his feet; and finally as the center of a festival scene, professors and students, villagers and visitors surrounding him. Eventually it was shot.

Incidentally, we also shot a reel of four and twenty Santals dancing in a row. They immediately stopped dancing—after all, we had crashed a private party. However, as the encyclopedia remarks, "they are a bright, joy-loving people, seizing every chance of a feast." Trading on this last characteristic, we persuaded them, with bowls of sugar as large as bathtubs, to continue. They then danced for three days and nights without stopping! We shot reel after reel, stopping often from sheer exhaustion. The result is quite a good film.

To dance, the women form in line, about twenty to a row, linking arms, clapping hands, and swaying to peculiar movements of their feet; the men make music with drums and odd stringed instruments. The flute is the voice of their heart, and of an immemorial age. There is never a Santal without a bamboo reed behind his ear. They pipe along the road to work; they stop to rest and flute a song to bird and beast:

> The scraping bird has cried from the top of the high hill,
> The warm sun has just arrived,
> The bullfrog calls from the untilled field,
> My life and my soul are floating
> To the Damodar today.

Damodar is their sacred river, where charred bones are scattered after death to be ground into dust by the gods who create children from them.

I simply do not work if I can find a Santal to play with, and Santos to translate. Together we go to their various villages, sitting on string benches under the green fountain, as they call the bamboo tree. Santos tells me after his fashion, and I write down after my fashion, songs for marriage, songs for birth, and songs for death. A keen sense of humour, a thread of beauty and of mysticism run through them all.

Lamentation:

(The elder brother's wife is joking her brother-in-law, a convert to Christianity)

> "Oh, you have such a beautiful body, dear brother,
> Your waist, how nicely carved like an idol:
> But why is your body withering away?"

"It is not by my wish, fair sister-in-law;
Chandu, the life-god, fashioned me
But Jesus and Moses have combined to alter me."

The spider is an omen of happy love. At marriage, the clothes of the bride and groom are tied together.

"Your life, your span of life is for me
My life, my span of life is for you
Life and life are bound together
Like the web of the spider woven together
Strand by strand."

The bride's mother speaks:

"My little daughter, you are not able
To free yourself from the spell of my son-in-law,
His black umbrella, his pugaree like a cock's comb,
You two are a pair of pigeons come to age."

The bride to her mother at parting:

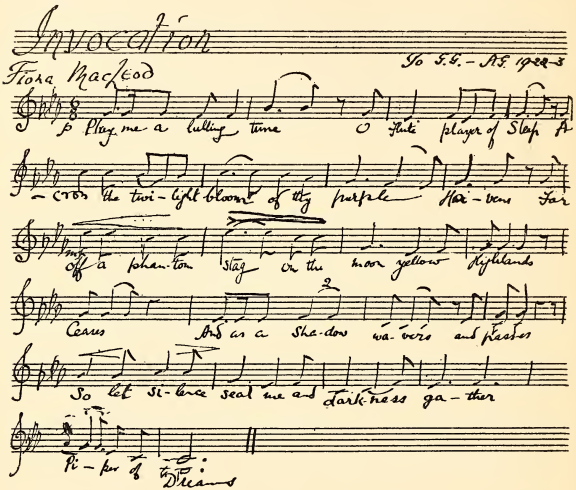
"Mother, my mother, do not cling so to the thatch,
Do not sob as though your heart would break,
Dear Milk Tree, do not weep."

The Santal banking system is simple—the wife carries the family wealth on her body.

"Come wife, hurry on, make yourself walk,
The sands of the Gommorri river are warming."
"Yes, husband, do not be impatient—wait for me,
Twelve pairs of gold ornaments
Are informing me of their weight."

Santals built the Dispensary for me. What with song and dance, it took longer than I bargained. They are not often patients, preferring their own magic.

The insistent throb of Santal drums cuts through the silence of hot, black nights and drives me from the housetop



to their village. Arthur Geddes (son of Sir Patrick) picks up his fiddle and follows after. He likes to catch the rhythm of their songs. The godson of Fiona MacLeod, he possesses Gaelic imagination. I made him arrange for the violin Fiona's verse, "Play me a lulling tune, O Flute Player of Sleep," and play it to the Santals and to me.

It might be wiser not to follow the beat of the drum; in the East emotion can get the upper hand. Professor Santa-

yana once defined morality for me as "the art of spreading pleasure thin!" A Santal has his way of putting it: "They say in the Sing Forest, 'Bodon, do not sound your flute by the river, why stir up the water that is deep beneath the stone?' "

The final step of the film was fun: to cut and caption in a movie studio on Dum Dum Road, Calcutta. Hollywood cannot compete with a deserted pleasure house of a wealthy merchant, with its own tank, marble water steps, rose garden and monkey patch. The troupe numbers nine, including an Indian Rudolf Valentino. I took off my shoes and hat and squatted for hours on a red velvet rug, writing captions. Attendants with well-oiled chests and checked skirts fanned me and brought relays of sweetmeats and tea. The manager himself stopped frequently to bathe, dripping nonchalantly as he resumed his cutting.

The company is in search of two women for a play—the characters call for respectability and charm, a difficult combination of virtues where an actress is drawn from the "oldest profession." I was allowed to scrutinize the applicants; two were too boldly handsome, next came one who might have been the heroine of the *Digit of the Moon*. In reality she was the property of a rich Mowari merchant. Her Ayah accompanied her, a cross hag in ivory cashmere. The heroine wore brocade stiff with gold; jewels spattered over her like coloured rain. The management having consumed much betel in wrangling over terms, finally melted away to sleep and to eat. A caterer from the city arrived with an expensive tinned lunch for me, a well-meant but mistaken kindness.

The apex of excitement was the preview in a Calcutta theatre with an audience of the Poet and a hundred friends.

"The Taj-Mahal Film Company produces 'Sriniketan'
Under the direction of Gretchen Green
Photographed by N. Senyal Gupta."

Sometimes we visit Dinu Babu, Dinendranath Tagore, the Poet's nephew, a clever musician and a person of girth, with a small, shy wife and a pet gazelle. He makes music of his own and infrequently takes down the Poet's. One generally finds him before the door of his house playing the *vena,* his hugeness curled on a cushion, his wife hovering near with succulent sweetmeats, his gazelle looking on. Andrée Karpeles did a portrait of the three.

Always by the side of the road, someone goes singing. One song sung itself fast in my thoughts, wayfarers, old and young, humming it gently.

"What are the words?" I asked of a student.

"It is a simple song," he said.

Do not play with my heart, my very dear,
Love is not a game.
It is not grass or weeds to be pulled at your pleasure,
It is a place filled with pain.
Do not play with my heart, my very dear,
Love is not a game.

C. F. Andrews, weary and dusty, climbed to my roof for early tea. He is back from one of the exhaustive and exhausting trips that he takes periodically in the cause of someone or something. Being good and kind, he wears himself

out continuously. The Poet loves to tease "Sir Charles," as he calls him. Andrews will settle down for a day and say, "I'm taking on the history class tomorrow."

"Ah," says the Poet, "and when does your train leave for Fiji or for the Bapu" (India's name for Gandhi)? There is a friendly rivalry between these two great men—the Poet and Gandhi. A brilliant cartoon by Abanindranath Tagore shows C.F.A. seated, looking cross-eyed at both. "Which god shall I follow?" is its caption, a verse from India's oldest hymn.

Yesterday Sriniketan held a reception for Elmhirst, off to America in a day or so. Deputations came from Surul and the villages round about; Santals came, and even a Kabuli—for the moment law-abiding. In a ceremony fitted to the occasion, the Poet conferred upon Elmhirst the degree of *Desika,* spiritual guide; for the first time in the history of Eastern Universities given to a Westerner. A strangely cosmopolitan group gathered under the arches at Santiniketan. There were professors from Europe and Asia, scholars from England, monks from China and Burma, pundits from all sections of India.

Dinu Babu and his "choir" sang in Sanscrit:

"Let us know that highest, great Lord of Lords, the highest Deity of Deities, the Master of Masters, the highest above, a god, the Lord of the World. . . ."

The Poet, turning towards Elmhirst, spoke:

"Today, the seventh day of the month of Falgun on the Chatarthi of the year 1329, we honour you, we welcome you in our midst, and meet here to offer you a title as a sign of our appreciation and respect." And here he put about Elmhirst's shoulders a bronze silk robe and stole, with Sanscrit

letters embroidered in gold, and on his head a small brown velvet cap, the outward form of *Desika.*

Elmhirst left Sriniketan at three this morning. Despite the hour, the gardener stood at the gate with a nosegay, and sleepy students cheered him as he drove away.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

GAVIN

GAVIN is not his name. He says I am a bashless hussy to call him so, although he adds, *"Huzur Kushi"* (it's up to authority). There's a reason for the misnomer—whilst he's Scotch officially, he has a saving strain of gypsy in him. It was he who explained why the Scotch get on better in India than their brethren, the British: "Scots have been brought up to know there's another country outside of England."

The man is a civil servant, distinguished for his use of wit and wisdom tempered with understanding—a weapon quite as effective now as in Solomon's day. At present he is busy in his District infecting villagers with a desire for righteousness plus sanitation and I am in Surul busied in corresponding copiously. The Government has granted our village a temporary postoffice; but what the Government gives, the Government takes away, unless we maintain the quota of daily mail. Gavin is a great help; he writes me from the Plains where he goes inspecting, or from a musty Bureau (office) in the city, of the day's doings, and I retaliate with the price of village eggs or the latest Compound gossip.

The first epistle to Gigi—that's me—is headed The Bureau. He wrote it sitting in his office chair, waiting for work to be

done but none presented itself, a shocking state of affairs which led to more letters for me to read. Amusing to learn that the fisherman at K—— want to become respectable so have passed a resolution that their women will henceforth be *Purdah.*

At the end of a trying day it is gratifying to have the postman salaam, shift his spear, and remove a second letter from his loincloth. This time it is from the Camp asking if Himself and an Aberdeen may visit Santiniketan and the "goddess of Surul." My feelings are flattered, possibly a visiting Judge whom I fed on his favourite porridge has spoken well of me.

A bout of dengue has kept me idling upon the housetop. It is a relief to get into harness again. At the Dispensary, in the midst of removing a cow-dung plaster from a gentleman who tells me that he is my loving son, I stop to take the salute of the postman and the post. Very encouraging to be told you are magnificent, the way you play the game. Gavin goes on to say that I am expressly to understand that neither the Aberdeen nor himself wish to give trouble. If they are invited they will come equipped with bicycles and camp cots. More to the point if they come with loaves of bread. Evidently he has had it rubbed in that "Americans are people who pay personal compliments and ask categorical questions within the first five minutes of meeting," for he adds most politely that in his turn he wishes to hear all about Idaho and the weird country of Main Street.

Two weeks have passed and tonight they arrive. It is an auspicious moment, dedicated to Ram Rakhi (bracelet brother), the day that Indian women may choose a knight, figuratively speaking, and literally present him with a bond

of allegiance, a cord of silver or gold, often bound with a lock of hair. The Poet's left arm looks like a maypole; fortunate for him that fealty lies more in word than deed.

Sriniketan has been scrubbed from housetop to ground; even the smallest Dispensary bottle wears a blue paper frill. Before the door Lal Pourri (Red Angel), a minx of six, has strewn coloured rice grains in token of hospitality.

It was late when the bullock cart from the station creaked through the gates. The shrieking watchman and a sullen sulphur moon were the only wakeful hosts. It is kinder to leave visitors alone to shake off the dust of the road, and brace themselves with sleep before the gust of an official welcome.

Dawn put on a pale green dress, I put on one of apricot cotton, mounting to the housetop with gifts for early tea: a fine duck's egg which an aged man untied from his turban; hyacinths which the village crone tore from the tank; and pattycakes of brown date sugar, offerings of grateful patients.

The guests in fine form were peering over the parapet at life stirring below. Gavin started his day with a talk on "service" to a group of students under the trees. The birds surveyed him from the branches and the little girls from behind their saris. Knowing his fondness for girl-children, I had persuaded Nundalal Bose to sculpt him a miniature Durga—the goddess who travels about with her cat and deals out daughters to the clamorous.

Patients choked the Dispensary for the honour of being physicked or poulticed by a Sahib; on occasions one is forcibly reminded that one is merely a Mem! Female patients, who at other moments and without compunction would

break glass bangles over me, were awed to complaisance.

Boy Scouts conducted the visitors on an inspection of the Compound, the visitors retaliating with an inspection of the Scouts. At eleven we called it a day and climbed to the housetop, panting for tiffin, which consisted of Mohammedan marvels made by Ali, flanked by Christian concoctions, self-prepared.

Later the lorry arrived to take Gavin to lecture at Santiniketan. Gavin was game. He bumped across the scorched fields, mopped his face and burst into a heady talk on education, the Poet carrying him off for a further discussion in his own domain.

As the day died, we sauntered once again to Surul. Girl students strolled with us, singing softly songs of friendship. We left them beneath the trees beside a fire, where, like bright moths, they flitted to and fro, preparing the evening meal.

It was quiet upon the housetop. In the hour before departure we were silent. From Tibetan cups we sipped the juice of pomegranates, cups of silver beaten into skulls wherein to drink defiance over death. The day of Ram Rakhi was passing. I had chosen no bracelet brother, woven no cord of my hair-coloured hair. Should I let the day pass? The Poet had but lately put into English a well-favoured song.

You will ever remain in the silence of my heart like the tense solitude of the full moon night,
I shall not be alone in my loneliness with the vision of your tender eyes watching over me
And the memory of the touch of your mantle thrilling my hands.

My sorrows, my sufferings, my dreams, shall be radiant with your understanding,
Like the dark solitude of the full moon night.
You will fill with glory my days, my life, all my world, like the tense solitude of a full moon night.

Could one inscribe this upon a palm leaf for a Scot with a *conshie* (Scotch for good conscience) if one knows that the Scot is Romany as well?

Three days later came a chit from Gavin full not only of bread and butter thanks but stating it was jam! His appreciation of housetop hospitality went so far as to liken me to Jael, a compliment which he capped with a capitalized admonition, "TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF OR YOUR SHADOW WILL NEVER GROW GREATER." It is he who is wrestling now with dengue. When the worst is over, he suggests a combination convalescent and inspection tour in his river launch, with the Magistrate's wife for gooseberry and me for guest.

This voyage is quite the nicest thing that has happened in India. The launch has little space but much crew, for officials sport much gold lace when they travel. Fortunately, the "gold lace" stows itself comfortably in the stern, trailing its toes in the water, or fishing for small fry. I conspire frequently with the cook over nourishing messes designed to strengthen the Sahib. Unhappy victims of my soup squawk from a floating cage. The enterprising butler, glimpsing fruit on the passing shore, dives overboard and swims off to fetch it, returning with it balanced on his head.

At dawn, and such dawns! Joy from the first feeling of oncoming light; the anchor comes swishing up and the boatmen begin their morning song. The gooseberry and I wake lazily, watching dark regiments of clouds, or the Mussulman sailors at ablutions and prayers. Gavin spends the morning over musty papers.

After tiffin at ten, we sit in the bow watching Noah's Arks drift by with smiling *Shems* and *Hams* peering from cargoes of golden grain. The sun glares through storm clouds—along the shore women scour brasses before mud huts, children play with gigantic scarlet flowers. As we approach a scheduled village, the siren blows and a triumphal arch wobbles into place. The Reception Committee wriggles into official garments, whilst the populace proper scrambles down the banks to the jetty. Village police wave black cotton umbrellas in welcome on the one hand, and, on the other, admonish the struggling crowd with their *lathis* (strong sticks).

A poet-of-the-day, breathing audibly, blocks the gangplank and breaks into tremolo:

"At daybreak the Superannuated Sun gives delight with its glorious rays, so you by your reappearance here, now give satisfaction to the souls of the thirsty people."

Exit the poet; enter a flock of little girls bearing garlands:

> We have strung these sweetest flowers
> What have we in store?
> A majestic soul to adore
> Accept our humble and cordial offer.

Gavin manages to wriggle through the enthusiastic citizens and go off with the Headmen to inspect and discuss various projects. A pink umbrella on a long silver pole—the

sign of authority—is held over him; the Magistrate's wife and I meekly follow, carrying our own humble sunshades. Sometimes there is the laying of a cornerstone, sometimes the dedication of a building, sometimes the planting of a tree, but always there are interminable speeches by village fathers and impassioned songs by village children:

> If thou art come, O Boundless Glory,
> With thy happiest touch
> On this day, very auspicious,
> Open, we pray thee, our new building's door.

After hours on a platform, it is good to be the honoured witness of a ceremonial football match. Today the team wore B.V.D.'s embellished with red paper symbols; the ball bounced in a flower jacket.

If possible, we escape to the launch for tea. Plain tea and toast fortify one to deal with the well-sweetened hospitality of official functions. Attention from the shore never ceases, *lathi* throwers and acrobats perform inexplicable feats, cheered on by the excited cries of the crowd and the unholy harmonies of backwoods musicians.

This evening at dusk Gavin and I slipped off to the bazaar. I love the bazaar at this hour—the flare of scented oil, the aroma of spices, the burble of hookahs, merchants curled on their toes among their wares, and old women crouched in the dust, crooning. Just as we felt nicely inconspicuous, having hurried down a deserted way, two *chowkadars* turned up salaaming, followed by three Headmen, out of breath, with the village at their heels. In humility and chagrin we purchased a pomegranate in the sight of the multitude, only to retire ignominiously but prominently to the launch.

Dinner at eight, the table strewn with souvenirs of the day: cucumbers, coconuts, marigolds, sweets, silk handkerchiefs. Last night a *jatra* on the shore. The heat was frightful, the *punkha* boy so affected by the action of the play that the system of ventilation vacillated with the hero's every mood. One hour was sufficient; we fled to the launch for peace. The revels too near for comfort, Gavin roused the boatmen, gave an order, and we moved a little up the silent river, anchoring in a pool of moonlight. Occasionally a leopard called to its mate, or hyenas laughed in the forest fastness.

Today we reached the jungle metropolis, and the journey's end. Runners are the connecting link with the outside world in this district—running in relays for fifty miles, timing themselves to catch the post-boat at given stages. The *Zemindar,* a delightful, aged man, received us in a pavilion with three gay, gilded thrones beneath three crystal chandeliers. Retainers in orange sashes saluted with volleys of perfume from silver atomizers. One sonorous speech followed the other. Gavin listened with an air of profound interest, answering briefly in admirable Bengali. Suddenly, from among the crowd, three *Namashudras* (caste below outcaste)—enormous men, their bare brown bodies glistening with heat, pushed their way toward the throne. Gavin had saved their village in a riot of long ago and this day they had journeyed far to lay an offering of plantains at their saviour's feet.

The *Zenana* housed five new family brides. We women were taken in to meet them. A son of the house came with us to translate. They asked, "Have you a son?" I replied, "I have not a son but I hope you will have many sons." They continued, "Have you a daughter?" I said no and continued to say no concerning all domestic relationships. Finally, dis-

couraged, they offered cucumbers in friendship, bowed and retired—five lovely creatures with marks of the honeymoon elaborately etched in sandal on their brows. The son gravely recounted the virtue and disadvantage of each as each filed past.

It was late when we turned the bend in the river that led us back to workday life. A week of holiday and happiness travels fast. I thought I was on the deck alone with the moon. *"Ave vale,"* said I sadly to a restless fish. I couldn't have been alone, since Gavin answered for the fish, *"Au revoir,* Gigi."

Surul again—a month elapses; it is necessary to go to Calcutta. Thirty days of malaria and abscesses have depleted the Dispensary stores and dimmed the belief that life is only made for laughter. In India, now and then, one needs respite to gain again the sense of her charm. I often combine duties in the city with the peace of Tantine's rooftop at Belur, filling my spiritual pitcher at the well of her understanding. This time Gavin entices me with an invitation to picnic on the Sabbath in a ruined village within cycling distance. The Romany is breaking out, the Scot becoming less violent. Consciences run in the family. Gavin's brother tells me the whole lot of them are bothered with hypertrophied ones under no sort of discipline whatever.

We picnicked. We spread a feast on the dusty steps of a deserted *Dak* bungalow, eggs scrambled with dates, rice boiled with coconut, and for nectar, fresh baal juice. Gavin seemed not displeased with my cuisine. "You're just a good girl, lassie," said he, top praise in Scotch. After lunch, replete,

content, we loafed in the shade of a banyan tree. Little children of the village crept near, the better to see. I flung them my necklace of scarlet berries. They played apart for a while until Gavin lured them closer with the *Three Bears* in his best Bengali.

Surul and excitement! The postoffice announces itself a permanency; the quota of correspondence has been reached. The postman beams as he flourishes the latest letter from Gavin. Gavin will no longer find it necessary to wield a heady pen.

I go about the day's work, then sit upon the parapet to rest. The postman pads up the stairs once more, a parcel in his hand. In his excitement over the stability of his office he'd forgotten to leave it. I say *atcha* a sufficient number of times and satisfied he departs.

The parcel is a book, the letters of a learned man to a wise woman published long ago. "Finis" is printed on the final page, but underneath is written, "To Gigi—of the high courage—Gavin."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

THE Poet is putting on a Spring Festival in Calcutta. Dozens of us are stopping in Jorosanko for the play. Jorosanko, the Tagore Palace, once stood in stately grounds, now it is swallowed up in the maelstrom of Chitpore Road. Just by an orange-colored shop Tagore Lane peers out, and a few feet up the lane Jorosanko rears its proud but crumbling head. In one half of the house live the Poet's nephews, Gogundranath and Abanindranath Tagore, famous artists and founders of the Oriental Art Society. Gogun Babu, who looks like an early Roman and possesses a keen sense of humour, mocks the cubists with charming skill. He has just sent me a sketch of a mouldy philosopher looking at life through a prism. Late afternoon is the nicest time to visit the brothers. In the doorway an unexpected sheep baas good-day, a toothless *durwan* salaams, and a grandchild, chosen from an inexhaustible supply, shows one up the stairs. The Tagores own a unique and valuable collection of Indian art from the beginning to the present day. The artists receive on a long gallery overlooking a square garden. They sit in chairs with elephant arms, exchanging good talk of good matter, always abreast of current events in the art world. Servants pass endlessly with smoking hookahs; paint

brushes soak in silver lotus bowls; pictures dry on lacquered tables.

The Poet is exceedingly busy with the Festival; he writes words, songs and music, designs the costumes and scenery, directs the performance and himself takes part. In *Sacrifice* he plays three parts and complains of such long ones! The performers are the students from Santiniketan; hitherto unprecedented for girls of good family to act in public, this is a concession to the wisdom of Tagore.

Jorosanko is full of bustle and of people to be prodded and people to be pacified. Pacification is my job, turning away importunate visitors who take this moment to ask for interviews and autographs. I like my room, opening on a balcony that in turn looks down upon the busy courtyard. I'm growing used, on waking, to find waiting merchants spreading the latest thing in saris or bracelets upon my bed; of having perfume sellers waft the scent-of-the-day from goatskin bottles. On the veranda, waiting to be summoned, servants squat over a parchesi game; going out to speak with one, I stumbled on a yellow ball that unrolled into a visiting monk!

The play is over, a splendid spectacle of colour, flowers, and song. Even the Poet, his hair darkened with tulle, let himself go, dancing in the last scene with Elmhirst as Ambassador from Arcady. Back stage the cast held court. British, Americans and Europeans came to pay tribute, Jane Addams among the number and the Lewisohns of Little Theatre fame.

Today is a holy festival, one of holy terror as well. Everyone is licensed to squirt everyone else with crimson water. I have been to the Outram Ghat to see the ceremony to the

evening sun. The Outram Ghat is on the Hoogli, where the liners dock. On the tea balcony above the quay husbands wait returning wives, or bachelors come to envy happiness. In the river that flows below worshippers come to wash and pray.

This evening a special pageant moves in the midst of pandemonium. Devotees wade into the water, their arms heaped high with plantains, red, green and yellow. Priests in scarlet cloths pass from group to group blessing the bananas with the oil from golden jugs. On the shore vendors cry, "Camphor to burn," and camphor burns mingled with myrrh. Their last load carried aboard, longshoremen mop turbaned brows, and cast off dusty *dhotis* (skirts). Winding sacrificial scarves about slim legs, they snatch a plantain from a holy pile and join the worshippers.

Sir Jagadis Bose, the man who discovered that carrots have nerves, has invited me to a lecture. His goldsmiths worked twenty years to perfect an instrument sufficiently sensitive to detect the nervous system of plants.

Elmhirst was asked to show the Sriniketan film at Government House, that Lord Lytton and a chosen group of people might see what Tagore is striving for. The veranda, hung dark with draperies, was the movie hall. A military aide whispered in my ear that His Excellency would have me sit at his side; proper for the director to explain discrepancies to the Governor.

Calcutta needs parks and playgrounds. Kalimahun of Sriniketan has admirable ideas on the subject. He is here at present to interview some of the powers that be. I sometimes go with him, interspersing interviews with begging visits to chemists. We both of us spend hours conferring with the

Director of Health in Bengal, Dr. Bentley, on an anti-malaria campaign for our village.

Charu, a student at Santiniketan, has asked me to visit his family in the Hills. It lies Darjeeling way and I need a week in the Himalayas. Calcutta, panting for the rains, gives off hellish fumes of heat.

An ordinary train takes one to Siliguri; from there an open box car chugs up the mountain. Charu met Mahomet and me at the station with a horse. Not expecting a horse I had no habit, but Charu, equal to the emergency, borrowed a skirt from the policeman's sister. The native skirt of a hill-woman is dozens of yards of cloth plaited thickly in front. The *syce* (groom) led the horse three thousand feet up a path at an angle of 45 degrees. Charu stayed behind to hunt lost luggage. A coolie went ahead cutting jungle growth with a huge curved knife. Mahomet trudged beside me, annoyed and blasé. It is like taking an under-footman to the wilds. We stopped to rest on an oasis of green fern, finding a fresh horse and soda water cooling in a stream. Before we crossed the stream, the coolie flung in a sacred leaf to propitiate the water-god. The way grew steep, crawling, stumbling, climbing, we mounted to a rambling house on the edge of a deep ravine.

Charu comes of the Ghurkas, hill people, a short-statured, Mongolian type, wiry, strong and fearless. The Ghurka regiments are known for their fidelity and cheerful endurance. His grandfather, my host, is Hindu and has become a *Sannyasin* (holy recluse). The grandfather was once a famous *Shikari* and the floors are covered with skin's spoils from his wild-oats days. Mahomet cooks in the unorthodox

corner, set apart for my comfort. He complains that he is "damaged from the journey" and wishes me to leave. I say we will stay.

Charu has a sister, Unjini, an aloof, lovable girl. Her marriage was unhappy. Fortunately her husband died and now at seventeen she lives solely to attain another life. Each morning at seven she comes for me.

"I God pray," she says and we go to her room. Before a white small stone, she lights a floating lamp of silver, placing a jug of milk and flowers near. We try to talk but do not get far.

"I cannot say your speak," she says, and smiles and hides her face in a lemon-coloured veil. She adores babies but has none. Dozens of fat brats belonging to the tea coolies nestle round her of a morning; she gives them sugar and tends them while their mothers are at work.

At a height of 7,000 feet our house perches on the edge of a precipice. Today a willing pony took me a thousand feet higher to a Hookworm Hospital. The ponies have the wind of oxen; scarcely ever is there more than ten feet of level path. The skirt of the policeman's sister continues to serve as a habit, held on with a red sash. The hospital duly inspected, the bachelor superintendent of a tea estate invited me to stop for a cup of new tea. Essentially a family man, he tried to mother a black python who sought sanctuary on his piazza. A week's food consumption, of goat and sheep and tidbits from a neighbour's hennery strained the superintendent's maternal instinct; he killed and stuffed the little pet, and sent it to the London zoo.

This afternoon, I gave a tea for the Planter and the Hookworm Staff. One has such respect for tea after putting it

through its paces. The Planter tells me merchants do not trouble to blend for the American trade. Recently a tiger has left his marks on the tea estate; now a trap is kept baited with a live calf in case the beauty wanders back. The estate backs onto the jungle, hence in season, one keeps a weather eye for marauding guests. The Planter asked if I would like a sample of his tea to take home. I said I would. This morning the sample staggered over on the shoulders of a coolie, forty pounds in a lacquered box!

It was unpleasant to say goodbye to Unjini and to Grandfather and to the beauty of the hills. Charu escorted me through the jungle to Kurseong; I'd despatched Mahomet on before. We arrived so late, the Police Inspector lent me his dining-room table to sleep on for the night. His wife and her sister, who can't speak English and are unused to Western women, watched me from their mat, intrigued with Western ways. The Inspector from behind a curtain discussed in polite peculiar English the peculiarities of America's police force. At six I left for Ghoom, the starting point for Everest expeditions. From the Buddhist Monastery one has a superb view of the sacred peak. A Santiniketan professor, stopping there, asked me to pick him up en route. Torrents of rain came down; we sheltered in the entrance to a Mosque, amused by the passersby. The entire population carry prayer wheels and wear amulets of turquoise hash.

Bhutia women in the bazaar invited me to sit and drink their tea. The tea, seasoned with yak butter, is the gauge for distance in Tibet. One walks "so many cups of tea" instead of so many miles. I sat but did not drink, sharing the sentiments of the explorer who, unable to stomach the

stuff, vowed the sacred beverage should never pass his lips until he scaled the heights of Everest!

Mahomet met me at the station in Darjeeling. I didn't confess the night with the Police; honour would have left him forever. I am stopping with friends who took me to the summer house of Sir Jagadis Bose. We breakfasted before a fireplace of yellow wood inset with twelve discs of beaten brass—the sun god starting forth on his journey through the twelve signs of the zodiac.

For a week the Kinchenjunga has been draped in clouds; today the veil has lifted. I, too, can sing a *Nunc Dimittis* for I have seen the height of Everest.

He who would understand the Plains must ascend the Eternal Hills where a man's eyes scan Infinity. But he who would make use of understanding must descend on to the Plains where Past and Future meet and men have need of him.

At Shillong, the hill city of Assam, the Poet and his family have taken a house and borrowed another for me. The house has seven sides opening on a terrace. Seven gardeners salaam each morning with seven nosegays. I trifle with the Poet's correspondence, picnic with Protima near a waterfall, nurse the ill children of three gardeners, and hold daily receptions, none of which justify this so perfect existence.

On Sunday I took a rickshaw to the English Church, lunching later at the rectory. My rickshaw man enticed another into playing chess in the churchyard, drawing the board on a gravel path, using coloured pebbles for men.

My neighbour is the Maharani of M., whose virtue and wisdom are far above her rubies, the daughter of a great

leader of the Brahma Samaj. Her days are spent in active service and prayer, her influence felt throughout India.

Gardenias stud the lawn outside my window; their perfume wakes me from a dream—simple to steal into the garden where nightingales woo the *gondraj* (King of Flowers), then steal back to bed again—moon-moments added to my dreams.

I stumbled into the Tropical Hospital in Calcutta late Sunday afternoon. The chief consolation for having succumbed to a tropical disease is that I can study the thing from the source. Comfortably housed in a cabin, one of many on a long gallery, I am cheered by the Head Doctor's favourite joke—"quite the bright hole of Calcutta"—and by his verdict that I am not to die, as my insurance policy doesn't hold good for India.

The day goes round; I watch it move. Whey is my diet which I do not like, but butter may be substituted if I'll buy my own. A bearer goes to market each morning and brings it back wrapt in cool green leaves. "Salaam." The baker enters with a tray of roti and one selects bread for the day. "Salaam." The scrubman, with a bunch of wet string, craves permission to mop the floor. "Salaam, Mem-sahib," and the *khansamah* salutes with a cup of tea. *"Pani, pinikapani,"* cries the water boy as he fills the jar. *"Sahibaba cuithiyana,"* a sub-nurse murmurs, gently rubbing aching bones, and the chatter of convalescents on the gallery goes on unceasingly.

On Christmas Eve strange missionaries came with tracts, also pet Mission friends from the Scottish Churches, bringing roses and their own delightful selves. Friends appeared from another world—the auburn-haired wife of the Dutch

Consul and Lady Blackett, charming to see and amusing to hear. When the cabin grew dusky—it has no window—through the door I watched yellow stars troop across the sky. *"Huzoor,"* said a voice, and a bearer from the American Consulate, streaming with red, white, and blue, put a basket of holly on the bed. He was followed by a resplendent *chaprossi* bearing the cake of a Thousand and One Kisses from the thoughtful Maharani. A bright sister smuggled in a gramophone that squeaked familiar carols. I had wanted to entertain the ward and not knowing how, asked advice of the baker, a resourceful soul. He immediately produced a friend with a flock of educated birds. The fascinating creatures fluttered through an amazing program ending in an oratorio that raised the spirits of the sick and possibly lowered their temperatures.

The kindest people have brought me home to convalesce, the Bentleys. A happy household, little Anne my pet. Dr. Bentley, a glutton for work, looks after the health of Bengal. There is talk of Cairo soon—of his teaching in the University there. It is odd to be well again, eating bread and butter casually at home, or toying with cake and jam abroad while watching Mrs. Hawksbee's prototype in restaurants, with friends.

I am summoned to Surul. A crusty judge is needing me to see him through "Baby Week." I am anxious to win his good-will and also to see the fun—he's in for more than he bargained for, holding a well-greased infant while he scans its strong points.

I cannot believe that I am leaving India, but I am, going to China with the Poet and his party. "Peripatetic Philis-

tines," the Poet calls us; a Prince, Kumar Sahib of Limbdi; a painter, Nandalal Bose; a philosopher, Kalidas Nag; a Pundit, Kithimahun of Santiniketan; a planter, Elmhirst of Sriniketan, and a physician, by merit of alliteration only, G. G. Kithimahun is a descendant supposedly of the first Indian Pundit who crossed to China in 1500 to study their lore; he wears the same sort of yellow robe, supposedly a sign of the celibate life, but he has a wife and three children.

On the housetop for the last time the serpent lamps flickered on teak and lacquer and brass. For the last time the bullocks galloped to Santiniketan. In front of the white columns of the library, an Eastern audience hall was set for the ceremony of *Boromi* (acceptance), performed for me because I am accepted into India. I stood before the Poet in the center of a circle, seven women in scarlet saris circling round me to purify with water and with fire. They bore offerings on a petah (gift dish) of rice-grains and fruit, a red marriage sari and a wedding bracelet of carved iron. The Poet spoke words of welcome and gave me a crystal amulet, the girls sang songs of evening, and the full moon looked on.

The crystal, a tantric symbol, is said to be many hundreds of years old. It is a small square, symbolically carved. In the center is a triangle, thunderbolt, the *Sakhi* or energy of woman, creator of the race; around this is an eight-petalled lotus, the eight virtues of women; around this are three concentric circles of Infinity. The Surul goldsmith mounted it in silver with a cord of ritualistic red, and now it is mine; also mine the duty to keep my soul as clear as the crystal, and my will as docile as the Indian bride.

Later the Poet came with us to Sriniketan. People and place were asleep serene! It seemed incredible the night

could be the last. For a while I listened to a *chakor* challenge an orange moon. Impossible to stay upon the housetop, I ran to the ground again, and walked in the fragrance of the *nim* grove. In the Tree House I could see the Poet writing. I climbed the swinging steps and said, "It is for the last time."

He answered, "In your country you will find things, not thoughts, are uppermost. I have written this for remembrance," and put a scroll into my hands.

The free light comes and speaks to all—be glad, be free in mind,
The free breeze comes with caresses, it whispers—let there be free opening of hearts:

The free space has for its words,
"Break your bonds, walk in the free path."
The Poet sings, "Take my love:
Be great, have great hopes."

The asoka leaves crackled with moon-fire, the Poet wrote on. The road lay straight before me to the housetop and beyond. In my heart echoed the Sanyasi's prayer, *"Santi, Santi, Santi, Om Tat Sat Om."*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

PERIPATETIC PHILISTINES

HALF Calcutta came to the Outram Chat to see the Poet and his party off. Embarking was simple; one stuck out one's tongue at the Medical Inspector and passed up the gangplank. A thousand people said goodbye at a reception in the Observatory. Hundreds more came to say bon voyage; friends who could not come sent other friends with garlands and baal fruit. Tantine brought herself and a Spanish pin. The pin was a mirror. "If you can bear the sight of yourself, the world can bear with you. *Bande Mantram"* (bless you), and she waved me away.

The ship is fairly empty; we wallow in enormous cabins and sumptuous baths. The party is a party divided against itself—some have sea legs and some have not. On nearing a port, I realize that I am an accessory to a Poet. A tug with welcome whistles escorted the ship into the harbour of Penang. The five reception committees on board bore each a separate schedule for the day. Half the Philistines were apathetically unaware we were arriving anywhere. I roused them to a sense of the honour being done them and to a realization of their *mal-de-mer*. The Poet, emboldened by Sanatogen, was his majestic self. Flowers, fruit, speeches were showered on him as we came down the gangway.

The five committees lost their seven guests of honour in the mob. Found, they deposited them in official Fords, the convoy motoring through rubber forests to a feast in a Malay house. A jovial jet-black gentleman, with diamonds in his ears, was host. As he wore the latest thing in tails, it was startling to see him greet the Poet by falling flat upon his face. The women of the house invited me upstairs to pow-wow, shrieking with laughter over my ugly tailored clothes. The hostess suggested an exchange, a sarong for a dress, real ruby studs for earrings of Paris paste. The view from the veranda was superb; I mentioned the fact to the host.

"It is but simple scenery to offer," he replied. I wondered he hadn't ordered a new set from heaven.

We returned by way of an opal beach—miles of it—edged with huts of cocoa palms. Stopping to mend a puncture gave us time to admire a purple sun going to bed behind white orchid trees.

At Rangoon the jetty swayed beneath reception delegates—Burmese, Bengali, South Indian, Chinese and foreigners, shouting welcome in every tongue. Committee carriages bore footmen in blue livery: outriders cleared a path through seething streets. American sightseers, revelling in the moment, clicked kodaks furiously. A rice merchant put his pleasure house—a stained glass edifice—at our disposal, the party becoming goldfish, with watchful admirers glued to the partition of his pet Philistine. Entertainers and public and private receptions filled every hour. The nicest hour came when the Poet was tired and we two sat quietly at home, enjoying the beauty of the night and plain food. A Burmese family strolled in, a girl who danced with fairy

grace, a mother smoking the inevitable cheroot, and a father who strummed an age-old harp.

"Speak, Beloved—say the little things that my ears can catch and run with them to my heart."

Tourists take the road to Mandalay solely to see Kipling's elephants "a-piling teak." If this is not to be seen in travel season a clever agency remedies the defect with a resigned beast who piles and unpiles logs into a box car for the purpose.

Everywhere are priests and pagodas. Every Burmese man must at some time in his life be a priest for seven days. We stopped at the Shwe Dagon Pagoda on the way to the city, leaving our shoes and stockings at the entrance. Knowing the rule, I'd avoided dirt and religious scruples simultaneously by painting on iodine socks.

The long ascent of shallow stone steps is thronged with beggars, priests and merchants. Exquisite little women in gay sarongs climb in an endless procession to the great plinth where tawdry Buddhas sit with inimitable smiles through centuries eternal. Before one grave image were glasses, napkins and forks—it is customary to offer food. "This god," the Prince explained, "likes his food English fashion."

His Excellency the Governor asked us to lunch at Government House. To a discreet inquiry, "What is the Poet's appetite?" we were all for answering, "Omnivorous," but doubting a sense of humour in the Secretary, we replied, "International, please."

At Singapore, as the ship only stopped a few hours, recognition and receptions were dispensed with. We lunched five miles from the city in an unpretentious house with unassuming friends. A delegate from the King of Siam ap-

peared on the quay with greetings to the Poet, a walking stick for each of the party, and a pressing invitation to all to visit his country.

At Hongkong the Philistines are divided up for twenty-four hours ashore, meeting together for functions. The Poet and the Prince hold court at Repulse Bay. I'm turned over to a learned bachelor with a large establishment. He kindly arranged for me to see sleeping sickness in the British Hospital and sea serpents in a Chinese Dispensary. Professors and doctors dined with us. The host, in showing me the guest-room, thoughtfully entered to see if the shutters were properly closed—scorpions sometimes stalk in the night. A too thoughtful No. 1 Boy had turned down twin beds, placing his master's pajamas on one. His master, sighting the things, fled ignominiously, scorpions forgotten.

At Shanghai a week of activities in Chinese halls of learning, Poet, Philosopher and Pundit all lecturing in various schools and universities: Elmhirst talking to agricultural groups and the Painter to art classes. Tsu Semu, a young poet interested in bringing about a renaissance of Chinese poetry, is interpreter and friend, a young man whose dignity, understanding and disarming gentleness set him apart. Phyllis Lin, a clever and tremendously pretty girl, is with us daily translating in women's schools, or when a Chinese lady ventures to visit the Poet.

I left everyone for a few days, going up the Yellow River to see the place that Marco Polo governed. Floating along the canal in a silent sampan I could almost hear the laughter of "Golden Bells" behind old garden walls. The Poet delights in *Messer Marco Polo.*

In *Hankow,* the Painter and the Poet, with myself a

looker-on, have been shopping in the House of a Thousand and One Brushes. We have been learning of the shopkeeper and sipping tea while cheerful coolies ransack shelves for favourite brushes. So delicate is the cunning of Chinese art, there needs must be a brush to limn each stroke—the hair of the camel mixed with the hair of an ape; the fur of the fox plucked to a point; the down of a duck with which to daub clouds. It is said the seal of an artist continues red through the ages, because the red is coral, freshly ground with pearls. At the oldest fan shop in the world I sought a handle for treasured Indian feathers, bronze and blue, flamingo, white and peacock. A very old man found a very old mount, frogs sleeping on a lotus leaf. He fastened in the feathers with a cord and tassel reflecting the colours of the quills.

With bandits expected to hop aboard any moment, as we neared Peiping, the train journey proved exhilarating. Soldiers on guard slept in the corridor and a special engine threw its searchlight along the track. There was never a sign of a bandit by night, but any quantity of tourists invaded the compartment by day. A countrywoman of mine leaned over, fingering my cape of camel's hair.

"Did *he* give it to you?" she whispered audibly, pointing to the Poet.

"Tell her," he replied for himself, "I killed for you my last and favourite camel."

Getting out at the station in Peiping was worse than a football scrimmage. Elmhirst had to rescue the Poet from an over-admiring mob.

The Philistines have scattered again, some to a Chinese house, some to hotels. I am stopping in a made-over temple belonging to Mrs. Calhoun, whose husband was once Amer-

ican Minister to China. The temple is very beautiful and Mrs. Calhoun exceedingly kind.

Students, scholars, seekers-after-wisdom throng the courtyard of the Chinese house. Kalidas, Nundalal and Kithimahun give eager answers. The Poet is besieged. Tsu Semu rescues him at moments to travel to some spot of beauty.

Today the Poet was beauty himself, standing at the top of the Temple of Heaven wearing a gift robe, yellow with black scroll embroidery, after the fashion of Confucius. Hundreds of Chinese in coloured satins flocked up and down the steps; in the encircling gardens bloomed peonies and lilacs, fragrant in the sun of spring.

We have been to call upon an Emperor that was—Henry Puyi that now is (and, though he does not guess it now, Emperor to be). He lives for the moment in a small palace in a gigantic garden. At the garden gate Imperial chairs waited to carry us to the Serene Court. Phyllis Lin, a small bird in bright plummage, fluttered round the Poet: Tsu wore grey satin, the Philistines their Indian best, and I Sastri's vermilion scarf.

Henry Puyi's tutor, Sir Reginald Johnston, met us at the door of the room set apart and furnished for him with pink cambric and lace curtains in a desire to meet Western taste. He instructed us in the degree of deference to put into bows —so far for the Sufei ("Wife of the West," an ancient lady left over from the last court), a degree further for the second and first wives of today, and as far as possible for the Emperor himself. The royal four received us in an anteroom at the entrance of a flowery court. The wives were exquisite in person and dress—the headdress of one jewelled; the other

of kingfisher feather-flowers. Wifely privileges apparently are the same except regarding jewels.

Having bowed all around, His Majesty led off with the Poet, the women staying behind, the rest of us following, on a sightseeing tour of the Palace, its gardens and treasures, the greatest treasure at the moment an American bicycle! Shut within walls, be they ever so beautiful, the freedom of the cycle is priceless beyond jade, especially as His Majesty is bothered with his eyes. Dr. Fuchs of Vienna is here to see what his skill can do.

Under an ancient, favourite pine, we met the Court Verse Maker: Henry Puyi wanted to photograph the Indian and Chinese poets together. Tsu Semu had his camera and snapped various combinations of Philistines, Poets and Majesty. Even beautiful objects can surfeit: it was soothing to pause for tea—tea in jade cups, delicious tea of fresh green leaves and water from the Bubbling Well twelve miles away. The wives joined us again, sitting demurely at one side of their Lord and a trifle lower down. One plays the lute, but today she could not play because her bird lies ill and her heart is sad. The other admired the Bishop's ring. It would have been polite to give it to her but I didn't. Apologizing that it belonged to an ancestor, I redeemed rudeness by sending a necklet of Indian sandalwood next day.

Chinese students want to celebrate the Poet's birthday with one of his plays. *Chitra,* an Indian play, enacted by Chinese and spoken in English, should be an international success!

It was—a great success and one long drawn out, what with speeches between acts and presentation of gifts, lasting well into the morning. Mei Lan Fang was also a guest: we have been to see him act and what is equally fascinating, behind

the scenes to watch him make up. Extraordinary the expressions that he can paint upon his face—one would swear a willowy heroine was none other but herself. Performances are protracted, but melon seeds to crunch and hot towels to mop one's face keep an audience still. Even the cast casually stop in the midst of impassioned speeches to wipe heated brows or to quench their thirst with tea.

The Lamas at the Yellow Temple gave a feast in their courtyard festive with banners—an elaborate interchange of Indo-Chinese tongue and food.

This afternoon Leonebel Jacobs, an American artist, did a pastel of the Poet; I kept him quiet with ices, though he has the patience of Job. Someone either wants to interview, model or paint him, or if not up to that, to sit at his feet and philosophize. It is an excellent portrait—characteristic velvet cap, brown searching eyes, contented expression; the artist drew swiftly and the ices were good.

I think the Poet has much pleasure in the company of Tsu Semu; together they talk the talk of poets. Sometimes Dr. Hu Shih appears to discuss his country and his coming book, *China's Own Critic*. The three settle down to discourse, relaxing in each other's understanding and wisdom.

Tonight I talked with the Poet.

"Your Honour" (that is how I address him), "how does one describe you best—you dislike to be called a philosopher, you aren't a politician, is it as a poet you see yourself?"

He smiled, said nothing, people interrupted us. Later, tidying his table, I found a scribbled page:

> I ever go seeking for this self of mine;
> But how can I know the fugitive who flits in dreams,

Changing its form and guises?
Often have I listened to its voice
In the heart of my songs,
Though I do not know where it dwells;
The hours flow on, the light fades;
The flute of the passerby plays its farewell tune,
But where is this self of mine?

A Chinese artist journeyed three hundred miles to give Tagore a book of chrysanthemums he had drawn in a hundred ways. There are many souvenirs for the Poet and for Santiniketan, and many memories stored in the hearts and heads of the seven Philistines. Tomorrow there will be but six, for I go on my way to America alone.

I went to Japan by way of the train through Korea.

Two hours after passing the frontier, a Japanese official waked me, poking his head in my berth, to demand a passport. He looked it over right side and wrong, letting off unintelligible gurgles, pulled the bell rope and stopped the train. Before I gathered my wits, he gathered my bags and threw them out of the window, my half-dressed self willy-nilly following after through the door. The train moved off; in the distance I could see figures, but before seeking succour I finished dressing in the middle of the track. When I finally approached a group of astonished citizens it didn't solve the situation. Korean and Japanese are both Greek to me, I tried other tongues and sign language; the populace were neither enlightened nor amused. Finally a tin house, evidently the station, took off its shutters, a man in a halfway uniform appearing in the door. I pointed to my bags, to myself, to the direction of the frontier: he nodded.

After three interminable hours a train appeared, with no intention of stopping. The official, unperturbed, flagged it, and assisted me on board.

In Antung I got out—Antung is the frontier city. Famished and annoyed, I sought the station master. Japenese only spoken! Lying on his desk was a Peiping paper with a picture of Tagore's party: I seized it and, with drama, pointed to myself. Uninterested, he pointed to the door. This time the gods were good—a coolie on the platform spied me. "Mellican!" he shouted, stowed me in his rickshaw and trotted breathlessly to the American Consulate without a word from me.

The Consul, showing no surprise, calmly fed and washed me, said that the passport was quite in order and that it was his sixth visitation from a discarded countryman this month. The moment is not auspicious for Americans in Japan, as Japanese have just been excluded from America. However, the contretemps provided a pleasant day with pleasant people, and at night the Consul put me on the train with strict injunctions to everyone not to throw me off.

At Yokohama, the Baron S., Tagore's host-to-be, let me roam his glorious garden. The ship was waiting, with an American agent on board, who told me that unfortunately a Russian had removed my trunk from a Shanghai safe-deposit. It is unfortunate as it contains, besides necessities, everything that has been given me in India and on the journey.

Twenty days of sea and three extra ones that crop up crossing the Pacific are too long, in spite of a ship's cheerer. The ocean was languid, Honolulu gay with artificial Alohas —America's idea of colonization.

At San Francisco what luggage I had left was opened gently by an inspector who remarked, "You won't find Customs is vandals out here," and handed me a cable from the Shanghai storage stating that two objects had been recovered, a paper umbrella and a glass bead chain.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

RETURNED EMPTY

"RETURNED EMPTY" is the phrase for a retired Civil Servant of India.

Four months have gone by. I've been doing very little of anything but watch other people work. Andrée Karpeles writes that she is marrying the Swedish knight who pursued her to Santiniketan, that together they are publishing *Les Feuilles aux Indes,* and will I write a letter expressing what I feel on returning to the West?

I have written what I feel, though it may be unfair and the colour of the mood that is on me, not things as they are:

Andrée, I have come back—back to what?—to my own country by right of birth, to a strange land through virtue of growth. Citizenship implies the freedom of the city, but it does not say "open sesame" to the soul. I cannot fit into the scheme of things; I had never thought before, I am thinking now. . . . We may have the most modern system of education, but give me again the classes beneath the trees of Santiniketan. . . . We may be dynamos of material force, but our souls are surely static. The East enjoys the seasons, the West the season's exponents. Poets sing of spring both sides of the world, but people this side demand extraneous expression—lamb and green peas. . . . Impossible to explain

intangibility with the tangible, to give reasons for reasoning. Perhaps I have learned the difference between culture and education, culture that is the training of the mind to discover and appreciate what is true and good and beautiful, and education which stimulates and exploits for practical purpose. I know that I went to India thinking to do the teaching and I have come back from India aware of my own ignorance. Do not believe for a moment that I am blind to her poverty, pain and imperfections, but there is something which transcends the ills of her age, a spiritual significance that defies definition.

> How shall I walk the plains again
> Go down and down
> Into the valley of the shadow of life?
> Only because of mountains in my heart
> For me to climb
> Heights—my own.

For six months past I have been idling in my own land; for half a year gone I've importuned the gods for new adventure in far places. The gods are good; a summons comes today to hasten to Venice to the help of the Red Queen. The Red Queen is a friend of a friend of mine, and the friend of mine knows that I want to work across the sea.

The Red Queen is really Henrietta Macey of Boston, a distinguished woman and sculptor in her prime, but in her present existence, a "character." Her model of the Ducal Palace won for her both recognition and decoration from the Italian Queen, her "hands" of the Duse gained her the affection of the Italian people. D'Annunzio wrote of Miss Macey's blue eyes in *La Clarissa d'Oltremare,* the Duse called her

"dearest friend" and the children of the glass factories have known her as Teacher for thirty years. She has a school for children in a dilapidated convent at Murano; friends contribute to its support because its founder spends her every cent on big and little people. It is only by the greatest self-control that she buys necessities. To give a party to rich or poor is to her the breath of life. The last ten years having dispensed with amenities and conventions, she commutes between a convent at Murano and a flat in Venice over a *traghetto* stand. Suddenly deciding to take on a volunteer assistant, I find myself her volunteer.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

VENICE

THE Red Queen met me at the station with two terriers and a slightly mad music teacher. The music teacher is the Italian caretaker of the *traghetto* flat; one terrier belongs to Miss Macey and the other is its friend. It was sunset, there were sardines and bread in the *sandalo* (short for labouring gondola) so we cruised through the lagoons, floating to the convent by night. The convent, a huge and crumbling magnificence, is honeycombed with lodgers and cats, not to mention insects and rats. The lodgers work at the factories in shifts; their offsprings shift for themselves.

The Red Queen took me through the looking-glass to reach her quarters; rightly we came out the wrong side. I looked for a window to open and found gunny sacks hung in carved apertures, mullioned panes long since gone. I tried to go to bed but the bed was a cotton pallet on the floor and rats had gotten there first. Architecture in plenty but no furniture; beauty there is but more dirt. The restless Queen woke me with a rusty tin cup of coffee and a roll. It was no hardship to get up. "We shall have a party today in your honour," she cordially remarked and trotted off to her own queer quarters.

I have been both exploring and exterminating; if we are

going to have a party, it may as well be a grand party. The convent at our end includes a ruined chapel. Removing enough of the cobwebs and dirt to show faint bits of frescoes, I scrubbed the altar to Della Robbian blue and put a vase of lilies in the center. The guests gliding up in gondolas from Venice were welcomed by children in pink pinafores crying, *"Festa, festa."*

A young *signorina* from Milan arrived today to teach the smallest *bambinos* the Montessori method. The *bambinos'* mothers would probably allow them to be taught anything, even to believe in a Protestant Virgin, they are so definitely glad to be free a few hours. I don't seem to be getting far with my system; the Red Queen suggests a course in cooking, but there is no one wanting to cook—as a matter of fact, no one wants to learn anything. They get enough of that in school and factory; they wish to come here to play.

It being bruited abroad that a cooking course would commence with chocolate cake, pupils flocked to the class. In the middle of the lesson Miss Macey sent me word to stop and get ready to leave at once. I thought someone had had a catastrophe, but no, the Beaches at Asolo were giving a Fête and the Red Queen decided we'd both better be there. Asolo is a village in the Veneto, a short journey from Venice; the Beaches are Americans who bought the house of Robert Browning, son of his famous father. Mr. Beach composes operas; Mrs. Beach revives the shuttles and silkworms of former days. The weavers carrying water from Pippa's fountain, the fabrics are called "Pippa Silks."

We arrived in Asolo breathless with excitement, Miss Macey clad in three dresses at once—"to save time and lug-

gage," she explained. The inn bubbled over with joy at her coming. *"Ecco la Signorina,"* they exclaimed, knowing well a party was in store. It was too late that night to give one, but invitations went forth at the crack of dawn, British, American and Italian, friends of long standing, turning up for tea. Everyone talked at once about the coming Fête. The garden that night was set for the scene—light from a red, real moon, assisted by lanterns on lacquered poles.

Francesco Malipiero asked us to come to tea under his vines and fig trees. A great many animals came as well, an owl, and a pussy cat, rabbits and dogs, pigeons and song birds. Undoubtedly Malipiero had put them all into his Cantata of St. Francis.

I have fallen in love with a cottage that belonged to a Guelph or a Ghibelline. I found it this morning, very early, driving with Miss Macey in a gay cart with a tiresome white donkey; we drove to the green hill where the Duse lies. There was peace on the green hill. The Duse rests in a place apart, facing her loved Mount Grappa. Miss Macey knelt to plant gentle pansies above the quiet heart; the donkey-man murmured, *"Buono riposo, Signorina,"* some little birds gave song. On the way home we passed the actress's simple house. Carved above the door are D'Annunzio's words:

Eleanora Duse	To Eleanora Duse
Figlia ultimogenita di San Marco	Youngest daughter of San Marco
Apparizone Melodiosa	Melodious Impersonator of
del patimento creatore	Creative Suffering
e della sovrana bonta	And of Sovereign Goodness

Murano hasn't seen us for a fortnight, we're huddled in the Venice flat along with the mad music teacher. If an unexpected lira turns up in either of our pockets, we fare abroad for a codfish spree; if it be only a centissimi, we sup at home on bread and cheese.

In San Marco is a Madonna who has a look of understanding beyond the child she bears. I stole away to speak to her one afternoon and found Ruth Draper there. We left the church for the Piazza and there we talked. That night I ran off with her to Ravenna. A week went by, Ruth went on to Switzerland, I returned to Venice to find Miss Macey frankly relieved that I'd taken myself off her hands.

For three weeks I've been lying in wait for another job. The Poet writes me from India that he will be coming to Italy any moment and will I be on hand? I certainly shall be if there's a way to fill the interim.

The family Tumiati is the answer to the interim, Gualiterro Tumiati, Italy's tragedian, and Beryl, his British artist wife. The entire household is swamped with costume-making for *Turandot* and they've enlisted my help.

A letter from Tagore says he is not coming. By the same post an American friend writes from Morocco, suggesting my spending the winter there. It's September now, a young Tumiati has to be taken to school in England, I can drop her en route. Via London isn't the direct route, but geography is not my strong point.

I came back from Morocco with a Riffian rifle, a brass cakestand, a slack purse and joy. "Who that remembers the first kind glance of her whom she loves can fail to believe

in magic?" and I do love Venice. It was springtime when excitable *gondolieri* sweep and garnish their craft for summer *forestieri;* the Ca'd d'Oro gives a polish to its shining face; fishing fleets from Chioggia flaunt freshly tinted sails; *palazzos* along the Grand Canal air feather-beds over their balconies; *bambinos* and rodents frolic on the Fondamenta; the entire city sings Pippa's song.

I start on a serious errand and stop to watch boats, piled high with red tomatoes, crossing the lagoon. It is still too cool for piazza life. In a stuffy indoor Florian's the elite take their tea and exchange their gossip. I exchanged some myself today with Signora Picoli. The Signora, the English widow of an Italian philanthropist, is interested in the Botteghe d'Arte, one of her husband's schemes. This permanent exhibit of the peasant craft of Italy is housed in a corner of the Palazza Reale. In showing me the exhibit, the Signora had pointed out a huge room with a mighty fireplace, and windows on the canal—one of the disused Royal kitchens. When in residence the King's cook manages in a suite of seven. The room fascinated me; I kept thinking of it all the while we sat at tea. With half-an-ear, I could hear the people at the tables, irrespective of nationality, order tea only to complain bitterly when it came. "Signora," said I, plunging, I want the Royal kitchen, to run a tea club. Please help me to get it. . . . She did, together with other staunch and much-tried friends.

Dar Hellewa, House of Sweets, is a licensed tea club. Yesterday it held its *vernissage*. These past six weeks have not been idle; others pulled the wires, but I pled with potters, antiquaries and glassblowers to lend me their wares, on the basis that if a person sit in a chair or drink from a cup

that pleases his fancy, he may take it home for a price. The cakestand from Morocco is a standby, but the crowning touch of the place is an American gas stove, munificent gift of a thoughtful friend.

The opening was a howling success in two senses. Factions held court in corners; Venice society is divided against itself. The British Consul, from the first my unofficial backer, proved a social prop; the entire foreign population regard him as a personal mainstay, regardless of the flag they fly.

It's all very strenuous and all very interesting, this running a tea club for chiefly *not* tourists. After a month I find that people come for so many things besides tea; loneliness seems to overtake travelers at unexpected moments. There are habitués now—a pink and white surgeon, Scotch, retired I.C.S., a dependable client and definite means of support. On afternoons when customers are few and cakes multiple, he orders three teas.

Daily I do the tables differently—black pottery, green dragon china, amber and ruby glass. An elephant of white majolica leans against the fireplace. (I'm paying pension for that elephant to this day, I like him so.) Friends bring flowers and, if they are red roses, I make them into jam, reminiscent of Philadelphia slums and Turkish nightingales. In Istanbul one summer a talkative Turk betrayed the secret, boiling perfumed petals with sugar and the juice of limes.

An American with a French wife came in today. "Can you speak French, Miss?" he asked, as he sank into a chair. "Because if you can, I'd like to make an arrangement by the hour to leave my wife with you. I met her buying goods in Paris, liked her looks and married her quick. When I got

her home it wasn't so hot; my French is sales talk and you can't keep up that line."

Dar Hellewa is "arriving." The English *Daily Mail* has put her in the Venice social column. "Among those present at the Hellewa were Lady Dunsford, Sir Hubert Miller, Lady Ross, the Cole-Porters, the Countess Robilant, Mrs. Evelyn Toulmin, the Countess Morosini, Duchessa della Grazia, Lady Millicent Hawes and the Honourable Mrs. Lyell."

There's a lovely creature been sent me from the British Consulate as a possible partner. Her husband is training the army of Albania, apparently more for glory than for pay, hence she's crossed over here to work. Teas she manages very well, but there are the confidences to consider.

I've had a critic sitting by the hearth so long that the place lacks spice without him. He's back in London now, writing his column for the *Saturday Review*. Once he wrote to me instead—gratifying to receive credentials.

This morning I heard *O Sole Mio* at the Village Inn, and the newspaper had a picture of a gondola in the Thames, its occupants all sitting in the wrong places and the gondolier looking very self-conscious. However, inadequate as was the reminder, I felt a pang. I thought if I wrote to you, it might help to quench it. I hope you don't mind being an anodyne. I disliked leaving Venice as much as ever, what a boon you are to the lonely visitor.

Dar Hellewa has made the new guidebook to Venice—heavily starred as "a pleasant and proper place to have food."

Prince Umberto is in residence for a day and night, with one of his father's cooks. I do not know the Prince, but the

cook and I exchange compliments through the window of the Royal pantry.

Melba is to sing tonight on the Grand Canal. Last night I annoyed Melba. An American friend was giving a ball and couldn't start it rolling; she asked if I would brighten things up by telling the guests the colour of their soul. If you have even touched the coast of India, people endow you with occult powers. It was fairly easy to choose an aura that satisfied most of them. Aspasia of Greece was delighted with a jonquil soul. Madame Melba was difficult, but I saw magenta and said so. "It's not," she denied, displeased. "It's always been cerulean blue." Her displeasure, however, cost her nothing, while I once paid ten dollars for an astral shade. The consultant, a resident of the Bronx, found that I needed certain aspirates for spiritual harmony, and substituted Hulda for my name, declaring that bright pink nightgowns and roast beef eaten at midnight alone would put me in touch with the infinite.

It's fun shopping in the crooked *calles;* I stumbled over Bishop Manning in one when I went to buy butter this morning. Tonight the Bishop and his daughter drank *sciropp* with me before the theatre door. The guests for a costume ball went flitting by in silks and laces of the fourteenth century. Link boys lighted them over bridges and Napoleon brothers, *caribinieri,* loitered past by twos and twos.

I dash off to Florence, for at last Tagore has come to Italy, brought by Professor Formici of Rome, the Professor having spent the winter at Santiniketan. The Poet is the guest of the Government, fêted royally—by Fascists—and

given a marvelous opportunity to see the treasures in palace and museum.

The Poet has a Prince of India with him, Rothi, his son, and Protima, Rothi's wife. Tagore to lecture at the University, we were warned to wear our best. India's best is superlative—the Prince and Protima rivalled each other in jewels, the Poet wore his yellow Confucian robe, and the gown of the least Italian professor was bordered in fur. At the reception after, Florentine ladies fluttered intermittently round poet and potentate. "Are you married?" one inquired of the potentate. He replied, "I have three queens," and slipped from the admiring group.

As he had seen little of Florence beyond official affairs he thought to go away unnoticed for a walk. It wasn't possible not to notice him, covered with a galaxy of jewels. I hid him in a taxi, removed pounds of Royal trinkets, and left him on the Arno, hurrying myself to the hotel safe.

Returning to Venice I find her gay, with a goodly portion of the British fleet at anchor. Uniforms appear in Dar Hellewa each afternoon, also a little knot of women—a determined mother and three plain, unassuming daughters. Infrequently a portion of the Navy is hounded into joining them at tea. Curiosity getting the better of me, I questioned Lieutenant B. "That," said he, "is known as the fishing fleet, borne on the following wind; we've had it with us since Malta."

I've been made a member of the Circulo Artistico, the only club I *am* a member of. By right, I'm not eligible for this, unless art includes creative cuisine. The Circulo, composed

of Italian artists—men save for one woman—exists in a part of the ancient prison just over the Bridge of Sighs. My first day as a member I brought a bowl of spaghetti and curled up in the library window overlooking the Guidicca. The library was Manin's prison chamber. It is high, wide and beautiful, with vaulted ceilings and carved panels. Drink can be had, but not food, from the aged retainer. In summer no one sits about the game tables, nor do they crouch behind their journals on high-back velvet chairs. The retainer, his yellow cat, and silent chessmen are the only occupants. A greybeard did chance to wander in, but *"Che bella giornata"* was the extent of his conversation.

The yellow cat from my lap called to his companions in the *calle* below. I'm credibly informed that a yearly census is taken of the cats of Venice, presumably to discourage the rats of Venice. Cats are certainly given every consideration. I often see a gondola bearing a British resident and a protesting feline, swinging round sharp corners of canals, "accustoming the cat to Channel crossings," says the lady, hoping to take the pet on her next visit home.

It is autumn; *forestieri* have fled. Dar Hellewa is closing, there is doubt that it will open again. Success is a dangerous thing; a rumour is in the air that the King's kitchen will be needed next summer for another matter. We shall see. Meanwhile there is Paris, a job, England and visits.

Men in *Municipios* may be men, but they're worse than clams to get anything out of. I've been here since March spending most of the month on a hard bench at the courthouse, waiting to know if I may have a license for a tea

house. Dar Hellewa, refused the Royal kitchen, is in need of permission to ply her trade in other quarters.

Other quarters have been promised, the house of an ex-gondolier belonging to an ex-American friend. Dolly Watts saw five little houses facing on *calle* and canal, with their backs turned on a garden. Persuading their owners, the gondoliers, that more modern buildings would better suit them, she bought the lot. They are now refined habitats plus plumbing and charm. Before I can accept one for my purpose, I must have permission from the Italian authorities to operate. Wishing to spare Italian friends, I applied for a permit myself, tackling the American Consul en route, for a certificate stating I have never been in jail. He says that officially it isn't possible to issue such a thing, but that unprofessionally he'll see what he can do. The mills of authority grind slowly. I wait from day to day for recognition of my appeal and an inspection of my domicile. Hopes rose this morning when the cook met me in the *calle,* shrieking, *"Ecco, Signorina, le Inspectore!"* Apparently the inspector, who had both come and gone, concentrated on the sleeping quarters, rather than on kitchen hygiene. Time again elapsed, but at last a document arrived for me to fill in. With pride I displayed it to an Italian friend; pride had its fall.

"Dio mio! Do you know what you have demanded?"

"Certainly," I replied, annoyed by his tone, "permission to run a tea house."

"Exactly," said he, "a *Casa di The,* which is Japanese in significance. It is a *Sala di The* that you wish."

The season too far gone to start new negotiations, I left it to the Consul to say I'd reconsidered and retrieve a deposit of lira. After the letdown, I wanted to go away for a week.

Seeing that a certain religious society advertised reduced rates to Rome I inquired whether a non-member of the organization might take advantage of the offer. The answer revealed a sole stipulation—all ticket holders must take the vow of chastity for the trip.

There is leisure now to do the things one loves to do. I go to market with Dolly's cook, who tucks an unruly fowl under her shawl when we stop at her favourite church. Fridays are sacred to gossip with the fishmongers of the Rialto. Angelo has a tenor voice and the freshest fish. *"O Solo Mio,"* he sings, stringing coral shrimps on coral threads. Longing to be really proficient in the language, in spite of Shelley's warning: "Italian is like a lady who gives you her smiles and never her favours," I daily buy bananas from Marietta of the fruit stall, a transaction involving an enormous vocabulary with appropriate gesticulation.

A boat of burnished eggplant blocks our water steps, preventing Ezra Pound from coming up them. Ezra is expected in the house next door owned by the violinist, Olga Rudge. Olga and Ezra are working on an opera, Ezra composing the music for the words of Villon's *Testament.*

The little houses are such dears I asked a friendly priest from the Greek Church to bless them. He came at dusk, bringing a sprig of basil and holy water in a flagon. Beginning at the entrance he intoned an invocation, then walked through the house sprinkling each doorsill with the sprig dipped in the water, leaving a blessing in every room.

Overlooking our garden is the *palazzo* of Sir Louis Malet, once England's Ambassador to Turkey. Sir Louis isn't here this season and asks me to find a tenant for the place. As agent, I find it necessary to slip through a crack in his wall

for frequent assignations with his cook. We exchange weather ejaculations, religious sentiments, and recipes—a rissoto for a shortcake. Teresa believing vehemently in the saints, I've underwritten her votive offerings, trusting the saints will do their duty and produce a tenant soon.

I have listened to much music at the Giorgio Levis, the Signor himself a musician of no mean skill. The Signora, his wife, an Italian with an Arab strain, dyes strange velvets, cutting them into becoming clothes for clients. Last night it was Rubinstein who played and played and played, pausing only to munch an intermittent meringue.

The post brings news tonight of a tenant for the *palazzo*. An in-law of Josef Hofmann wants to come with her family for a month. I dash through the wall to Teresa, Teresa vociferates thanks to all the saints at once, and we both hang mosquito nets in a frenzy of rapture.

The tenants have arrived, a Signor with a dog, a Signora with two sons, a fair but cogitating niece, and a ravishing young guest. They seem desirable tenants, especially the dog, for every howling cat in the *calle* has fled. As their landlady, they take me on jaunts, an agreeable arrangement, I find. Yesterday we were returning from one when a most terrible storm blew up. The gondola managed to swing into our narrow canal, but even with two gondoliers it was perilous work. The ancient hooker showed his mettle and clung with might; the rain thundered down, the waves tore over the steps to the house itself. We landed in safety, but out in the lagoon people were drowned. Next day we learned that Miss Macey and her gondolier were among them, only her little dog escaping to the rocks of San Michele.

I've been to San Marco, going over a problem of the future with the peaceful Madonna—a moment of quiet sets one to thinking straight. San Marco has just had a gift, a very great gift, a piece of the smock worn by St. Francis. Venice is humble at heart, as the gentle saint would wish, but her people received the gift with all the pomp the Church could devise. On Sunday morning the bells of Venice rang triumphal peals, trumpeters announced a procession. The *bucintoro* with twenty-four oarsmen rowed at the head; next, a float decked in purple and silver with choristers in scarlet cassocks, intoning Latin antiphons. Preceding the Patriarch's barge, a thurifer, alone in a gilded gondola, swung his censer of perfumed smoke toward the people massed on either bank; under his golden canopy the Prelate raised a jeweled hand in blessing; at his side two priests, rich-robed, cried, *"Pax vobiscum,"* two other priests held high a crystal reliquary to hold the sacred fragment. Other barges followed, splendid with banners, acolytes at the four corners blowing on silver trumpets. The procession moved down the Grand Canal, a blaze of colour and sound.

At the station Franciscan Friars, new come from quiet Assisi, waited in their dusty brown to offer the precious gift. The trumpets sounded, the Patriarch gave solemn welcome, the Brothers stood silent with bowed heads. The multitudes who saw the splendour—did they catch the inner vision?

> "The Little Poor Man walked the world
> —Laugh, laugh, my scars—
> Hunger and thirst and lack and loss
> Beckoned to him as stars."

The gorgeous pageant halted; high dignitaries of the Church made their obeisance before a bit of sackcloth. Did a whisper flutter from its folds?

> "O little Brother,
> Blessed are the poor in spirit
> For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven,
> Blessed are the meek
> For they shall inherit the earth."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

PARIS

I AM SITTING on an iron balcony high in the locust trees of old Paris, living "French," thanks to Andrée Karpeles of Santiniketan days. Since India I haven't seen Andrée, who since then has acquired both a Swedish husband and an Indian house. Andrée's sister Suzanne is now in Pnompenh, librarian for Indo-China, her knowledge of Sanscrit opening the inaccessible doors of temples or gaining access to the libraries of primitive kings.

Having told Andrée I wanted to see the day life of Paris, she suggested the *Halles* at daybreak. Wagons rumbled through unsavoury streets, the market was jammed with people, poultry and dead red meat. To escape the insults and the onions of scowling *dames des Halles,* I bought a black capacious apron and put it on, bargaining for possession with a red-faced lady, undoubtedly descended from some gay supporter of the guillotine.

It has proved a useful purchase, now that I study at the Cordon Bleu. Erudite friends studying at the Sorbonne dream of letters after their names, but the vision of a chef's cap floats through my head. Certainly the immediate results of learning at the C. B. are a source of satisfaction notebooks cannot supply. Exhausted with learning, they relax

on my efforts. Today's lesson was a cake, but such a cake—tier upon tier, so iced in spun sugar that it rivalled Cellini's best bronze. A *gâteau* worthy of an audience, said Boris Lorski, sculptor, and straightway put it in his *prévue*. Connoisseurs of art were coming to his studio to tea.

For days I've been going next door to the studio of Joseph Hecht. His book of etchings, *Arc-en-Ciel,* has just come out—with kangaroos and giraffes who play with their tails, hippopotamuses chasing fleas—every beast in the ark wild with excitement. Now he wants to splash colour *à la* his friend Matisse, and I am the victim, posing in a Chinese coat, my face on canvas a brilliant bruise.

Andrée has found for me the little lost cemetery in the Bois, where "La Guimard" lies. We sat on a battered tomb crawling with myrtle, while Andrée told me the story of the sleeping dancer.

"I don't remember whether she made the delight of the epoch of Louis XV or Louis XVI, but *en attendant* she was called La Guimard, and people were raptured of her. The painter Fragonard made little masterpieces for her hotel in the rue Spontini. When the Revolution broke out, La Guimard was in perfect misery; she was fifty and she had married a young man but twenty-five, much devoted. The Revolution finished, she was asked again to dance, but her face and figure had lost their fragrance. Then she imagined to dance on a stage where the curtain is nearly pulled down and one sees nothing but her wonderful lively feet; with them so young, so graceful, so ethereal, she had again success. You will find about her in *Les Femmes du 18e Siècle.* I read long ago how de Goncourt looked for her tomb and

so liked this wild abandoned cemetery, he makes *La Fille Elisa* kill her lover here.

"Over there are cossacks of Napoleon buried, and nuns from a monastery that was not far. When I was a little girl bicycling in the Bois, I wondered what was hidden behind that wall. The editor Ollendorf gave me the key to that mystery. He knew from his friend who wrote on *Old Corners* that there were tombs absolutely hidden in the secrecy of that jungle. The friend told also of an old painter without bad intentions who used to go there, with his model half-naked and draped, to paint 'truth coming out of a tomb' or some other symbolic, tasteless subject. Some decent people, who picnic on tombs with wine bottles, saw it and said indecent things were going on in that cemetery. Well, picnics and painters were stopped and this old *gardienne* established, with her family and animals, and nobody allowed any more. I would beg her to let me come in, and she told me, 'Even if you are the daughter of the President de République, I would not let you in.' But I *had* to enter this paradise. I spoke to my friend, whose father is *prefet de police,* and one day I came proudly with a letter telling that I *may* come in. After that this old *gardienne* is not so severe, and lets me paint this deep grotto of green, whose ivy is like fantastic snakes. Then a curious woman wrote a book about couples hiding here, *La Cimitière d'Amour,* and that book once more made curiosity. The *Conseillers Municipaux* came, and it is decided *definitement* to deprive this cemetery of all poetry and mystery. The wall will come down, everything will go, I am glad you have seen."

I, too, am glad and almost wept when I told the *gardienne*

and the red hen, white goat and brown dog goodbye. The animals said nothing, the *gardienne* nodded her head, grumbling, *"Tant pis!* only the moon will be left."

Tagore is in Paris. He has changed his muse all through a mistake. Even a great poet makes mistakes, only this great one scribbled over his, instead of erasing them. The scribbles presently took on colour and form, especially when he used red ink. Gradually, with no corrections to make, he drew for art alone—the result, an erstwhile poet is now a serious artist, thinking nothing of his poems and exhibiting his pictures. The Comtesse de Noailles arranged his exhibition and guards him like a priestess in Parisian clothes. Andrée Karpeles has just finished translating *Fireflies* into *Lucioles*—all the little sayings that the Poet wrote upon the silken fans of his importunate fans in China. Exquisite, delicate bits:

Let not my love be a burden upon thee, my friend; know that it pays itself.

The night that Lindbergh came we were watching near Le Bourget. A great moment, but I think more great the moment next morning when gendarmes near the Embassy held fingers to their lips and an eager crowd at bay. "Lindbergh sleeps," they said.

I have been placing an order for a young friend's wedding waistcoat. Inquiring what the men are wearing, I was told by the best imported British tailor that the favoured shade is "pronounced mouse."

Returning through a crowded *Place* in the *cité,* I saw that

the agent directing traffic wore "Speak English" on his arm.

"Good morning," said I, as he helped me avoid an annoying motor. The effect was electric: I jumped for the safety spot but so did the agent. As pedestrians in Paris are always the guilty party, I supposed I was in for a reprimand. Not at all. I was held for polite conversation.

"It is good to speak English, Madame," said he, waving the traffic away. "I have nevaire the chance."

"Why do you want to speak English?" I asked, secure for the moment.

"My son of nine I wish to progress in life. For him each day I learn ten words, in thirty days there are three hundred." He stopped to untangle two taxis, then turned to me again, "I read the journal *Herald Tribune* but I do not find the reading excellent, and books have cost."

Again he stopped to curse the traffic, violently but charmingly in his own language; left to themselves, motors careened and collided.

"I should like to find myself exchanged in England, to perfect the tongue," he continued calmly, and would have gone on. We were having a pleasant chat, but it was a trifle hard on the moving public. I inquired his name and address, he gave it with a bow magnificent, and I leapt the intervening road to the pavement beyond.

A week later—French friends have promised to interview the powers that be for the agent's transfer to an English-speaking section of the city. American friends have dug up English books suitable for father and for child, possible wires are to be pulled, and in course of time the enterprising creature should find himself in London.

The horrors of dentistry are mitigated for the first time—the godson of Hans Christian Andersen wields the drill. A séance with him is almost an hour to be welcomed; one's ear is filled with pleasant tales as one's teeth are filled with profitable pain.

French taxi drivers are philosophers. I urged one to drive more slowly:

"Ah, Madame, vous avez peur de mourir."

"No," I said, "I'm not afraid to die, but I have an important engagement," upon which he fairly crawled.

Tantine has come to stop with me at the Matignon, a hotel par excellence. One returns year after year, welcomed by Monsieur Aloüan, its guardian angel in polished clothes. Tantine must see Lalique concerning her amulet; the chain is worn. Lalique was at home, a crystal stairway supported by wrought iron trees leading to his lair. We stopped en route for a glimpse of commerce come to art. An American tea company ordered bronze doors from a British sculptor. The doors give the history of tea from the beginning, with one slight omission—the chapter in Boston. Not so the portals he has made for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. They portray Old and New Testament, chapter and verse.

The Colonial Exposition is over. There is the question what to do with Mount Vernon. I hear an enterprising French doctor has put in a plea, thinking to set up the model in Southern France as a clinic for homesick Americans.

There is nothing nicer than skipping leaves on a sunny autumn afternoon along the Champs Elysées with a child. I

like to borrow Mimiche, a cherub of five, child of Maggie Salcedo, the artist. Maggie did the nurseries for the French Line and the darling sketches for the French *Peter Ibbetson,* taking her cues from Mimiche. We seat ourselves on the bench in front of a puppet show. The *guignols* are gay and naughty today.

"Fais attention, petit guignol! Gare au gendarme!" my little one cries, as she rattles her centimes in the old woman's box. I have come to know that the Piper we meet with his six black goats is a modern Pan, piping fresh cheese through the streets of Paris.

Being born February second, one is certain of two sorts of celebration—civic ceremonies for the ground-hog and religious rites for the Blessed Virgin. France apparently ignores the ground-hog, so I sought an early Mass at Notre Dame. There was special music for the Purification and a congregation surging in and out on its way to work. Before the candle stall an old woman in a purple petticoat clutched her shawl, explaining to a vigilant verger a centime lost. He shook his head—no centime, no candle. I signalled to him and he put a taper in the old woman's hand. It was very still in the cathedral, priests and choir had left; before the Saints sombre figures knelt in supplication; myriad tapers, burning, were but pin pricks in the grey vastness.

Saint Teresa of Avila whispered from the shadows:

"Let nothing disturb thee,
Let nothing afright thee,
All things are passing,

God never changeth,
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things,
Whom God possesseth
In nothing is lacking,
God only sufficeth."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

ENGLAND

LONDON *is* lonely if you are an American and pronounce haberdashery "notions," but culture is spreading. It started with Harrod's, completely disorganized, learning that "notions" are needles and pins, and continuing when an attractive American upset a respectable tailor with the request, "Please press my waist," the Anglice of which is—"Iron my blouse."

Having longed for an English Christmas, I've been loaned a darling small house and shy little maid for the whole merry season. The windows overlook Old Chelsea; on pleasant afternoons scarlet pensioners sun themselves in the courtyard; in the evening shadows, the shade of lovely Nell Gwyn flits in and out with ghostly oranges.

Coming to London on Christmas Eve, a goose and a pudding were there for the buying, but one must have holiday guests as well. Toc-H provided them. A genial secretary assured me over the telephone that two ex-service men would be delighted to dine on Christmas Day. It was fun shopping in King's Highway. The butchers' stalls with their sanguinary rabbits trucked in holly made me think of a visiting Swami, shown seasonable sights. "Ah, your shops are filled with blood to celebrate your God of Love," he

remarked, very interested. A remark open to discussion.

The little maid and I have become firm friends over the goose and its stuffing. Dinner was to be at one o'clock; at five minutes before, the bell rang. A flurried maid went to the door, but a frenzied maid flew to the sitting room. "Miss! Six large gentlemen have arrived," she announced in terror. I took a deep breath and steered the shivering six towards the sitting-room fire—it's bitter cold just now and the coal shortage is on. Gin and bitters seemed the next step. I brought it and left them to thaw while I dashed to the kitchen to stretch the food. Allah be praised for an over-stuffed goose; the soup watered with impunity; the pudding, blazing with an unseemly supply of brandy, burst into ample proportions; and the remark I'd already dined, yielded an extra ration. Certainly, the six large guests must have been satisfied, for they stayed the afternoon, drank a trumped-up tea and wouldn't have left at seven if I hadn't been supping out.

Supper was next door at Mrs. Russell's—the first Mrs. B. I'd been wanting for long to meet her brother, *the* Mr. Smith, critic and author of *All Trivia!* To gather courage to face the critic, I conspired beforehand with the cook over American cheese biscuits. The cook, an earnest music lover, "tuned in" as she slapped about with pots, swapping a seat to an Oratorio for a recipe of spinach *à la crème*. It was rather risky meeting a critic with no better basis than the biscuits, but fortunately he found them good and ate them in a trivial manner.

On New Year's Day, a redoubtable ex-Lady-in-Waiting of good Queen Vic lunched me at King's Cottage, Kew, an

adorable cot, historic and romantic. A fundamentalist Vicar bewailed the trials of travel—seven weeks before one can reach the waters of Babylon and rest. In return, a modern engineer boasted of the coming invention—a projectile in which a passenger can sit and be shot quite comfortably to his destination by the force which makes the world go round.

"A possible half-hour from London to Melbourne will make it practical for a business man to lunch," said he, nonchalantly.

"A man would be in no condition to partake of lunch," replied the hostess firmly.

The British Museum tempts one with Chinese prints and Arthur Waley. The Chinese like both Waley and his translations. Too often, as Don Quixote lamented, translation is like the wrong side of embroidery.

I have seen Eton. A Scotch laird of thirteen showed me over the place pleased with himself and me, "because," as he rightly remarked, "being an American, you won't know anything and I can tell you everything." The laird's mother took me to tea with the gloomy Dean, who wasn't gloomy but gleeful, pointing out famous portraits in oil of his predecessors, the Deans of St. Paul's, finishing with a life-size cardboard figure of himself straddling a copy of "England."

"That," said Dean Inge, "is popularity in America."

Possibly the perpetrator of the advertisement was the same man who summed up the Dean as "one who might have been a pillar in the Church, but chose to become a column in the newspaper."

It is well to be in Cambridge in the company of Albert Mansbridge, author of *The Older Universities of Oxford and Cambridge*. His Adult Association classes are in session, instituted for working people, to give them a chance for study when the students go down. I am interested in a butcher, psychology his chosen subject. Today Mr. Mansbridge took me to tea with an able astronomer, who pointed out planets on a globe and toasted bread over the coals at one and the same moment. Afterwards, I think I had the nicest hour in England. Trevelyan, the man who wrote England's history, showed me the "Backs" of Cambridge from a punt. Certain that if I kept still, facts and dates would ooze out of him, I had no idea that humour would burst out as well.

"Please tell me about everything," I demanded none too meekly of a great historian.

"What shall I tell you?" he pondered. "Once a countryman of yours dashed up to me in Rome. 'Say, Mister, I got just an hour, what shall I see?' Being an American, I sent him to the spot where Caesar was murdered!"

After that drifting hour the England of the English took on another aspect.

Oxford wasn't half so nice; much depends upon the cicerone. To have walked the meadows with Hilaire Belloc, one might have found again one's twentieth year and understood what Oxford is about—though Belloc, himself, is not so sure, according to his own soliloquy:

> The question's very much too wide
> And much too deep and much too hollow;

With learned men on either side
Whose arguments I cannot follow—
—*Lambkin's Remains.*

In out-of-the-way corners, out-of-the-way people spring up. Open a certain green high gate, go down the garden path to a grey stone cot—the kettle is boiling on the hob, a wooden cat crouches by the hearth, and a crone bakes scones over glowing peat. The Master sits on a stool, whittling merry fairy folk. He carves them bold and paints them gay. They strut the streets of the toy village, hard by the lavender patch, or frolic in an elderberry forest, wind-bells ringing in its Stygian shade. The Master is an architect, or was, until he sat in a trench in the noisy war and read of a place for sale in the quiet country, once the property of King Henry's sixth and final spouse. The Manor, restored to its original grace, houses various collections: costumes; the legend of lace, beginning with shuttles; the history of textiles, starting with looms; the gamut of bicycles; a cycle of toys; musical instruments queer and rare. People come to see and to know the museum in the Manor. Only children and those who love "the little people" come to know the Master in his cottage, to sit by the hearth and spin fine dreams.

I lunched in a neighbouring village, at Birtsmoreton Court; swans and a secret chamber, that once hid a Prince of Wales, the lure. The swans are supercilious but well-bred, the gift of His Majesty the King. Apparently all the swans in England are the property of the King. The keeper of the Royal birds is Mr. Turk, an admirable man.

The man who owns the delectable spot, an ex-Indian Civil Servant, finds it difficult to concentrate on *Chota Nag-*

pore or write the *Romance of an Eastern Capitol* with English daffodils blowing by the moat.

Clifford Manor also has a moat; I paddle there for lilies while the Mistress picks roses for her famous pot-pourri.

Betimes I drift beneath the willow tree conning a book of poems, written round the Lady of the Manor. Like Wednesday's child, she is loving and giving, and one who understood expressed her shining quality in verse.

Stopping at the Manor, entirely submerged by Britannia's subjects, I heard at lunch today an emphatic voice declare, "Yes, it *is* a calamity to marry an American." Host and hostess and nine embarrassed guests "shh'ed" the speaker and looked apologetically towards me. Next moment a visiting Vicar retrieved the courtesy of the country. A wasp strolling into the honey, I plucked it forth. "Americans are brave," quoth he.

The sun has been shining for a week; in consequence all over the country front doors are tightly buttoned into canvas waistcoats, lest its unaccustomed rays blister tender paint. The Lady of the Manor suggests we take advantage of the sun to roam about, persuading the Colonel, her husband, to play with his pedigreed cows while we go further afield. Yesterday we strayed as far as the Bishop's Palace at Wells, a place I've always longed to penetrate.

Both the Bishop and the swans were at home; the former was cordial, the latter reluctant to display their tricks. I suppose if one is replete with food it does seem silly to pull the portcullis bell for more. "Mrs" Bishop took me from rampart to tower, from tower to cellar, over the nearest approach to a heavenly mansion that I know. Possibly the

prelate who acquired it felt the same, for asked which he preferred, the Diocese of Bath or of Wells, he answered "Bath" with such a broad "a" it was taken for "both" and Bishop of both he was and his successors ever shall be. In the picture gallery hangs a long line of successors—ecclesiastics, pious and severe, save for one handsome wag known to church history as "the Beauty of Holiness."

I have been making His Lordship hash in the kitchen at Hinchingbrooke, "Mrs." Cook and the cream of the scullery assisting. Tantine is the aunt of His Lordship because of a niece who married him. The niece is away, Tantine is stopping with the children, I am guest for a week. Hash—the household prop of the U. S. A.—is little known across the sea. It is a case of noblesse oblige for an American to give the secret to an Earl of Sandwich, since it is owing to the fourth Earl that the first sandwich was given to America. The word has nothing to do with the substance. "Wich" means salt spring and terminates heaps of English words—Ipswich, Droitwich, etc. The fourth Earl was a gambling man with inventive genius and no time to spare for meals. His servant brought to the gaming table bread and meat side by side upon a platter. The avid Earl brooked no delay; seizing the meat he put it between the bread, and lo, the sandwich was born!

The place is full of interest concerning Cromwell and Pepys and magnificent Montagus. I discovered sense to the saying, "Do it by hook or by crook." Cromwell is said to have so ordered his men to reach a certain strategic point in Ireland—the Hook and the Crook, two tiny rivers there. In the twelfth century Hinchingbrooke was a nunnery—the stone coffin of an ancient Abbess lies in the garden, forget-

me-nots hiding its empty brim. On a dark night Faith, delightful Montagu and daughter of the present Earl, watched with me for ghosts—none came though I measured my length in the coffin, an owl hooting overhead and creepy things nuzzling the mildewed pillow.

The Devonshire moors were properly dressed in purple and yellow as I went motoring along; ponies ran in the heather, sheep plucked the gorse, a caravan passed. I stood in a gypsy circle and wished a wish; I touched an ancient Tor; and one dark night I stumbled onto a little inn in the middle of the crooked crossroads. It had an enticing air, that little inn. I knocked at the studded door, expecting shelter. What I didn't expect were the friends who opened it—friends from the little hotel at Fez! It seems they are running the inn, American, and English, share and share alike.

Instead of a ravine, this little hotel sits on the edge of a moor; camels and sheiks do not pass by, but horses and farmers do; the bathroom is never a bedroom, but the friends are the same. Its name is the Easton Court Hotel, and it is near Chagford. There is an excellent description in *Thirteen Such Years,* for Alec Waugh comes here to write. Apparently, it is a refuge for those who write or paint or talk, with occasional vacancies for the appreciative traveler. The American, Carolyn Cobb, wise to her countrymen, imported comfortable beds and plenty of plumbing; the Briton handles his compatriots with scenery and clotted cream; both nationalities have personal privileges!

The traveler is always on the lookout for the celebrity.

Last night I rather let myself go on the subject of India, only to have an eager lady ask me afterwards:

"Are you anybody interesting? I do like to know if I've been listening to someone!"

One follows the dart to Dartington Hall, the home, school, theatre and farm of the Elmhirsts, L. K. Elmhirst, once of Sriniketan and the once Mrs. Straight of New York. Since their marriage they have lived in England, founding Dartington Hall, a place that combines the educational experiments and practical visions of them both. Life is put on a working basis—commencing with a lamb, it becomes a sheep, wool turns to textiles, forestry to furniture, cows to certified milk, and the nursery school may lead to college. The Drama takes definite part. It was Dorothy Elmhirst's insight that produced *Journey's End* when no manager would. The Joost Ballet, Uday Sandar, musicians, dancers and actors of various countries appear from time to time. Elmhirst is specially interested in agricultural problems in various parts of the globe. Dorothy continues to interest herself in everyone's problem all round the globe. The truest thing ever said of her she said herself. I had asked her not to have certain people on her mind, and she answered, "They're not, they're in my heart."

When guests leave the Baden-Powells at Pax Hill they leave with lavender in their bags, literally taking away fragrant memories. Mine have lasted a dozen years to the time when the children of the Chief Scout were very young and his Arab charger very old, and we sat very peacefully after dinner sewing nets to protect the pears from their enemy, the insects, while the Chief Guide pasted clippings

in an enormous scrapbook, and the Chief Scout reminisced of Mafeking.

I'm being "rather grand," as Tantine says, in Tantine's house, Hallscroft at Stratford-on-Avon—an enchanting house with a drawing room panelled to the top, proving that Susannah Shakespeare socially outstripped her mother; the Hathaway panels stop midway up the wall. Mrs. Leggett, Tantine's sister, when restoring Hallscroft years ago, found windows and chimneys, hidden in the time of taxes. She gave the place back its beauty, adding beauty of her own, for she had a magic touch. Out of three small lumber rooms she made a music room with vaulted rafters, commissioning an Italian artist to paint grey, graceful trees without a leaf upon white walls. Susannah's kitchen table, in the place of honour, holds a carved old monk, a crystal ewer, and two Persian plates, while gold bowls from Burma gleam through latticed jam cupboard doors.

One bed can hold six in comfort; my four-poster is bedeviled with dark angels, carved head and foot, and overhead as well. Tantine sleeps in the "Prophet's Chamber," light streaming over her bed from an alabaster relief of Vivekananda let into the wall. She retires there to recoup with books and letters, ever planning further actions. Last week she sent for me, saying, "I am resting up, a few people are arriving for the weekend, do come and help."

I came, so did the Uva Raja of Mysore, the Deva Raja Urs and several suites, two Brahmin ladies from Calcutta, the Marchesa di Cavaletti and daughter from Rome, Father Powell from Boston, Henry Field en route from Kish, his fiancée, Betty Sturges, from Chicago, and one or two lesser-

ands. The first few hours etiquette overpowered the assorted guests. Tantine, deciding not to rest, came downstairs and dispensed with etiquette. "Let's not bother," she said, "let's be friends straight off." Atmosphere and guests brightened on the instant.

Susannah would be pleased with the hospitality offered through the years; her father's birthday, the start of the theatre season, is always high-holiday at Hallscroft. Mr. Page, then Ambassador, was the first guest in the chimney corner and when he said, "This is a home," he could pay no higher tribute.

In Mrs. Leggett's day there were famous breakfasts under the mulberry tree, twentieth century "comforts cordial" served to distinguished men and women from the four corners of the earth. Susannah left no recipes for her comforts; one wonders if they were puddings or flower wines. The food of those days savoured of romance—take Marigold Custard for instance, it is excellent eaten in season, even at this late date.

milk and
yellow marigold petals
salt with sugar
egg yolks and a dash of nutmeg
allspice
rose water and
vanilla bean

baked all together like a pudding.

Mrs. Tims makes the tarts of today—comfortable and comforting Mrs. Tims, caretaker and custodian of the house. She fills me with sustaining tea and devastating tales, for

she has really seen the reputed ghost, a "handsome military gentleman in a round cape." I've never met the man, though I've slept from room to room, leaving the door shamelessly ajar and overindulging in tarts for the purpose. Oliver Baker, Shakespeare authority, says a ghost of that day would not appear in a Cavalier cape, but that's only because he's an authority on Shakespeare, having worked over a book of the poet for years and furnished Williams' maternal home with correctness and charm.

When I feel the need of authentic atmosphere I get it among the odds and ends and treasures in Mr. Baker's Curiosity Shop, treasures that he has collected for many years from many places. If he gets absorbed in their history, he sets it down in a book, illustrated with sketches, being Fellow of the Royal Society of Etchers and Painters as well. In his delightful volume on *Black Jacks and Leather Bottells* is the song prior to the seventeenth century.

> 'Twas God above that made all things—
> The heavens, the earth, and all therein,
> The ships that on the sea do swim
> To guard from foes that none come in
> And let them all do what they can.
> 'Twas for one end, the use of man,
> So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell
> That first found out the leather bottell.

It is the time of Hedgers and Ditchers, delightful gentlemen who keep the by-ways in trim. They mop their brows and swap the time of day as I go cycling by. I like the story of one of their profession who was induced to appear in a village version of a Roman play. Addressed by an eminent

Dowager, "Ah, I see you are Appius Claudius," he made the retort courteous, "Lor', no, mum, I'm as un'appy as 'ell."

Tantine says three people are coming to tea: Kenneth Saunders, Professor of Oriental Religions, Prince Prem Purichatra, fifteen-year-old nephew to the King of Siam, and Margaretta Walleman, Director of Choreography at Salzburg and Vienna. Tantine has just come from Salzburg, having joined the corps-de-ballet in order to watch the rehearsals and lunch with the cast! Margaretta's finest achievement is her *Last Judgment,* interpreted with a hundred dancers to forgotten bits of Handel she discovered in a Berlin music library.

It was a highly successful tea. Prince Prem, discovering that the Professor knew his father, swapped stories about his paternal Highness. On a visit to Rangoon, H. H. hesitated over a visit to the Schwe Dagon Pagoda, knowing ritual required removing footwear. The Priest-in-charge, a thoughtful man, suggested that forty ladies spread down their long black hair for him to tread upon. His Highness, a modernist, thanked him but preferred to do his *puja* at home.

The little Prince, enthralled by his new movie-camera, shot yards of film while we were drinking tea, a ceremony that doesn't run to a gamut of gestures. Later he flapped over the pages of my Indian scrapbook with polite interest until he came across the cartoon of the sacred cow. Then he doubled up with laughter. "If you will make a book and put that picture in, I will purchase many copies," said he in his charming, polished English.

Kenneth Saunders is a South African, but he has lived the

world over, studying the root of religions and the mind of man. What he has found he has put into *The Gospel of Asia* and *The East in the West.* He can write of Asia, its people, and their lore, because he has journeyed there from end to end, and though "there be those who walk the world and see naught, there be those who walk through a cornfield and see eternity in the scheme of things."

CHAPTER TWENTY

FORTUNATE FIELDS

FORTUNATE FIELDS, Mont-Pélerin, is the home of my Venice tenants. On the last day of their tenancy they discovered me immured behind carbolic sheets—a sop to sneezes, the sneezes the supposed result of contact with canines. The tenants, wise in their own conceit, kindly but firmly removed me by motor straight to the dogs. This place is full of them, a breeding and training station for German Shepherds.

A notice on the gate prepares you: *"Prenez garde aux chiens et s'addressez à la ferme vis-à-vis,"* interpreted by a British comic strip as "Take care of the dogs and address them with a firm face."

Dark Nugget runs to meet me, the personal dog of Dorothy Eustis, Mistress of Fortunate Fields. We saunter slowly to the chalet. It might be the three bears' house, enlarged. Josef Hofmann, Dorothy's father-in-law, built it; that is why the drawing room could comfortably hold half a dozen pianos. It's all inside-outside, overrun with balconies and brown wood stairs. You linger on every level to look at Lac Leman and the Dent du Midi beyond.

The house bulges with people, people that work and guests that play. The work revolves around dogs and Elliot S. Humphrey, familiarly known as Jack. He is the manager

of Fortunate Fields, a scientific breeder and research worker in canine teachability. He is known in general as the only man who ever trained a camel to walk backwards, which wasn't for fun but for self-discipline and camel psychology —incidentally the camel came from Missouri!

Fortunate Fields is not a kennel. Mrs. Eustis believes kennels are as bad for puppies as asylums for orphans; both stamp out initiative. True, puppies are born here, tumbling round one's ankles for three months. After that they live on Swiss farms and learn about children and chickens and lead a dog's normal life. It is only at fourteen months old they come back for vocational training. Then they are tried out to see whether best fitted for trailing, railway or prison guards, Red Cross, or liaison army dogs, or, most important, guides for the blind. As I know nothing about dogs, scarcely able to tell them apart, Jack says I'd best not go into the subject.

There is a course on now for the Douane, to trace smugglers on the frontier. A Pickwick Swiss Major in charge affably remarks:

"I speak German, French and Italian, all three very well, and English when I am alone."

My opinion of myself mounts daily since Mueller, Swiss instructor, commandeered me to lay trails for beginners. They are short trails which grow longer and harder; I drop larger to smaller objects, handkerchiefs to hairpins, which the dogs find and return to Mueller. At an advanced stage, I track through the forest, often resting on a log to chat with a bent old peasant searching for mushrooms.

"Bon jour, Madame," says she.

"Bon jour, Madame," say I. *"Vous travaillez?"*

Photograph by H.H. the Grand Duchess Marie

DOROTHY HARRISON EUSTIS, FOUNDER OF THE SEEING EYE, WITH THREE OF HER DOGS FROM FORTUNATE FIELDS, SWITZERLAND.

"Oui, je travaille," says she.

"Au revoir," say I.

"Au revoir," says she, and I am alone in the green gloom with a noisy cuckoo, till an excited bark announces me.

Haymakers are working on the hills behind the house; the fragrance is enticing. This morning I walked laboriously to the top of a hill and rolled delightfully down, my red dress giving the appearance of a rollicking firecracker. The haymakers, horrified, muttered, *"Ces Américaines!"* I picked myself up and faced the postman's stare, trudging up the road, a knapsack on his back.

The mail is a source of excitement; at any moment there may be word from the *Saturday Evening Post* of the story Dorothy Eustis wrote on "The Seeing Eye." Determined that the blind in America shall know about dog guides, she is just as determined that, if they want them, they shall have them. The *Post* did want the article, for at last there's a letter saying they have printed it. And now there are conferences concerning a school for instructors.

Marjorie Chadbourne, stopping here, listened in to a discussion on ways and means. It evidently struck at her heart for opening her blue eyes wide, she said, "I'll finance your school," and dashed off to play tennis in blue shorts. There's a search on now to find the perfect place in Vevey for "l'Oeil qui Voit."

Besides Marjorie, there are other people stopping here, chiefly Josef Hofmann. Dogs are banished as far as feasible, the grand piano is opened invitingly, and the upright-player contains Hofmann rolls. Last night the household drew round the drawing-room fire, a room so spacious that, never conscious of another, one rests in deeply cushioned

chairs in the sight of mountains and of water and of firelight dancing on tranquil walls. We palavered of philosophy, our own and the ancients'. Josef said nothing but went to the piano to say his say!

Today the first development from the article arrived, a letter forwarded from the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is from a young blind man in Nashville, asking if the Seeing Eye is a story, or true. If it is true, he wants to work to help the sightless in America to have dog guides. Mrs. Eustis is so struck by his letter she is sending for him to come over and be trained with one for himself.

A course of liaison dogs is in training, with Dorothy Eustis doing the actual training herself. Fortunate Fields is under military discipline; no one is allowed to enter during working hours without permission. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt telephoned from Lausanne to ask if she might come up with Ethel and her children. She did come, staunch, exquisite little lady, standing hours to watch dogs and men.

It is fun running according to schedule. A bugle sounds reveille at six, breakfast follows and obedience exercises (the latter for dogs, not guests), then training throughout the day and sometimes during the night. The dogs will be the communication for the army, carrying telephone wires, messages in tin capsules, and carrier pigeons in baskets on their backs. In need of a hostile force, the household is drafted, the guests enlisting for vanguard. Some days there are forced marches three miles over the mountain. A cart equipped with food drives on before, the hostile force following in the rear. The heat is terrific. Army and foe bivouac at noon under the trees, fortifying themselves with goat cheese and milk.

Night raids are startling; as the dogs run between trenches, the enemy hurl giant crackers for bombs, all to accustom them to the gentle art of war.

Dorothy, dogs and soldiers have trained for six weeks and set out for maneuvers tomorrow. The army is encamped in a neighbouring Canton.

Maneuvers are over; the dogs, the only line of communication that didn't break down, are cited for bravery, and Dorothy decorated. For three days and nights she didn't have off her uniform, snatching sleep in convenient haystacks. The final evening, officers and soldiers were resting in a village canteen. An extra large Colonel Divisionnaire saluted small Dorothy, presenting her with a medal, a huge pewter platter and the thanks of the Division, far more trying to that person's modesty than the maneuvers themselves.

I'm a secretary, but I don't do much about it, beyond conspicuously parking a typewriter on the terrace table. Tranquillity reigns through long, lazy days. Dogs work at appointed tasks, people come for rest and find peace. The Mistress of Fortunate Fields loves having "heaps of people," but, having heaps of sense, knows how to balance them. If young mothers come with young children, mothers sit on the terrace and children play with puppies at the maternal feet. Blond Mueller and his dogs pass to the parade ground like the Pied Piper, puppies and babies tumbling after. Dorothy wrote an admirable article on the education of the modern child versus the modern pup—with laurels to the latter! At the moment there are any quantity of children

about, rehearsing a pageant of Fortunate Fields, the principal actors a singing gardener and a timid cow. The gardener explains the cow is *"une toute petite nerveuse,"* and soothes her with the *Ranz des Vaches.*

The young blind man from Nashville came to Fortunate Fields. He came from America by himself, but he went back with Buddy, his dog. Mrs. Eustis heard him laughing one day when he was sitting alone on the balcony.

"What's the joke?" she asked, going out to speak to him.

"Oh," he said, "I've always laughed because I had to and now I'm doing it because I want to."

Buddy and he are the American nucleus of a steadily advancing Seeing Eye. L'Oeil qui Voit in Vevey is flourishing. I often go down to the school to show visitors about; they come from everywhere, eager to see the dog guides working. Newman, the travel talker, came to take a film for use in his lecture on Switzerland, but no one in authority was about, and I asked if he'd kindly come another day. His secretary thought I didn't appreciate the honour. "Do you realize the King of Spain undressed for Mr. Newman?" said he, meaning, as I discovered later, that H. H. had posed both in and out of uniform.

Most mornings, in her room across the top of the house, Mrs. Eustis busies herself preparing talks to give in Italy and Belgium on the work of l'Oeil qui Voit. Sir Ian Fraser of St. Dunstan's has been stopping here to see where dog guides fit into the picture of the blind of England.

More than often Mrs. Eustis stops writing, my Corona stops typing, the guests stop chattering and with one accord we go on a picnic—to some high pass formidable in

grandeur, or to some valley beside a lake where prehistoric peacocks bathed and stained the water with their colour.

One drowsy noon day, after the picnic proper, people replete with food wandered off by twos, dogs sorted themselves to slumber, and I lay upon a bed of pine watching worms instinctively crawling in pairs. The shadows turned a stump into a gnome, a nut fell from the tree overhead, French-English words tangled themselves in my thoughts.

Voilà la nut qui chante!
Chante de quoi? Mon vieux,
Peut-être l'amour,
L'amour de vie,
Dans la forêt, in whispering tree
Il coute les histoires tendres, c'est vrai
Love is life is Nature's way.

Les oiseaux, singing to their mate,
Les fleurs, les arbres at any rate,
They're pagan, simple, free from guile
And chant of love the livelong while
For love is life, the sages say.

Voilà la nut qui chante!
Il chante les choses très sages,
Le cœur de vierge au cœur de l'homme
And let the busy world go hang,
For love is life and life is love,
And I would live, Mon vieux, I would
As one with love within her should.

Dark Nugget howled at an owl, shadows marked an hour gone, the stump was no longer a grinning gnome and I was broad awake.

The training of liaison dogs has been taken over by the army, but a police course is going on. An inoffensive farmer, with a slinky manner, dons a bite-proof suit and becomes a heavy criminal at so much per hour.

Mrs. Eustis is back from Brussels and her talk before the Queen. It was highly successful; Her Majesty gave 25,000 francs to commence the Seeing Eye in Belgium. Now Dorothy is off to Rome, having given eight dogs to Mussolini and lent an instructor to train them with eight of the Metropolitan Police. I've just returned from there, having gone to help with preliminaries. The Marchesa di Cavaletti will help now. The Marchesa is English. During the war she was the mainstay of American Generals floundering in Italian, her poise and sense of humour a godsend, and her looks a pleasant thing.

Mrs. Eustis has talked the dogs over with the Duce and visited the Scuola Polizia. The visit was somewhat in the nature of an ovation. Planes flew overhead—"a kiss from God," as a poetic policeman murmured, and the band played the *Star-Spangled Banner,* which unfortunately wasn't recognized; they'd only had since daybreak to learn it. In proportion to its army and because of the shrapnel bursting on the frontier rocks, Italy has more war-blinded than any other country. Dorothy has promised Commandatore Nicolodi, in charge of the *ciechi* (sightless), to give a series of talks, including a film of the dog guides. The blind can come to be trained in Vevey until an instructor can be formed for Italy.

The dogs of Fortunate Fields wish to pay tribute to the Duce; a dog collar seems an appropriate offering. In the Museum is one of the fourth century—a bronze tag, with a

Latin inscription, barely decipherable: *"Fugitene Me, cum Revocu, veris CCCC D M v Zonino Accipis solidum gravum,"* which being freely interpreted is, "If I stray from my master, return me to him, for he is a kind and solid man." With the Duce's address on the back in place of Zonino's and the year of the Fascists, *Anno Sesti,* instead of 400, it will answer the purpose perfectly.

Another summer. I am back at Fortunate Fields, by way of Austria, arriving annoyed with the Germans. The plane stopped for petrol and papers in an aviation field miles from Munich. Officials demanded my passport, flapped the pages to find a German visé and couldn't. I said I hadn't one, not meaning to step foot on Teutonic soil. "You must then give us three dollars and fifty cents," they said, or words to that effect. I paid the fee reluctantly, they accepted greedily, posting it in the official book. My only consolation was to see them write me down as "Frau Florence Italy," my passport having been obtained in that particular place.

The electric light doesn't work, nor the house-telephone; that is because a genius installed them. In the interim of playing, Hofmann is an inventor of no mean skill—some people know him best by his brakes! Unfortunately, Josef is not here to mend them, and Swiss mechanics haven't the same technique.

There is a slight disturbance in the cuisine. The chef, who left yesterday, was late from the Court of Servia and probably found Swiss kitchen maids lacking in proper respect. The chef who comes today brings references from the Court of Norway; royalty the world over must be cutting culinary

expense. I hope that he arrives well before tea; it is to be a party for the foster parents of the dogs *en pension,* though undoubtedly other people will drop in.

Sothern said he was coming up the hill from Vevey, with some poetry he has written to "My Dog," and Julia Marlowe will certainly appear, her lovely, charming self. Apropos of nothing, she told me of once playing a town whose head of Civic Reform requested her to kindly omit the "street walking scene from *Macbeth.*"

Emma Eames is motoring from Lausanne with Her Serene and charitable Highness the Princess G., whose purchase of a Frigidaire causes her more pleasure than pre-revolution pearls.

We've been to the Château d'Oron to fetch Emile Baume back for music at Fortunate Fields. First, there was tea to be had, with apricots grown on the battlement walls. It is almost desecration to drink tea in the glorious library, literally furnished with books—books of burnished leather, of vivid bindings brought from Poland, once the famous library of the Comtesse Potocki.

Madame Gaiffe, chatelaine of the Château, spends hours in her tower studio, painting miniatures with spiritual grace. Emile is a nephew and a pianist; his concert season over, he comes to Swiss air for repairs!

We shall have music tonight, varied, to say the least. Viola Mitchell and her violin, Marian Kerby and Negro exaltations. The night is warm, doors are open to the lake, moonbeams slip in, only an occasional lamp is lit in the great room, fragrant with bowls and bowls of flowers. People sit about in comfort; Dorothy Eustis is an understanding hostess. I've been arguing with her this afternoon. We were

sitting on her balcony, "quite quiet," as she likes to be, talking of things and dogs and blind. My high and humble employer doesn't believe in personalities being given out to the public. I affirm that since she is in the public eye, the public has the right to see her as she is, not as it imagines her. In general, the conception is that of a large, weather-beaten, "doggy" woman. The blind know her better than most. To them her lovely, expressive hands reveal the character within.

There doesn't seem to be need of me at the moment, so I am going on an expedition for the Field Museum, round the world and back again.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

IN SEARCH OF MAN

I HAVE paid a pound and become an anthropologist—for a week. A large silver button marks me one of a body of bona-fide anthropologists attending the British Institute. If the eminent assemblage stopped at the study of mankind, as man, I might qualify, but they proceed to cephalic indices, "avoidances," and other scientific data. However, thanks to Miss Tillesley, the right hand of Sir Arthur Keith, and to Dr. Malcomb, valiant pillar of the Wellcome Museum, I am to be allowed a survey of the scientists and hear of their accomplishments in the field.

The Field Museum of Chicago is sending out an expedition to collect heads for the Hall of Man—harmless heads and sometimes whole figures. They are to be in bronze, one hundred of them, representing the varied racial types alive today, a collection that will prove unique in the history of anthropology, or museums, for it will combine science with art.

The expedition revolves around Malvina Hoffman, sculptor, commissioned to model the types. Etceteras are S. B. Grimson, her husband, who will photograph them; Jean de Marco, who will cast clay models into plaster; and myself, who will inquire deeply into their family relationship.

We're starting in opposite directions. Malvina and Co. will cross America to China, and I will meet them there by way of India, like John the Baptist, preparing the way. Thus the scientists in far parts, duly notified, will have proper types on tap for Malvina's coming. It savours of an Asiatic beauty contest, conducted on strictly scientific lines, the predominance of racial characteristics in "Miss Tibet" or "Mr. Malay" winning over personal charm.

This is really the last lap of the work for Malvina. She's already been working and journeying for over three years. The African types, many of the Europeans, and an American Indian or two are finished. She knows what she's doing, for on top of her distinguished career as a sculptor, she has backed her knowledge of anatomy and art with scrupulous study under Dr. Berthold Laufer of the Field Museum and Sir Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons.

This is the moment for me to concentrate on the type of scientist I am to meet in the field.The British Institute has gathered in a goodly assortment from diverse corners of the world. These will probably be back in their lairs by the time I set out, or if not, will direct me to other observers of the human race. The anthropological end of the Institute started with a reception at the Wellcome Museum on Wigmore Street.

What a reception! Five hundred learned men and women at large among the idols, the magic men and medical curios of a museum containing the history of medicine from the beginning. The only peaceful spot I could discover to pin down an anthropologist was an Italian accouchement room of the fourteenth century—its occupants, a complacent wax mother in a modest brocade nightgown watching a wax

midwife wash the newly-born in a silver shell. At supper Dr. Malcomb rescued me from conversational depths, the man on my right borrowing my orange to illustrate the terrestrial crust; the one on my left arguing playfully about the paleontological break when the dicello cephalus died out. A chic Czech, Medical Officer to the North Pole, spoke no language that I spoke, so I'm not yet sure whether he holds chilblain clinics on an ice-floe or runs a first-aid station for explorers.

Today I spent at the Royal College of Surgeons with Miss Tillesley and her bones, cupboardfuls of them. She realizes that it is hopeless to teach me the rudiments of science. I measured her brain for an hour and the capacity of her favourite skulls, with neither accuracy nor success. As there are skilled anthropologists in nearly every part of the globe, and as Malvina has a way of taking accurate measurements on her own, I gave it up and now thoroughly enjoy following in Miss Tillesley's wake to lectures, teas, etc., meeting more and more people who do know things in the anthropological realm.

A talk on the "Joking Relationships of the Melanesians" leads me to believe our comic strip writers have gone to that source for material. Most of the jokes concern the mother-in-law. Scientifically speaking, they are not jokes but "avoidances"! Dating from the day of marriage, a groom may not speak to his mother-in-law for one year. If he sees her coming, he must hide behind a bush. If he craves a speaking relationship with her before then, he must give her six gifts in the presence of witnesses.

Miss Tillesley and I were having a quiet cup of tea among the skulls when the telephone rang.

"Department of Public Works on the wire," said a voice.

"We're laying a drain and have dug up some bones. You can inspect them if you wish."

Miss Tillesley said she would look at them tomorrow.

"No good," said the voice. "These bones must have Christian burial by night."

Considering they have probably been centuries without it, we thought they might wait another day.

C. F. Andrews is in London with Gandhi. This morning he took me to call. The little house was choked with people and Gandhi immersed in affairs of the Round Table.

Between the Round Table, the House of Lords, and a multitude of personal duties, Lady Reading, because she is Malvina's friend, managed an hour for me. I went for advice but stayed to admire enormously her tact, intelligence and warmth of nature.

The week of science ended, I left for Paris supplied with a Burberry and a portfolio of introductions to helpful people everywhere. The Pasteur Institute put in proper punctures with which to face the tropics, and the *Strathnaver* took me on at Marseilles.

Heterogeneous humanity is always amusing, also the first hint of the East. At Port Saïd I made for a coffee stall. A date seller, a soothsayer and a tumbler sought to entertain me. The tumbler, an aged man, spread a six-inch carpet and with senile agility turned himself inside out. The soothsayer ventured to say I was still a "single lady."

I found Aden seriously civilized since I last saw it, its barren rocks spotted with blue and red tin shops and hostels. Civic pride has even gone the length of the Public Garden. The garden, in the middle of Main Street, contains ten tiny

trees in pots, five shrubs in wooden boxes and half a dozen plants, artistically disposed about a cement tank. The plot, entirely surrounded by a three-tier, barbed-wire fence, can plainly be seen by every passerby. Nevertheless, a signboard bars the entrance with a warning in three languages and two alphabets: "Visitors to the Garden should be decently dressed in clean clothes; the *Chowkidar* has instructions to turn out any persons contravening this rule." The gardener, watering with a wooden spoon, gravely inspects each visitor; the visitor as gravely shakes the dust from his bare feet, tightens his loincloth—or whatever the trousers of his country—and enters.

As a rule, the mermaid of Aden collects crowds off the boats; today there is a report that either the mermaid or her master lies asleep. Having been informed, for a price, that the mermaid is a one-eyed sea mammal stuffed, I conclude it is the master who does the sleeping.

Coal barges draw alongside. A continuous procession of sooty mimes in black rags swarm the sides of the white ship. I should like to put them in a pantomime—infernal silhouettes against pure blinding light!

In Bombay there still seems to be a choice of two hotels, the Taj Mahal in the city, which houses only the best people, and a tin-roofed hostel on the quay, which houses anyone going or coming. I still prefer the latter. The manager, a Hindu-Christian, dressed in khaki coat and white muslin skirt, led me to a pleasant cubicle. The hostel, composed of twenty like cubicles bordering a narrow gallery, lies cosily close to the water. At the moment five fishermen five feet away are watching towers in the city spear a sunset sky.

At dusk, I drove to the city. The same, or nearly the same,

it seemed—glamour and colour and clamour, East meeting West after its fashion. In front of a movie-house, plastered with posters of Tallulah Bankhead in the *Tarnished Lady,* a Mussulman spread his cloth to pray. There came the quick feet of death-runners, bearing a litter. An electric sign blazed on the theatre. The runners paused with their young still burden. Light illumined the face of Tallulah and the face of the Hindu girl, marigolds weighting her eyes—an untarnished lady going home.

Bound for the American Express, I went instead to evensong in a Hindu temple, finding Harvard's Professor of Philosophy, William Ernest Hocking, chatting with the priest. He explained that he is shepherding a flock come to "rethink missions" and this was his hour off. We went on taking more hours off, in and out of courts and temples, until he returned to his hotel, I to my hostel. The manager crawled sleepily from off a shelf of potted plants in a slumber suit of turban and shorts to usher me to bed.

The night wasn't exactly restful. Lizards squirmed on the walls, mosquitoes raged. I roused the night watchman to beg his help in slaughtering, but he replied he was engaged for killing thieves and returned to sleep. Finally, a friendly fisherman woke me, leaning over the gallery with a flapping fish. I sent the fisherman to fetch the butler, who fetched the tea, bananas and biscuits, a torn napkin and jasmine buds. It *is* India again.

I'm going on to Jaipur, on the strength of a suggestion that the prison there will furnish certain types. At a junction, halfway there, the train stalled, but the station master took charge. "It is three hours till the train moves," he said. "The

ladies' waiting room is not decent for you, the ladies are low class; therefore, you will remain in the place of first class gentlemen." With that he thrust me into a room where a very high class gentleman was being shaved by two personal barbers. Lathered but courteous, he bowed ceremoniously; I bowed back, then settled comfortably to watch the proceedings.

One barber rubbed in a dozen perfumed oils, winding ten yards of blue muslin into a Rajput turban; the other induced plump legs into Scotch wool stockings. The station master sent tepid tea and dusty sweets with his compliments. The gentleman gave his to the barbers; I presented mine to languid monkeys lolling in the window.

I love the streets of Jaipur; whether it is a woman in Tyrian purple, resting on a heap of white turnips, or a scarf-dyer, drying his wares, each citizen is local colour.

This is not the moment to seek prisoners in Jaipur. For the first time in a hundred years a legitimate heir is born to the throne, and the jail emptied of prisoners in celebration thereof. The hotel-keeper, a man of respect and repute, explained the excitement. It seems that the Maharajahs of this state have for over a century married Maharanis of another state and—blame it on the gods, on inbreeding, or whatnot—have had no heir. Once upon a time the Ministers, annoyed because it was hinted the fault lay with the male line, proved this a libel. The reigning Prince, with the help of several court ladies—not the Queen—successfully produced several sons and uncounted daughters. The present heir is receiving the concentrated attention of generations. An hour after arrival, six state bands lulled him to sleep.

Today I called on the *Thakur* (noble) in charge of education. I found him drinking tea with a young monk from a rigid order. The aesthetic life begins at five; from then until twenty-five, when they return to the world, they have a choice of relaxations, permission to visit their family once a twelve-month, or to commit one sin a year. The *Thakur,* seven feet himself, wished to know why I was so tall.

"This is peculiar for a lady," he said, escorting me to the carriage.

No one is in Calcutta today—that is to say, the season opens officially tomorrow, with the return of the Governor from summer quarters. One doesn't count the thousands of human beings and dozens of bovines swarming the streets. Even the Tagores are away, save Gogundranath, who is ill. The Museum is a gold mine of anthropological photographs and Dr. Guha, in charge, a very pleasant help. As he is extremely interested in what Field Museum is doing, he is eager to have Calcutta the expedition headquarters, offering a studio and cooperation of every sort. This afternoon he invited me to take tea with an anthropologist from the Andaman Islands. It can't be easy to dispense justice to the Andamanese. A long time prisoner, a "trusty," was servant in the family of a British warden. He adored his master and was much distressed by the petty disobedience of his master's little daughter. Conflicts between father and child increasing, the "trusty" thought to end the father's worry, so wrung the daughter's neck. An hour later it was the warden perforce who must send his loyal servant to his death.

Criminal tribes in India have their little peculiarities. I spent a day with a pleasant woman whose husband works

among them. She told me that she woke one night to find a man aimlessly knocking sand bags about her room. It was only when he began using them on her that she realized he was "definitely unfriendly."

I expended quite a bit of friendliness myself on a certain prisoner sulking in his cell. It left him cold. Finally, I inquired of the pleasant woman, who inquired of the Indian guard concerning the sulky man. He apologized: "Pray do not take notice that he behaves in this furious manner. The man is peevish because he hangs tomorrow."

Armed with a letter of introduction from Lord Lytton, I went to Government House to pay my respects to the present incumbent. Rain suddenly began to pour. A cockney Inspector of Police at the gate house asked if he might escort me under his umbrella to the main door.

"I don't want to be above myself, Miss, but I do wants news of his Lordship. There's never been the like of 'im out 'ere and I knows it, 'aving been 'ere a matter of thirty years meself."

Torrential rains are not yet over. Yesterday I ran to shelter in a sweetmeat shop on Chitpore Road; a cow had the same idea. There was insufficient space for us both, so it was I who moved on. There is a definite rule for thunderstorms in the East. Lightning will not strike if one sits beneath a cow. In the West, cows couchant over the entrance might answer the purpose of weather cocks on the roof.

At Madras it is well to dwell in the house of a friend, to luxuriate in comfort, cleanliness and chic. If there are insects, a red-sashed footman enters the drawing room at intervals

and "flits" the ankles of suffering guests with a machine hung from a golden cord.

My hostess, Lyell Saunders, has been up country hunting Bhuts, to make a study of their dance and costume. My cheerful host is "Railways"; thus, I am despatched carefully by train to Malabar, inhabited, as every man at the London Conference assured me, by the most beautiful women in the world. The railroad doesn't run to restaurant cars; one swallows a five-course tiffin warily, an eye to the warning on the wall: "The South Indian Railway regrets that it can accept no responsibility for any inconvenience which passengers may suffer owing to a train starting while they are in the refreshment room."

There is beauty in these parts more than women—beauty of water, shaded by a canopy of trees. Fishermen steer square, flat boats with wooden spoons, or stand up to row with one leg, while they fish with both hands. Cultivators in loincloths pour water from coconut buckets over green fields. Women, their bodies bronze above brightly swathed hips, bear brass jars to the lake, turning aside to avoid thirsty buffaloes. I saw an elephant peer at two native nuns. In terra cotta robes, with veils of fluttering bombazine, they knelt in the burning sun before a wayside shrine.

The train stopped at Ernakulum to let me off. I had been told that the Sahib in charge, who advises the Rajah and serves British justice, had excellent pictures of neighbouring peoples. At the Dak bungalow which hadn't sheltered human inhabitants for over-long, an apologetic manager hastily cut a chicken's throat and dusted off a cot. After dinner he ushered me to a bedroom with six French windows that would not shut and a door that did.

"Good night, Master Madame, I will lock you into safety," said he, backing through the door, turning the key, and returning through a window to hand it to me!

In Madras again, a certain bus lured me with its brightly painted courtesy—"Happy Service Ltd. No crawling or racing. Climb on." I did, going to a rendezvous with Lizette—cockney "Shampooer Extraordinaire" to the Governor's Lady—full of chat and fat.

"My hubby sent me to school," said she, vigorously brushing my hair. "It cost him three hundred rupees, but he wants me to live well when he's dead. I work chiefly on ladies—by that I mean titles. I don't care to bother with women. Ladies thinks a lot of hygiene. I even go so far as to segregate Her Excellency's hair brush. Six minutes in solution is proper for one and all, I says."

At Kandy (Ceylon) I find Dr. Andreas Nell, my very good Singhalese friend of the London Conference. He is a trump, plotting all sorts of plans anent Malvina's coming. Being an authority on ethnographical anthropology, his room is stacked with notebooks and papers. I sit down in his armchair and read:

Marriage Customs in Ancient Kandy

The King and Queen of Kandy divert themselves during the honeymoon by throwing scented balls of nutmeg at one another and spraying scent. The marriage ceremony, though long, complicated, and expensive, is the favorite ceremony. The Kings of Kandy by religion are entitled to but one wife; often the court is indulgent. Fifty shekels are offered at betrothal for a

bride's virginity, collectible on the marriage day. After the first night's ceremony a virgin pole, streaming with milk and honey, is set up in the courtyard, signifying that the account has been settled.

This afternoon, armed with a banana tree, I went to the river to see the elephants scrubbed, the elephants that Pavlova loved and fed when she came to Kandy. It was dusk when we stopped at the Temple of the Tooth to talk with the toothless Abbot—a charming, erudite old man, librarian of the sacred books. We lingered long in his sanctuary, poring over ancient scrolls and listening to his tales. I like to know that somewhere in high Tibet are Lamas who rise at three to bless the wakeful throughout the world. I like to think of that robed procession winding down from rocky heights to a little lake, the flickering lights of their tiny butter-lamps reflected in the still water.

"Who is there can make the muddy water clear? Yet let it be still and it will become clear. Yet who can secure the state of repose?" I seem to see the lights, slow moving stars in the blue darkness. I count them one by one. The thoughts of the Lamas permeate the universe with peace—"the peace that dwells in heaven, in the sky, on earth, in all in all." Sleep comes, the night wind brings its message—*Om*—peace, peace, peace.

Florida friends, the Alfred Kays, co-authors of *Florida Plants,* have asked for seeds from the Peradenya Gardens. I go in search and discover that mace is the outer shell of the nutmeg, and other helpful facts.

At Colombo the Y.W.C.A. Hostel tempts me with quiet and a garden. A convenient spot; there is even an annex provided for women encumbered with husbands.

A British anthropologist and Professor of Anatomy has asked me to tea with his wife. He neglected to mention the monkeys, parrots, and bats who also were present. A persevering man is he, for even a journey through the jungle on his tummy didn't discourage his desire for a Veddah skull. Veddahs have deteriorated through marriage into other circles; hence there is scarcely a pure one left. Dr. Hill has discovered an aged man willing to dig up an ancestor, but the Government must approve the idea. Disinterment might be misinterpreted by troublemakers and used as an excuse to kick against official pricks. The undaunted Doctor feels that the Government may move if prodded in the interest of science. When the Governor's Secretary came with His Excellency's car and the inquiry, "What would I like?" I answered, "A Veddah skull." Later, Field Museum was kind enough to advocate the scientific value of such a find, the Government took heed, and the Doctor has his skull.

The *Rawalpindi* picked me up for China, but I got off at Penang. Being Thanksgiving Day, the American Consul came to call in a scarlet rickshaw. He brought an invitation to dine aboard with a Siamese Admiral. I didn't know Siam possessed a navy and was frightfully annoyed when I found the only train left Penang at six.

The courtesy of officials in the East is to be commended. I knew the train arrived at Kula Lampur at five A.M., so wired the Director of the Museum not to appear. But there he was, spick and span, in a shiny motor car. Remarking we had

time to see the Museum, we whizzed up the road, stirred various watchmen from slumber, and saw every butterfly and insect in a marvelous collection. For the rest of the day the train crawled through rubber forests and down-at-the-heel Malay villages to Singapore, City of the Lion. Raffles committed this grand misnomer. Sighting the Island, he thought he also sighted a lion and, too late, discovered it merely a tiger.

The ships of seven seas are bobbing in the Bay of Singapore. Raffles Hotel is on the edge of the quay, each room with a balcony overlooking the harbour. The breeze is mingled with the scent of spices, salt and copra; at dusk a motley crew drift by babbling in strange tongues.

I find the Museum Director a thoroughly energetic and enthusiastic man, most anxious to be helpful. He pointed out two tame attendants in modest clothes, dusting cases in his office.

"Malays, I suppose," said I.

"Oh, no, Borneo," said he. "Strip them, add a spear and you have the real Dyak. I brought them over to use in hunting expeditions."

He found out just the sort of anthropologist I am when I inquired where ANZAC's come from!

With an introduction addressed to "Dr. Winstedt," I called reluctantly at the Woman's Hospital. Worthy, tailored females are not my idea of amusing women. I kicked my heels for an hour outside the operating room, waiting for the lady to emerge. She did, in a sleeveless white silk frock and scarlet sandals, Irish and charming from brown curls to brogue. Having doctored out here for years, she married the British

Adviser to the Sultan of Johore—the native state across the river. Now, mornings in Singapore she is a *pukha* doctor; afternoons she is herself, Peggy, ranking lady of Johore. She took me to her delightful garden house to meet her husband who, when he isn't an adviser, is an authority on the Malay language.

It was cool and tranquil, lunching at Government House today, in a deluge of orchids. Had Heliogabalus lived here and now, he might have smothered his friends in blooms rarer than roses. The Governor looks like a Greek coin and seems a scholar gone wrong—professionally, not morally. You feel this when he talks of wandering among the little known people of China; you read it in his *Cantonese Love Songs;* you sense it in his aloofness from official turmoil, though he is thoroughly alive to the diplomatic duty of the day.

The *Rawalpindi* caught me up again, loaded with a stuffy set of passengers, except one, a cheerful little woman from Washington State. We had only a day in Hongkong, but it was long enough to find Sir William Hornell, still Vice-Chancellor of the University, living under the same roof with Joseph Shellshear, authority on Chinese brains. I had a grand day with the Shellshears, man, wife and brains, also articles to read on the latter, photographs to scan, and thirty-seven pickled varieties to observe.

Sir William, hospitable person, offered to put me up on my return. Someone from somewhere is always stopping with him. Last week it was an American wanting additional data for a thesis on the ante-posterior position of Chinese students, followed by a British biologist, who lectured to an

elite but astonished audience on "Characteristics of the Capon and the Eunuch."

Since Singapore, there has been talk of the war increasing in China. At Shanghai—horrible city of ugly anachronism—the rumour was confirmed. I tried to get out of the place quickly, but the station master politely rebuffed me.

"Excuse me, there is an interruption to the railway, the students lie on the tracks and the trains may not go," he said.

"When will they get up?" I asked hopefully.

"If it snows or if the rain comes down, they will in likelihood move," he replied conservatively.

The weather being far too fine for that contingency, I rushed to the steamship office.

"Yes, there will be a boat in six days to Tientsin, but we do not guarantee arrival in Peiping, the road is closed," murmured the agent. "There is war," he added gently.

For the first time I realized foreign news in home papers may have an element of truth.

Air was the last resort and I was afraid of air. However, other people fly and live, so I went to an Airways Office. The Airways have passenger planes, served by American pilots, as far as Nanking; from there on are mail planes flown by Chinese. Strongly disapproving, they sold me a ticket; passengers were discouraged at the moment! Having promised to be in Peiping the ninth of December, I did want to get there. Twenty pounds of luggage was the maximum, but the Express Company promised to store the rest. Knowing I wouldn't be weighed, I wore three dresses and stuffed the pockets of my Burberry with shoes.

The tea boy waked me at a miserably cold four o'clock

and hustled me down to the Airways bus, already containing four muffled Chinese figures. We motored for an hour, past a marsh with coolie women digging mussels, over a road to the river where men net sardines. Lively scenes went on behind a yellow fog, eerie sampans bumped with noisy shoutings. Two American aviators tinkered at amphibious planes, designed to swim the rivers and fly the hills. The fog grew more dense, further reports on air conditions kept coming in. The Chinese grew yellow green with cold, but thawed themselves with the contents of a tea basket. I skipped to get warm, having forgotten to bring tea in a thermos. After three hours the Americans decided to breakfast from their lunch box and kindly included me. At noon a fine snow drizzled down, and the flight was definitely off. The bus jiggled forlornly back to the city. I went to bed and slept the disagreeable day away. At four o'clock the next morning the same routine, but this time the air was clear and we could see all sorts of small crafts threading the narrow river. The four Chinese stuffed themselves into the plane, myself fitted into the fifth place. They reeked of good-luck incense and musk. With not a window open and not an inch to budge, it was unfortunate that three of them became afflicted with *mal-de-l'air!* The stout, small plane churned rivers, soared over gardens and low green hills, landing on an island. The passengers were transhiped in a sampan so low, a hole had to be cut in the straw roof for my head. A motor waiting at the mainland took us to Nanking.

At the Consulate gate the sentry was absorbed in teasing a canary with his bayonet, it's cage suspended from a tree. I slipped past unchallenged. Everyone was too harassed and uncertain over conditions to be very civil. The Consul sug-

gested I wire Peiping of the intended flight. (The week before Tsu Semu, Chinese poet and friend of all of us, had been killed in a crash.) If the plane came down, it would be the Consul's duty to hunt what was left of me. I waived the necessity; if I did come down, I would stay down with no trouble to anyone and probably of service to Nature and cabbages.

All night I listened to the tramp of soldiers. They looked so weary and dreary, marching with shoes on and off. I saw a whole battalion stop to let a wayside cobbler patch up the ranks.

It was dark at six o'clock, when a charming Chinese gentleman called for me in a motor with a magnificent charcoal warmer. The yawning night porter gave me sandwiches, wrapped in a Shanghai newspaper, and a large brass kettle. The Chinese gentleman, apparently in charge of the Airways, spoke scanty English, but I gathered he had warned the two non-English-speaking pilots to avoid curves in the atmosphere because of the honorable presence of a lady. He added soothingly that nowhere would I find anyone knowing my tongue, but should I require anything in the air or on the earth, I would kindly signify by fingers!

The airdrome was an hour's distance. It was twenty above zero and the little one-motor plane unheated. However, it was closed and there were mail sacks to cuddle in. There was room for one passenger, but they preferred to take none. The two pilots, strong large men in fur-lined, leather jackets, fortified themselves with thimble cups of tea. The airdrome tea boy thrust a wadded basket into their seat, and we were off.

Certainly the pilot obeyed the overlord's mandate about

sharp corners, for we flew with the wings of a dove straight down to a sham battlefield. Regiments are in training to meet the Japanese, digging trenches and spearing scarecrows. The sight of me descending from the plane stopped action for a moment, but they were too cold to stand and stare. I used a finger to convey the idea of water for my tea, entered an officer's shack, warmed a bit, and set out again.

We flew on and on, the country growing more barren every mile, then down into a similarly soldiered field. This time, the men were squatting over food. It was even colder. I sheltered in a corner of the tousled barracks and slipped on another dress. A soldier gave me tea to drink. The ink on the newspaper had marked my sandwiches with Shanghai news of the day so I traded them to another soldier for his bowl of rice.

The pilots hung about for air condition signals, officers wrote reports for the post, we waited long minutes, then soared into the sky again, crossing real mountains now, the ground hard and sere below. The hours literally flew by. Once the door blew open; a pilot signalled me to close it, which I did with care. The silence seemed in keeping with the vast space below. Inscrutable China, one may cross her vastness but never enter the fastness of her soul.

In the starlight—dusk comes early in the North—we landed in the barracks, an hour's ride from Peiping. An Airways motor waited. Finally, the pilots and the mail and I were fitted in. Over a rough road, through hordes of coolies laden with market stuff, we jolted on until we reached the walls of the city.

The pilots chattered madly as we parted; I shall always hope it was in praise of a passenger, well-behaved. At the

hotel, blessed plumbing produced a hot bath, and a beaming manager produced a pot of chrysanthemums with Malvina's welcome.

The Expedition occupies rooms in a row overlooking the main highway. Sights go past that cause Jean's hair to stand on end and his never failing comment, *"C'est formidable."* Life from hour to hour is vivid, absorbing. What the Expedition needs the Expedition has, through the combined efforts of the P.U.M.C. (Rockefeller Hospital) and interested Chinese. Malvina's studio is in the hospital, flanked on the one side by restless rodents, existing for experiment, on the other by still human beings engaged in that greatest of all experiments, life after death.

Dr. Davidson-Black, discoverer of the Peking Man, steers models Malvina's way. So also does Dr. Stevenson, anatomist and anthropologist, both of them experts in racial purity. Besides the models for Malvina's heads and figures, there are the types to be provided for S. G. to photograph—three positions of the same individual to be taken front, side and back for the anthropological records of Field Museum. S. G. resembles a consulting specialist, and I his attending nurse, when we set up shop in some stray corner of the hospital. White apron and goggles inspire confidence concerning S. G.'s profession, and makes answering personal questions a part of routine.

I like to lie in bed and listen to the rickshaw coolies beneath my window cough and sputter in the cold of morning. The No. 1 boy brings tea; he brought me a note as well:

Dear Madam:

If you are the Policewoman from Boise, Idaho, I used to go with my mother to your jail. I am now a monk in the Yellow Monastery. . . .

As I am the Policewoman, I skipped everything possible in the way of dressing and ran down to the hotel lounge. There, surely enough, stood the Idaho monk with tonsured head and voluminous red robe. Preliminaries over, we sat, I offered sherry, he accepted, then I listened to his tale. On finishing school, he decided to set out to find truth, looked for it in the school of Oriental Religions in California, then went on to Japan. There he lived in a Shinto temple three years; decided finally to become a Buddhist, studied, took the vows of monkhood and begged his way to China. At the Lamaserai outside Peiping he was accepted as a disciple and has been there for two years. He now studies Tibetan, hoping to join a caravan to Lhasa in the spring. Each week he walks miles into the city to ask for letters at the Consulate and to scan the hotel register, hoping to see the name of someone that he knows. Today he saw mine and remembered. It thrilled him much more to discover that S. G. is the brother-in-law of "Avalon," Sir John Woodroffe, having studied all Sir John's writings on Indian philosophy and religion. We made a date to dine on Christmas Day.

I, myself, like to see a familiar face, so it was pleasant this afternoon to sit by the bedside of the Chief Eunuch of the last Imperial Court. I met him on the previous visit to China with Tagore. He lies ill in the P.U.M.C., a gentle friendly old man, well past seventy, on whose placid face the years have written no tale. An amiable Chinese interne acted

as interpreter. The Eunuch told me of the severe training men of his profession had to undergo, both in the classics and the nine books of the law. To them was entrusted the education of the women of the household. Music and drama they studied, too, that they might entertain as well as instruct. He, himself, had risen to second in rank, tea-bearer to the Empress herself, wearing a special blue robe when he put the precious cup into her hand. Their occupation gone, the labour problem is multiplied. I am told a home is to be established for unemployed eunuchs on the outskirts of the city, where they can exist, embroidering.

Wednesday, and therefore Mrs. Calhoun is "At Home." Wars may change the boundaries of China but nothing is allowed to change the cocktail hour of the indefatigable hostess of Peiping. The diplomatic world still drops in for gossip and to meet the stranger within its walls. Coming back through the snow, the closed rickshaw was challenged three times—mild hint of battle-fronts. It was tranquil in the crooked lanes, a little mysterious; lanterns swung over moon gates, incense softened the air—a world of tragic beauty, for the rickshaw coolie too often freezes at the gate.

I am cheered to find that Phyllis Lin, as charming as in Tagore's time, now lives in Peiping, married to the son of China's famous scholar, Liang. We spent this morning reminiscing of the years between. Although she went to America, qualifying as architect in the University of Pennsylvania, she is now more interested in the renaissance of Chinese poetry, taking on the task that all too soon Tsu Semu, poet, laid down.

Dr. Hu Shih happened in. I found him as youthful and

pungent as of old. We spoke of the Hall of Man. Dr. Hu Shih has promised his head! Phyllis will come with an alluring friend from Suchow, the province of lovely women, to be photographed in their pretty silks. The Chinese plan to give a reception so that Malvina may have the opportunity of meeting their distinguished men and women, who, in turn, wish the privilege of knowing her.

Madame H., a young Chinese matron, gave a luncheon today in honour of Malvina. We'd hurried there afraid of being late, but an hour passed and another, with no sign of food. Serenely the hostess suggested she recite *Madame Butterfly,* learned from an elocution teacher in New York. We sank on cushioned divans in famished despair. When lunch at last appeared, it consisted of twenty dishes, the hostess apologizing for the lack of twenty more—forty is customary at a feast of honour. I asked Madame H. if the depression had hit the household, thinking the price of antique eggs might have advanced.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "our husbands can no longer afford concubines."

Evidently I showed surprise, for she added, "They used to teach the children and amuse our husbands; now we wives must do it all."

There seem to be definite rules concerning concubines, for when a Western professor, accompanied by a woman secretary, was on a lecture tour in China and invited to an official banquet, an apology came with the invitation: "We regret that we are unable to include your most Honourable Concubine."

Besides the Idaho monk, the Lamaserai houses a very chic guest, Hutuku, the Living Buddha of Outer Mongolia. While reigning Prince of his Province, he was set upon by foes for ransom. Escaping his enemy and riding camels by night for three long months, he finally sought sanctuary with the Lamas. It has been arranged for Malvina to model the head of his secretary, a very pure Mongol, and for S. C. to take pictures of the Living Buddha himself. Consequently, we are all invited to tea.

Dozens of priests in yellow cockatoo hats wandered in the courtyard. Hutuku received us in a very small room, garbed in a very grand array of vermilion satin with black trimmings and grey velvet collar and cuffs. Quite distressed that in leaving his kingdom in such a hurry he had not brought the proper hat, he made up in magnificence with high boots of red leather, inlaid in white. Six small, soiled disciples served the tea. His Highness, the L. B., was the perfect host, smiling and hurling rapid sentences at Owen Lattimore to translate. Owen Lattimore is the American who knows his Mongols and has put his knowledge into books: *The Road to Turkestan* and *The Mongols of Manchuria.* Mrs. Lattimore journeyed with her husband wherever the law of the road allowed and, where it didn't, branched off into adventures on her own, writing a tale of the traveling wife called *Turkestan Reunion.* The two of them are wintering in Peiping. We've supped at their amusing house on delicacies sticky and mysterious, with a lily-white dog to lap our fingers.

Photography thrives in the bedrooms. A moment's warning of a type and they are converted into studios. This morn-

ing the first sitters were blind musicians with curious instruments. In the middle of picture taking, we heard shouts in the street. I saw from the window a crowd hurrying by, soldiers walking before and behind a cart, on the cart a chair, a man tied to its back.

"What is it?" I asked Dr. Lessing, visiting scientist.

"That is a man going to have his head removed," he replied. "The man is happy—on the way to the execution grounds he may stop for rice and wine as often as he likes."

The second lot of sitters were wrestlers from the athletic school, eager to bare their brawny muscles in Olympian attitudes. The séance continued with a stray Korean, a Manchu, and my own voluble rickshaw coolie, known as Pantsa from his pronunciation of trousers.

Christmas Eve.—All day I searched in the Street of the Flowers for figures to make a crèche. The tiny straw stable, the sheep, wise men and camels, even a Christ Child was there, but nowhere could I find Mary, Herself. I told the story and deplored the lack to the shopman, an understanding man.

"I make Vligin lady velly quick," he said, and did by pasting hair and halo on a sweet-faced acrobat, a celestial robe for crowning touch.

Malvina ordered off, Jean and I set a scene of Bethlehem in her room, night blue silk against the wall, a silver star, hills of golden sand; the crèche in the midst under palms fringed from paper. The rooms were gay with Chinese mistletoe, and fragrant with narcissi, gift pots of our coolies. Chic Peiping had sent for greeting poinsettias, glaring red.

The night was still and fearfully cold. Bundled in furs, we motored to the Lake of the Moon. We saw no one, save a few late skaters in Pehai Park, and, on the road, a string of camels snuffling home. Snow lay everywhere, glittering in the fierce moonlight. One felt frightened—beauty like this could not be real.

Rickshaws took us to the soldiers' service at the British Legation Chapel, but camels came to take us to the Monastery of the Cloud—well-scrubbed camels. I had paid extra for that since they are more accustomed to burdens of coal than humans. Owen Lattimore and the lily-white hound led the way through open fields beyond the city gate. A Taoist monk stood in the entrance. I offered him a stick of incense; he returned the courtesy with mutters and three beats of a gong. The mutters meant, "The bell rings, and the drum beats thrice to give good fortune to the lady."

The Idaho monk came for his Christmas dinner, forgetting his vows in complete enjoyment of a thoroughly Christian menu.

Lovely little Madame W. had tea with us today. Her own name is Su Szen Chi, "Pure Jade." She might have come straight out of her own book, *The Beauty of Beauties,* for Chinese women are of no century. Unaffectedly modest, she murmured bashfully:

"I do not think I could be brave enough to stand for my picture; there are others more praiseworthy than I."

Later she became less shy and laughed behind her tiny lotus hand, eventually allowing Malvina to transmute "Pure Jade" to bronze.

We were asked for the New Year to the house of Juliet Bredon, author of the very best book on Peiping and possessor, I should suppose, of the very last pig-tailed retainer in China. One is always certain of an entertaining collection of people under her roof, but we had to hurry back to our own New Year's party. The entire Expedition knocked off work. This time rooms were salons, the beds, beneath brocades, becoming divans of lordly splendour. Malvina exchanged her smock for an amber frock, and the entire paraphernalia of photography was banished.

Calling cards in the East do not always tally with the guests, for the guests leave them in shoals. Quite the most distinguished card bore, after the gentleman's name, "Advisor to the Army, the Navy and the Air of China."

I do nothing but stare from the windows. The streets are never free from processions. It is either the scarlet of marriage chairs, when "one gentleman General goes to catch one wife," as Pantsa puts it, or the green of funeral banners and the white of Chinese mourning, when "one very big merchant goes to catch his tomb."

Last night we were introduced to the Peking Man. It is a privilege and a ceremony to meet the ancient gentleman—outside the scientific realm he receives but a favoured few.

First there was a dinner at the Davidson-Blacks, conventional and conversational till the coffee. This we drank round the drawing-room fire, watching a little company of Players prepare their puppets. The lights were dimmed, the play began—a terrific drama of love and war, illustrated with wailing music. With visions of demons still alive in our

heads, we got into wraps and rickshaws and trotted to the P.U.M.C., ghostly in the dark night. The scene was set in Dr. Davidson-Black's own lair. His Boy warmed us with tea, while the Doctor busied himself with a movie machine. It took two reels to get to the spot where the Sinocanthropus was found, his discoverer pointing out landmarks and explaining how it took him a year to remove it from the stone matrix with a dental drill.

Expectancy mounted. Mugs of beer were offered, lights were turned on, and finally the Peking Man was borne before us on a salver. His skull is not extremely different from our own for all its million years. After we had duly admired the man, "Margaret," a much lesser find, was brought out for inspection. She being a woman, the scientists can't determine her age.

Mei Lan Fang has sent a box for his play tonight. I have just come from leaving thanks at his hybrid house, built in his perfect garden.

The time has come, so wise men say, to leave Peiping. The war goes on, and we shall meet it by the way. At any rate, work is finished here. Boxes and boxes and boxes Malvina has packed with her own hands to be shipped on to Paris—heads and hands and busts and third-size figures for enlarging, the amazing result of weeks of strenuous work. There are dozens of negatives to sort by day and yards of film to caption by night. This has been a productive and exhilarating city.

We intrain for Shanghai, the wagon-lit an admirable relic from Russia, purchased with the proper guards. The young

Marshal's secretary is sharing my compartment, a delightful Russian woman who explains which are the soldiers and which the bandits who peer in as we pass along. She evidently hasn't spied any Christians. Since a Chinese General, convert to Christianity, summoned a missionary to baptize the army, I feel there must be a quantity about. On the brink of battle, with time pressing, the missionary, a resourceful man, sprinkled an entire regiment into Heaven with a hose.

We board a Dutch boat that gives excellent service. The company strives to please both the passenger and the pig. There are always a number of the latter traveling in the Dutch Indies.

A Major-General showed us Manila. He said Filipino prisons are so excellent that prisoners with good behaviour certificates have better chance of employment than young men emerging from the universities.

We crossed the Equator today with a certificate to show for it. Sailors prepared paper symbols of Neptune but not a passenger raised a limp finger to toss them into a torrid sea. Even a pig was glad to escape the exertion of living and turn into chops. The grunts of living pork come from between decks, mingled with the song of Chinese nightingales in gilded cages. Sailors take the birds south, hoping to barter them there.

I should wax lyrical about Bali, but again it is too hot. We might be living in a steaming emerald. How I do *not* like tourists! However, they can't storm our friendly hostel. A German planter from Papua runs it. It is one small story, built around a court, the entrance a sitting and dining room for us, and assembly hall for the populace. A pleasant popu-

lace, who show their wares as we eat and leave only when we sleep. The striking feature of Bali is the unadulterated happiness of the inhabitants. No politics or problems, just music and dance; so moral and so beautiful they are that the Dutch find it feasible to keep susceptible guardians of the law at home.

This morning I rang for the chambermaid. A Papuan savage, a fishbone through his nose, entered with a cup of tea. He said "Morning." I said nothing from sheer surprise. However, he continued to converse most affably, preening himself in his white drill suit. His stock of English may be small, but his modesty is inordinate. S. G. asked him to climb a palm tree in his native undress for a movie that he's making.

"I'se shamed," the savage shyly replied.

The Beau Brummell of Bali has come to fetch us to the Temple courtyard—a chic man who wears a flower in his turban and the smartest sarong. He is "Uncle" of Ni Polog, the lovely temple dancer, whose head Malvina is about to sculpt. Last night he asked us to his house to a private party. We arrived too soon. The servant bade us wait. "My master sits at bacon with his friends." We waited in the stifling moonlight watching the orchestra, who set up their instruments in the dust-thick road—extraordinary instruments fastened to the backs of gaudy wooden animals, a Noah's Ark broken into sound. A boy of eleven dressed in green brocade became a princess, dancing the dance of love. He lured his partners from the watching rabble, the partners in ecstasy responding to his passion in bath towels draped about their hips.

At three A.M. I vaguely woke to feel that there was some-

one crouching by the bed. Someone suddenly became an aged masseuse, who, vigorously and uninvited, began to ply her trade, I much too sleepy to protest. The manager has since explained that her services are a feature of the hotel and her fee a bunch of bananas.

It annoys me to see two men carrying one pig. They do it all the time, in cylindrical baskets, swung on poles between their shoulders.

"Why doesn't the pig walk?" I ask.

"It is not the custom," they reply, and so it isn't. I haven't yet seen a pork supported on its own feet. Possibly this is the origin of "snooty."

There isn't half as much consideration given to twins. If one produces mixed twins, mother and infants must camp in the cemetery for forty days of purification, the proximity of male and female being displeasing to the gods.

The high watermark of Bali's pleasures is a cremation. We've been spending days following the ceremony, from start to finish, with the movie camera. I like evenings of leisure better—in the rest houses on high cool hills, munching ears of corn as a spectacular sun goes down, or motoring back under the stars to the never-ceasing sound of the *gamelon.*

The spice of life in Java, which means the land of nutmeg, are shadow plays; last night I went in search of one. Everyone I asked was helpful and said I shouldn't find one. It is the Chinese New Year and the Javanese are busy helping the Chinese celebrate.

Jean went with me to explore, in a carriage whose driver resembled a grind-organ monkey dressed in a middy blouse.

We drove and drove and drove, and suddenly saw puppets through the shutters of a little house. Immediately we wheeled about to fetch Malvina and S. G. No one seemed to be going in or out of the door, we knocked, then boldly entered into a room filled with sleeping Chinese gentlemen. The gentlemen courteously awoke, grasped our desire and ushered us to the place of the play. In front of an altar to ancestors, heaped with fruits and sweets, was the shadow screen an audience of six old men squatting before it. The imperturbable hosts offered us stools and cigarettes, then calmly returned to slumber.

At Batavia, the hotel is a caravanserai, spreading yards and yards over the ground with meals as lengthy in proportion. Ordering the *pot au jour,* I was mortified to have twenty "boys" in special sashes parade past with twenty unknown viands while the band played the *Moonlight Sonata.* The dish of the day was *Reistafel,* a medley of food of the Indies.

Noon is an awkward hour to choose to walk to the Travel Bureau; business closed, the traffic police sleep at the crossroads beneath their official umbrella. When I did steer myself in the right direction, I found a pleasant man who told me of his "young age" in the Colony and entertained me with stories of current conditions.

The Dutch, ever a careful people, made one small slip, which has just been brought to light. Thirty years ago they landed a regiment on an obscure isle, and forgot to remove it. The population evidently made the regiment feel at home with the result that agitated anthropologists are now endeavoring to classify the consequences!

Singapore once more—an orange moon peering over my shoulder, the night bird chirping, a naked urchin poking orchids through the balcony rail. It is the Raffles again with ships sitting ten feet from the door. Malvina has changed her balcony into a workshop. The management is now used to seeing anyone from a handsome Sikh chauffeur in shorts to a Persian beauty in silks cross the palm court. Delightful Dr. Peggy, true to her Irish word, finds types in her clinics, persuading even a richly dressed lady from Macassar to pose, with a taxi ride as the bait.

The Master of the Museum has cleared a corner in the workshop for the Expedition's use. While Dyaks mount fish, Tamils stuff rats and Malays dry butterflies, Malvina models a wild family from the woods.

This has been a day! It began when the Governor's Lady telephoned me to meet her in the Botanical Gardens at sunrise. She felt I should see the day break in glory there. There is no beauty like the beauty of light, broken into many colours. We stood in shadow and stillness, then suddenly there was sun, and the waking of birds.

Her Ladyship drove off in state; I stayed, bargaining for a tree trunk to be shipped to Malvina's studio in Paris. Even the flora and fauna must be correct!

Next I had an hour's interview with the British Keeper of Prisons, a *pukha* gentleman and jovial soul, harassed by a wooden leg. In the tropics the model limb is more difficult to keep fit than the real one, since it suffers severely from dry rot and white ants.

His Excellency the Governor lunched us at Government House. We discussed etiquette in New Guinea. When he was ruler there, a party of natives, coming to greet him,

tattooed buttons on their chest in order to appear well dressed.

I lay upon the balcony to sleep, but a Malay vendor shrieked "Soap to sell," and I called him up to stop the hubbub. He was a talkative soul, and I gained information. *"Kreta sambong,"* it seems, is Malay for express train, meaning, "the train too proud to stop." A detective is known as the "eye of the night."

For tea we motored to the Winstedts' at Johore. The Sultan's Advisor appeared and the Scotch blonde wife of the Sultan, the latter a late acquisition. Dr. Peggy offered a plate of *dorian,* a delicate fruit of the country.

"What does it taste like?" I asked.

"Like strawberry jam pushed down a gas pipe," she answered. "Once past the odour you get the flavour."

Movies at the house of an army aviator ended the day. Captain B. is just returned from an inspection tour of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. He has made excellent films and added amusing tales. At the sight of the first airplane, a group of Nicobaris jumped into a well, thinking their ancestors were descending upon them.

All night we crawled by the Night Mail, better known as His Majesty's Night Snail, to Tapah, where the Government arranged for an anthropological interpreter to meet us. He did meet us with a motor and a friend—Noone the interpreter and Bellamy-Brown the friend. They have been living in jungles, studying the little people—Sakais and Semang Negritoes.

First we called on Colonel de Moubray, District Officer of Tapah Road, who knows a lot about this country, having

written the *Matriarchy of the Malay States*. Noone, scouting Sakais for a week, has news of several groups. They are a people who don't like to come out of the forests—trees to them are gods. Once an injured Sakai, taken by a kindly rubber planter to the town hospital, endured twenty-four hours, then ran away. When asked why, he frankly answered, *"Ti 'ada Poko"*—"no trees." We scoured the neighbourhood all afternoon before a group appeared, walking down the road. Even on a level road they lift their legs as if leaping logs. Malvina didn't waste a moment, but set up shop on a box tied to the back of the car. That night we slept in a Dak bungalow in the wilds, M. returning to the jungle with Mr. Noone at dawn.

Bellamy-Brown possessed a very little Sunbeam; he packed me in it to motor to the next District. Ostensibly searching for pygmies, we bumped into a panther, a bulky black one who leapt over the car and disappeared before Bellamy-Brown had time to shoot. The noise of the motor aroused the ire of strolling apes, who wrathfully hurled nuts, shrieking and making unpleasant faces.

It was nearly all forest and no people until we came to a village in the clearing and the bungalow of Anthony Churchill, land-officer and nephew to Winston Churchill, statesman. He had been notified of the object of our coming and had beaters in the hills searching for possible pygmies; sometimes it is days before one runs across them. Bellamy-Brown and I were resting after tiffin—Churchill had to go off on inspection and turned over his household to the Expedition—when a beater ran in to say he had tracked a bunch of little people and brought them in, but how, in heaven's name, should he keep them?

Having no idea how many hours it would be before Malvina and Co. would turn up, food seemed the answer.

The village apparently consisted of a score of houses, a dozen citizens and three food shops—Chinese, Malay and hybrid, the last a curry-parlour with a Mohammedan cook. A chattering group of Negritoes squatted at the bungalow gate. Bellamy-Brown greeted them with the proper grunt and a courteous invitation to lunch. They accepted. Forthwith, he and I and a tribe of jaunty pygmies in black skins wearing red flowers and carrying blow pipes, trailed the length of Main Street. The Malay and the Chinese restaurants refused admittance; they needn't have troubled for the tribe wouldn't have entered anyhow. The hybrid curry-parlour, a trifle condescending, sold us a cauldron of boiled rice. Bellamy-Brown sat the tribe in a row, I spread the rice on leaves, the Mohammedan cook ladled curry through the window. The guests were amused, it tickled their primitive palates; far more, it kept them occupied. Like Sister Anne, we kept staring up the road to see if anyone was coming. The village becoming over-curious, the strangers became restless under the stares, so we marshaled them back to the bungalow, plying them with Churchill's cigars till they lapsed into drowsiness. Three hours later Malvina arrived and the tribe awoke, refreshed and quite at her disposal.

The Burmese result of Malvina's visit to the London Round Table is in Rangoon—Aun Thin, a barrister from Mandalay. He turns up every hour or so with a new type of friend. Last night one of them, a Burma-Chinese, gave a dinner with twenty-six guests and thirty-odd courses. I sat between the Mayor of Rangoon, a pure Burmese, and his

wife, unadulterated California! One darling little lady wore enchanting sandals of black velvet that exposed jewelled toes.

The Chief-Buddhist-Prelate of Burma, a wise, kindly old man, says we may make a picture of him. It is a very good picture. He wears his yellow robe, holding a pastoral staff in one hand and his book of scriptures, *Three Baskets of Wisdom,* in the other.

In the very new Eastern Hotel at Calcutta, we are honoured guests. How long we shall be honoured, or even guests, depends on the leniency of the manager. Malvina is sculpting in her room, S. G. photographing in his, and mine is a waiting room for an endless stream of anthropological specimens. The heat is steadily terrific. You don't notice it until you enter from the swelter of the street into the frigidaire dining room, the pride of the management, who advertise "coolness every day, Sundays excepted." Malvina and S. G. work on uncomplainingly within my hearing; anything they may utter even slightly derogatory to India is spoken with apology, knowing that I revel in the country, heat, dirt and all. Jean is parked at the Y.M.C.A., spending his evenings by preference with the mosquitoes, rather than sightseeing—possibly the day's sights exhaust his *"formidables,"* which continue from country to country without variation.

This has been a successful morning; first, a Bengali lawyer who imbibed tea heavily during posing; second, an obese money-lender from Afghanistan, who proffered an accordion-plaited chest for the sake of rupees only; and third, the charming, cultured wife of the Editor of the *Modern Review.* Oxford has left untouched both her Indian grace and

a profile likened to that of the frescoes of the Ajanta caves. A troupe of clowns from Assam kept S. G. busy filming antics, circumscribed within four walls, and I kept busy clearing the corridor of the curious.

Sir Jagadis Bose asked us to tea in his garden, where plants continue to write emotional autobiographies on sensitive plates attached to their roots. The garden is still a spot of tropic peace within the city's roar, with palms and flowers and fruit trees, a young gazelle and singing birds and a heron that has a history and walks by itself. Once there were two herons, one died. The mate grew so sad that Sir Jagadis bought another bird; but the heron, monogamous, almost killed it in his rage. For weeks he drooped; then, one evening, the sun made a mirror of a black opaque window in the garden wall, he looked within and straightway hope revived. He thought he looked upon his beloved and danced before the glass till his wings fluttered and were weary, wondering that she did not heed. Each evening at the same hour he seeks the window, always dancing, never knowing that it is himself he sees within.

It is Ram-Krishna's ninety-seventh anniversary. We have been to a feast in his honour at his monastery in Belur. So have thirty thousand other people whom the monks welcomed and, what is more, fed. The round table and the rooftop seemed strange and lonely without Tantine, who is in America at the moment, but Boshi Sen acted as host.

Boshi searches out elusive facts in the biological realm—about protoplasm and its ilk. Occasionally he goes to Europe and America to lecture to other scientists, returning to Calcutta to experiment at further length. Recently he married Gertrude Emerson, one time Associate Editor of *Asia,* who

learned to know and love her husband's country while she wrote *Voiceless India* there.

I have had an attack of Oriental sneezes, going to the length of nasal carpentry to quell their virulence. Nothing had effect until I chanced to see a rainbow in the moonlight and forgot I had ever sneezed. A serene and lonely moon, not a cloud near, and suddenly rain, which came tearing down the other side of the world. There it was, a shimmering bow, the pot of gold hid in night.

Malvina bids me go on a holiday to Santiniketan to see the Poet. Memory stirs at the thought of the housetop at Surul.

I found the Poet getting ready to fly to Persia. I wanted to accept his invitation to fly too. However, after a three-day excursion into yesteryear, I again proceed by stolid train in the interests of the Hall of Man.

A fortunate moment for seeing things in Delhi, the Council of Princes is in full swing; but not such a lucky moment for securing sleeping quarters. I am thrust among the chimney pots with the suite of a minor Rajah. They sit about the roof in brilliant coats and turbans, while I sit about in as little as possible. This is Easter morning; a *tonga* drove me to the six o'clock service in the church of the Fort. Driving back by the bazaar, I looked for Easter eggs, but the nearest substitute was the chicken embroidery, famous in this district.

Lunch at Vice Regal Lodge is always a satisfaction, with a gold lace butler apiece. This time, I sat between the Maharajah of Jodhpur and an unassuming young Anglo-Saxon. It seemed an auspicious moment to inquire into the origin of

jodhpurs. The Rajah was affable and explanatory. His father, desirous of trousers that would nicely combine the characteristics of the Indian *dhoti* with Western breeches, the Court tailors worked for ten years over the problem. Jodhpurs were the result—trousers which are skin-fitting from ankle to knee and bag from there up. Having gotten this off my mind, I turned to the unassuming Anglo-Saxon. We talked travel and he asked me where I hadn't been. At random, I answered Ireland.

"Do you want to go there?" he inquired.

"Yes, I do, very much, to journey in a jaunting car."

The Rajah, with another detail about the trousers, drew my attention, but as we rose from the table, the pleasant young man politely remarked, "If you do go to Ireland, I'll see that you have the jaunting car."

I stole a hasty glance at his place card: The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. A scion of the British Isles is as good as his word. Three years later I went to Ireland and he produced the jaunting car.

We spent the afternoon at the Maharajah of Kashmir's, alive with types from chief secretary to cook, going on later to the Museum to photograph an infinitesimal number of the sixty thousand persons who built New Delhi—a nomadic people with their own tribal cotton and jewelry, the women better workers and more highly paid than the men.

The hotel was in a flutter this afternoon. A Prince gave a party and his Chief of Suite forgot to mention it till a moment before the appointed hour. However, a little thing like this didn't stump the Swiss manager-owner. Her family built the Hotel Cecil and she has managed it upwards of twenty years. I offered to help, covering the housetop with cushions,

stirring the ice-cream, scattering flowers, etc. The Prince, who calls jazz "premeditated noise," received his guests in blue satin, white embroidered trousers, and green gauze turban; the guests were arrayed in everything from cloth of gold to blue serge ready-mades.

Whether it is *Nagas* (fighting priests) or *Nats* (acrobats) or courtesan-court dancers, types make a pageant of our days.

In Jaipur this morning Krishnarava—beloved of the gods—ambled slowly over the cobbled road to the Palace of Amber. She bore the Expedition and a cicerone upon her back.

"The elephant is a she-male and possesses five attendants," said the cicerone, Curator of the Museum.

The five attendants ran behind and before, or leapt to a seat beside the *mahout*. The *mahout* and his iron fork rides between the *hathi's* ears, the better to prick her onward. I wonder if the "beloved of the gods" feels as stiff tonight as the mortals whom she bore.

Asleep, as one should be at four A.M., a knock woke me up.

"The ladies from the Court wait below," said a drowsy voice. I stumbled to the door to find the hotel-keeper yawning and clutching his night-attire. Over the veranda rail I saw a company assembled below—two women in brocade and peacock feathers, and a man in satin trousers, silver bells strung across his unclad chest, gold gauze bound round his head. An attendant, bearing a mammoth silver teapot, and two more attendants, carrying a tin trunk of extra jewels, waited expectantly, a score of ragged followers squatting at their heels. It appeared that, by order of the Wazir, the Court

courtesans had come to dance. Poor darlings, they had scarcely ever stirred from scented boudoirs, save at night to posture before the King, yet here they were at the mercy of day to pirouette before a movie man. The Wazir's secretary, a bit confused, had stated four o'clock, forgetting to add P.M.! However, everyone made the best of it. The manager, thoroughly awake and in adequate attire, ordered the sweeper to sweep refuse and followers out of the courtyard; S. G. set up his camera; the sun rose, and the dance began. It waxed neither entertaining nor seductive, perhaps neither the time nor the place for allure. Certainly we exhausted ourselves in an effort to rouse emotion, going so far as to offer fried ham and eggs when our breakfast arrived, a dish unorthodox enough to stimulate Hindu and Mohammedan alike.

Everybody in Madras is just as nice as they promised they would be. Lyell Saunders snared Bhuts in her backyard and telephoned to us to come immediately and photograph. This particular criminal tribe is also a corps-de-ballet well worth the taking. They are a genial set of racketeers who are especially handy as watchmen. One employs a Bhut on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief, but in reality because one member of the tribe drawing a revenue keeps other members from robbing the source.

We are in Ceylon. When Dr. Nell isn't invoking a devil dance for our edification, shooing elephants across our path, or proving a walking information bureau, he is taking us for heavenly hours in the Peradenya gardens, ending up at the gate house with tea and delectable food. A majestic Mohammedan cook makes the scones. I followed him into

his kitchen to discover their secret. A pan filled with charcoal was the fire, an iron pot the oven; livestock and insects abounded, but I kept my mind on the job.

6 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 pinch salt
1 pinch sugar
1 egg yolk
½ cup sour cream with ½ cup lemon juice

Mix the dry ingredients, add the liquid, fry in semi-deep fat and dry in the oven for five minutes.

This evening I went to buy films in a shop that boasts other supplies, "Photographs, frames and coffins." Returning I took a rickshaw to watch the evening sky prinking in the lake. The celestial lady was swathed in cinnamon clouds, powdered with gilt stars. I too know there is no more perfect mirror in the world than still, soft water.

Malvina is at the Museum, poring over Veddah bones, S. G. grinds final films, and I lie under a feather palm, gazing back at an inquisitive moon, wondering whether I shall sail here again. The expedition to the East is over, the search for Man is at an end. Fortunate Malvina, whose knowing hands possess the secret of "that inner self, the sole imperishable likeness to God that each man may possess"—her Hall shall thus express man's unity in bronze.

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It is Paris, the *garçon* convinced me of that when he brought breakfast. I've been stopping three days in a respectable family hotel, waiting to find a flat. This is Sunday. I

rang at the same hour for *dejeuner* and the same *dejeuner* appeared but in duplicate, two of everything.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" (What is all that?) I inquired.

"Mais, Mademoiselle," the sympathetic *garçon* replied. *"Vous êtes encore toute seule, toujours pareille?"* (But, Miss, are you still all alone?)

The flat is found, on top of a garage, and I actually have a home. It took machination with the law to get it, probably the one place in Paris minus a concierge. The law demands a *carte d'identité* for foreigners residing in Paris, and this necessitates the signature of one's concierge.

"But I have no concierge," I explained to an uninterested official at the Prefecture. Result—consternation and deadlock.

I pulled every pull, but nothing happened until someone in the Bureau ordered me to write six letters to myself and post them to myself in proof of residence. I enquired if letters from friends wouldn't answer as well. They would not. Difficult to write courteously to oneself, but having done it, I got the permit.

The flat is the studio of the painter Durr Friedly. I have his *femme-de-ménage* and Siamese cat, also all my own odd bits a suspicious *Douane* allows on *"permission temporaire."*

The days are spent in Malvina's studio, filing Expedition data. Today a lady of uncertain age and occupation knocked at the studio door. Malvina was out, I asked what I might do for her. A torrent of words answered that she wished to pose for the figure, insistent that Madame would be ravished by *"une torso complètement dix-huitième."* A few francs went a long way in dismissing her, but I can hardly wait to

ask Malvina whether an eighteenth century torso is Queen Victoria or Mae West.

Later, another knock at the door. Enter Paderewski with seven followers, come to see Malvina and her heads. Malvina has made three portraits of him, statesman, musician, and friend.

To me Paderewski is a mixture of a major prophet and an eagle. He saw the heads fresh from the East, he saw the garden, he talked long with his hostess and his host, then packed the lot of us into a flock of taxis and off to lunch at his favourite restaurant on the Seine.

Three months later.—The last anthropological sheet is sorted, the final picture is filed, and I can write Finis to my share of work. There's nothing to keep me in France, so I shall return to America, to dogs and Dorothy Eustis, both at the Seeing Eye.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

AMERICA FOR A WHILE

I AM HOMESICK for Europe and Asia and Africa, but there is nothing to do about it. That I am spending the weekend with Tagore, on tour from India, is slight alleviation.

The Poet planned to have a quiet hour this morning with Einstein, also on tour. The two are warm friends, arrived at the same plane of thought, one by way of mathematics, the other by meditation. They had the hour, but any quiet was the result of their own concentration. In the drawing room of Dorothy Elmhirst's flat, the Poet awaited the Mathematician, alone except for an Indian lightning calculator. The Press had been banned, but by prearrangement Gertrude Emerson slipped in, *Asia* notebook in hand; the modeling wife of a University President pled a last moment to finish Tagore's head; the German Consul-General with Teutonic friends came to pay respects; a photographer wormed his way to the Poet, threw himself on his sympathy and won, hiding self and paraphernalia behind a screen. Several selected Indians stalked in; finally, Professor Einstein and his Frau arrived with Mr. Morgenthau. The photographer popped over the screen, Gertrude Emerson scribbled, Mrs. President modeled, the wise men beamed at one another.

The lightning calculator performed, multiplying innumerable figures by innumerable others in the course of two seconds. The Poet looked to the Mathematician for pleasure. "That is not mathematics," said Einstein. "It is visualization, the result of highest concentration." The calculator faded away. The two friends began their talk, Mrs. Einstein putting in a frequent word. "Those are the interpretations of a housefrau," said her husband, and carried on for himself. The Frau, presented with pink roses by the Germans, turned her attention to the Indians.

The next hour belonged to Helen Keller, by way of being a poet herself. "I could feel the mist and the sunshine chasing each other on my face; in Scotland one is always on the edge of the unexpected," she said, describing her summer abroad. I left them together, Helen sitting on a stool by the Poet's side, her finger on his lips, the Poet reading *Gitanjali,* which she loves.

If it is necessary to buy shoes, it is a pleasure since the day an anemic clerk stopped in unlacing one to say:

"Madame, I see by your ring you have traveled to Europe."

"Yes," said I, wondering what connection there was between travel and a Bishop's ring.

"I want to go places," he continued, "but I shan't, never; the next thing is to own a piece from over there. I've got $15 saved; would you be willing to buy me a ring next trip?"

"I'll be delighted to," I said, but advised him to hold on to the money.

That summer, in Venice, a sympathetic antiquaire found a sixteenth century setting, with a stone changing from purple to rose to green. A sympathetic honeymoon couple

paid the ridiculously small price wanted for so grand an affair, and I took it to New York. If one asks for footgear in a certain shop, an anemic clerk, a faraway look in his eyes, manipulates the shoehorn, a Doge's ring athwart his middle finger.

I find in America a new cult of "morticians who cater to the dead" and advertise "snappy funerals"—travestying the dignity of death—unbelievable, until one is faced with it. A friend of mine alone in the city died suddenly. I went to the "Funeral Parlor," a sham marble mausoleum built for big business, to see to things before his wife should arrive. An oily man in tails offered a black-bordered handkerchief, smiling a cheerful "Good morning." I explained I'd come in place of Mrs. C.

"Oh," he said brightly, "you'll find Mr. C. receiving in the Georgian room."

With that he led me down a corridor of period rooms; the door of one, bearing "Mr. C.'s" name in old English, swung open and there was Mr. C. propped on a couch, a marigold in his buttonhole. Against all etiquette of the establishment, I insisted he be placed in a casket without delay. The chapel was convertible—prepared to meet any ritual or creed. A modiste's shop supplied mourning, a gilt drawing room received friends, forthwith soothed by a harpist in a rosy gown. The crematorium in the country matched in magnificence. The casket, placed on a four-poster canopied bed, sank slowly through the floor to organ music, the canopy turning into a green worsted mat with R.I.P. in ribbon roses. If one wished to wait for the ashes, there was a sitting room stocked with a variety of books.

There was a tie-up on 57th Street at Madison Avenue—one of those nasty jams that come with the rain. The traffic policeman couldn't cope with it; an elephant did. Neatly lifting the obstructing taxi to one side, it passed on to Broadway and the circus, leaving grateful pedestrians petrified in its wake.

Doormen appear automatons. They are not, always. One of the usual sort carried my bag into a neo-Gothic splendour on Park Avenue.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he asked, as I entered the door, "would you come with me a moment?" and led me into his lair. "It's seeing the labels on your bag that's come over me, Miss, India and all; I was batman to Kitchener." He took from an inner pocket a small leather case. "That's a medal from him. I hadn't a scratch in the bloody war, but leaving me behind and he going that way broke me nerve. Drink's what's done me to this."

Tantine is in India. She returned to the Math accompanied by a bull, American born; the district is in need of new blood. The bull is housed in the Monastery; his diet, a matter of state importance, is grown on the agricultural farm.

At Christmas I cabled my greetings. She sent me an answer.

"Your Christmas cable came, very extravagant it seems to your thrifty Tantine, not a day passes but I think of you, so much more economical, the reaction so stimulating, a double gain."

Tantine adores being Scotch when she can remember;

actually, her purse is in a continual state of openness to all and sundry.

She writes that Calvé has put a chapter into her *Life* concerning the trip the three, Calvé, Vivekananda and herself, took to Egypt; she also added a postscript: "My dear, the bull has made good!"

If she comes to America this summer it will be to Ridgely Manor, her sister's old home. There she likes to rest in the little cottage in which Vivekananda once lived and studied.

In the same post from the East came a letter from the Poet. I had written him of going to Vassar to hear Katherine Mayo speak on India and of being asked to stay over and give a talk next day on my side of the subject.

Santiniketan

The springtime is upon us, our mango trees are in blossom, our Sal Avenue is quickly changing its dress, bringing out its best ornaments from some unseen casket, and getting ready for the festival. We have prepared our songs; the girls are dyeing their saris with the juice of palas flowers, decorating the mango grove with alpoona for the feast to be celebrated on the full moon night. There will be a musical play in the open air, in which the moon is invited to take principal part, representing the celestial community, while I, myself, will act as master of the ceremony on behalf of the earth's children. We are thankful that no curiosity-seeker can ever mar our gift of songs, feast of flowers and moonlit nights, smiling upon the riotous excesses of the new leaves. . . .

This weekend took me to Philadelphia to look over four possible children of my own. Their parents are leaving them to me in their will. Fortunately for the children the parents

are young and sturdy, fortunate also that they possess the educative viewpoint which I lack. I should send them one and all to the University at Padua; it contains such fascinating data, Galileo's pendulum and the Trojan's wooden horse —that is, I think the horse is there, perhaps it is only a copy. The possibility of becoming a parent set me thinking on the parental instinct to such an extent that I experimented at a lunch of earnest spinsters given by Gertrude Ely at Bryn Mawr. The lunch was built around a Teuton explorer just back from exploring in Kish. He was a melancholy man and harped upon a dinosaur egg, discovered lying in the desert dust, in which he believed life was still extant. The thought of no way to prove it apparently bothered him, so I suggested that the little band of earnest women present go to the spot where the egg lay and take turns sitting on it. In the interest of science Mother Nature would find a legitimate outlet. Later I had a chance to test paternal instinct. A charming bachelor, and until yesterday a potential father, poured out his story to me. The man, full of years and minus family, wanted to adopt an infant as his own. Seeking advice from scientists, science agreed that the love children of Norwegians prove the perfect specimen. Satisfied with the decision and delighted that one of the species could be secured in the Scandinavian section of New York, the bachelor waited on spring to give the word. Yesterday, a day of mud and thaw, a small child and its mother came to tea with the man. The mother drank the tea but the child tramped the garden, then deliberately tracked mud over the potential parent's most treasured rug. Alas, one little Norwegian love child now will never know a father!

I went to consult Dr. George Brewer over bones—not my bones; he has given up the living to be consultant to the dead—neolithic man and beast—an anthropologist, in short, at the American Museum of Natural History. I admired a Chinese panel in his study. "That," he said, "was given me after I'd sewed up the head of the Head of a famous Tong. It is open to two translations: one, the interpretation of a Secretary from the Chinese Legation, 'God alone is able to create Life; but next in power is one who is able to save it'; the other, the words of a battered Chinaman who wandered in to beg, 'You helly good Doctor, that say!' "

A purveyor for hotels has been discussing with me a plan he has of securing cheaper caviare. The idea is to bring the caviare out of Russia on the backs of refrigerated camels. A frigidaire company is interested in supplying iced saddlebags, and a Prince of the country will willingly conduct the caravan. I suggested myself as publicity agent, but there seems to be a hitch regarding a permit to enter the country.

Apropos of caviare, I once put a spoonful into a goldfish bowl to determine the sex of its sole occupant. I hoped in this way to discover the right mate to supply, but apparently, fish do not work that way.

It is rather wonderful having a Botticelli for a landlady, an excellent combination of beauty and bustle. On the stage she is Anne Tonetti; off, she is the wife of Eric Gugler, architect. Anne looks best fitted to play the Madonna in *The Miracle*, but says her best rôle was that of a $2.00 tart she wasn't allowed to play. She was in a company of Mae West's. Anne, having taken the part more for fun than for

serious acting, was ready on the opening night. An apologetic manager came to her dressing room, handed her a check, and said:

"I'm sorry, Miss Tonetti, but you can't go on; Miss West says you're so tough she can't be any tougher."

Eric, her husband, has taken on jobs for Mrs. Roosevelt, building miners' houses and refurbishing the White House and Executive Offices, Anne looking after leaks and tenants in his New York flats. Four flats of convenient charm grew out of an ancient dwelling. A garden, a grape-vine—often a grape—huge hearths, and a minstrel balcony go with one flat. Dorothy Eustis rents that and I am working with Dorothy and dogs again. A further adjunct is Louis, the Italian ashman, who has good legs and brews mulled wine. On occasions, with the legs encased in fifteenth century costume, Louis serves the wine in gilded goblets.

The dogs are taking Dorothy Eustis and me to California; she is speaking there on the service of dog guides. The Seeing Eye is now definitely established in America with headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey. There the instruction of instructors goes on and the education of the dog whose intelligent brain is taught to become the optic nerve of the sightless. The Seeing Eye has tried out several breeds of dogs as guides for the blind but it prefers the German Shepherd—miscalled impolitely police dog—because the Shepherd considers her master her flock of sheep and her protective instinct reacts accordingly.

The importance of the job these dogs are doing is just beginning to be understood—first by the opthalmologists who deal the verdict of blindness: "Yes, you will never see again," they have had to say, turning their patient away into

darkness and dependence; by the family who smother the blinded member in anxious kindness, thus rendering him utterly helpless; by well-meaning workers for the blind who thrust them into blindmen's jobs regardless of their ability; whereas every profession is open to them except surgery; and lastly by the public who in mistaken sympathy class the sightless as people set apart, when they are merely a cross-section of sighted people with a handicap. At times I suffer from the public. In San Francisco Mrs. Eustis addressed three hundred women while I mingled with the multitude. "Oh," said a harassed lady, "I've got so much on my mind, that if I hadn't felt everyone ought to help a blind woman going through the country selling dogs I wouldn't have come." She seemed annoyed when the speaker turned bright brown eyes on her audience and explained that the Seeing Eye was in no wise commercial.

Six Months Later.—Dorothy Eustis is away for six weeks so I am in the country in Dorothy Elmhirst's friendly house consorting with her Buddha in the Chinese garden. While the family is in England, the house is open for weekends to tired people, the beauty and peace of a well-ordered house renewing courage to face the wearing routine of workday life. The care-taker who welcomes you is a sunny person who wisely remarks of her varied guests, "The extremely educated aren't generally as nice as the people with sense."

A resting psychoanalyst bade me "Good night and an important dream." I was sure this was kind, but I wasn't sure what it meant. She explained: "Dreams direct our conscious. If possible, each morning I take mine under a tree to analyse, thus forestalling the events of the day." Most of next day

while she laboriously took her dream apart, I forgot mine and spent serene hours with Buddha in the Chinese garden.

Once in so often I spend a day in New York and one hour of the day with Glenway Westcott. He lives five flights up from the street, with a purpose; unaccustomed stairs may dissuade city friends from climbing at untoward hours. Glenway tells me to go ahead and write a book; he little knows what he is in for!

"Where are you going this summer?" everyone is asking me, kindly but firmly. The answer is "Here," and kindly but firmly I explain that here is the Seeing Eye. They then relax and murmur, according to their sympathies, things about dogs or the blind. I always sound like a pamphlet when I begin to explain. Typing talks for Mrs. Eustis, one subconsciously memorizes, "a dog is a Niagara of energy going to waste," then completely forgets what the dog does next. Really the dog's job is to guide his master, not only through physical danger but to lead him out of the old idea of helplessness into a new conception of his own capacity. The blind want to overcome the common belief that their minds cannot function because their eyes cannot see. It takes a dog to bring the mental liberty and restore the self-respect that a human guide often takes away.

Only this morning one of the Seeing Eye students at the University of California wrote us of his guide dog:

> I suppose the greatest miracle. she has performed has been what she has done for *me*. She does everything so gracefully and nonchalantly that she has kidded me into believing that I do it all myself. It is just as though I am seeing everything around

me as I walk along: it seems she has bestowed upon me a new pair of eyes, my getting round has become so simple and natural. I find it hard to think of her as a dog, when she does act like a dog I am always a little bit puzzled, she's such a good old girl. I've never seen anything with a better sense of humour than she has. She never complains about anything nor does she ever make a nuisance of herself.

The Universities welcome the blind student who uses a dog guide rather than a human one. A whole class of eager young blind were here last month preparatory to entering college in the Autumn. The class seemed a direct answer to the plea of an intrepid Junior in a Southern University.

I do not believe that any seeing person can realize the horror of the utter dependence of a blind person obliged to ask for help at every turn. This is particularly awful for young men at college surrounded by boys of their own age. Personally I should have found it impossible to have gone through college without my Guide Dog. She has made it possible for me to lead a normal, active college life; she has made me completely my own master, giving me the happiness of absolute freedom and independence and making through herself many friends I should not otherwise have had. Having to ask continually for help is most irksome and difficult and a constant source of danger to one's friendships. Most blind young men realize this insurmountable difficulty and would rather not go to college than face this impossible situation. The present blind situation in this country is so complex and unsatisfactory that its future solution rests with the young blind of today. They must take on this great burden and without college education their minds will not be equipped to cope with this problem, to them the Seeing Eye is the answer.

Mrs. Eustis is in Switzerland to close up l'Oeil qui Voit. Instructors will now be formed in the school at Morristown. It takes four years and "guts" to become an instructor. Part of the time he is blindfolded so that he can sense the exact reactions of the dog with the blind. It takes three months and understanding to educate a dog, and finally it takes one month of combined knowledge, affection, courage and patience to turn the dog guide over to her master. Invariably, after a talk by Mrs. Eustis, the first question to be hurled, is: "Why do you use the female in preference to the male?" The feminine element in the audience hope she will answer that they are more intelligent. She doesn't; she tactfully replies that the female is less easily distracted.

Morris Frank and Buddy, his dog guide, are here at the Seeing Eye as worker in the field for the blind. He is usually traveling over the country to investigate the numerous applications. The Seeing Eye can't take everyone because they can't meet the demand, though it is hoped that eighty-five dog guides will go out this year. Not every sightless person is qualified to use one, even qualified applicants must have *"la cœur dans la main,"* as the Swiss instructor says. Certainly the dog knows it is a compact of affection between her and her master.

Morris has decided that some of the rooms in the school should be repainted. It is a revelation to me to find out how large a part colour and cheerful surroundings play in the life of the blind. Enthusiastic members of the House Committee now come for the day equipped with sandwiches and brushes. This is a durable house but it hasn't that "home-like touch which Versailles lacks," as a complacent hostess remarked of her Franco-American mansion.

Alexander Woollcott, having put the Seeing Eye on the air in his Town-Crier hour, turns up infrequently and unexpectedly to see what is going on. The last time he brought a letter with him determined that it have an immediate and affirmative answer.

Dear Mr. Woollcott:

Two years ago, when I was fourteen, I lost my sight completely. After the first bitterness and shock which invariably followed was passed safely through without my losing my balance, I firmly decided to, well, to see other things besides Nature. I had heard of these trained dogs but never of any definite way to contact anyone who really knew anything of them. My father has a small grocery store where both my mother and father work, and all three of my brothers and sisters are in school all day. This leaves me alone all day. And when I say alone, I really mean alone. I get terribly nervous at times and then too, I have passed weeks without getting any fresh air. How much it would mean to me to take a walk, in safety, every day. And not be eternally afraid.

So you see why such a dog as "Buddy" would change things. Would, or could you get in touch with "Buddy's" master and have him write me concerning them. Are they obtainable? These dogs I mean. We are anything but well off but perhaps there might be a way, although that is tomorrow's problem. I hope that it is not as you inferred, exclusively an institution to help the sightless men. I suppose this will fall into the hand of a secretary or otherwise indifferent party but I do hope you will read it. It does mean a lot to me.

Meanwhile I shall remain happy by keeping my sense of humour working.

Your friend,

Alice P——

P.S. Please excuse my perplexing typewriting. I am not quite an experienced typist.

Alice.

It didn't take long to bring Alice on and send her home again with her dog.

I am appointed a committee of one to receive daily visitors. In ten days we have had six hundred, singly and in hordes, and of all varieties. This morning five persons bustled themselves out of a motor onto the veranda. Morris and Buddy greeted them at the door. "Would you like to see the dogs?" he asked. "Hell, no," said the spokesman. "We've come to have our fortunes told. Ain't this the Seeing Eye?"

Most people do come because they want to see the dogs. "Can't we watch them work?" they plead, not knowing that school routine is the same for the canine as for the human. It just can't be interrupted even to show off promising pupils. Naturally we welcome Seeing Eye members. It is their privilege to learn about the work but even they must come within hours. It is the merely curious whom we try to bar. I feel especially strongly after yesterday, when having exhaustively explained the work to a guest I asked whether it were the dog or the blind in which she was interested only to have her reply, "It's the front door. I saw it last week and came back to bring my friends to get a look, it's so unusual." Fortunately the lady is an exception among guests. People are beginning to understand that primarily we seek to rehabilitate the blinded person through the dog and secondly strive to change the public's viewpoint. Now the casual visitor *is* the public and if we can send each one away with a realization of his responsibility we will have 100,000 American blind in our debt.

Apropos of the public Alice P. has just written one of her characteristic letters. While out walking one afternoon her dog guide stopped to indicate a curb. Before Alice could step off, a woman panted alongside and tapped her on the shoulder. "Young girl," she said breathlessly, "I've been following you for blocks and I want to tell you how kind you are to lead a blind dog around." Which goes to show, as Alice remarked, that her dog is pretty good at her job.

Morris and Buddy and others and I were having tea in town. Noel Coward dropped in and Morris grasped the chance to say how much he'd enjoyed *Cavalcade*. "I've been to see it four times," he said.

"What do you mean, Old Man?" said Coward, patting him on the shoulder. "You couldn't see it."

Morris laughed. "Maybe not the way you do, but I get my own pictures from your words, just as you read a book without illustrations for every paragraph."

Now that the days are so warm Buddy insists on Morris taking a daily swim in a neighbour's lake. I don't know which of them enjoys the swim the most, probably Morris, for Buddy anxiously herds him back to the shore if she feels he has dallied too long.

When Helen Keller came for an afternoon, she asked me to motor home with her to play with Helga, her favourite dog, and for a quiet hour with "Teacher," Anne Sullivan Macy. We drove back through the Holland Tunnel which she had not been through before. Keeping her hand at the top of the motor, she described the tunnel in detail. It was cold, so I suggested tea. Helen said she'd like to have it in an amusing place. We tried a gypsy tea room. A Romany brought us tea, reading our fortunes in the leaves. Helen,

she said, was a philanthropist, spending her life in helping others; she did not say she was deaf, dumb, and blind, for Helen's laugh rippled with intelligence. Under the table Scotch Polly Thompson, indefatigable and amazing secretary, spelled the fortune into Helen's hand.

It was a delightful hour, but not quiet, with forty Japanese waiting to pay homage to Helen. Always at Helen's side is Teacher. In England the title of Mrs. Macy's book is *The Deliverer of Helen Keller,* but I think of her more as a divine spark.

Helen had long wanted to hear Ruth Draper. I told Ruth, who immediately sent seats for her next matinee. Helen sat entranced, Polly spelling the monologues into her hand. Afterwards we went behind the scenes. Helen repeated to Ruth certain phrases showing that she had sensed every shade of meaning. From his cushion in the dressing room Jock, Ruth's inseparable Scotch friend, barked his welcome.

This morning Morris heard me scolding the telephone operator. "She's got your goat," he said, "the way a switchboard girl got mine down home. It was before I had Buddy and the boy I had for guide took me to my grandmother's. He left me there because I expected the old lady to be at home. But she was out and I waited and waited; time doesn't go fast when you're not seeing. By and by I remembered where the phone was and how to dial operator; the new machines were just in. Operator answered and I gave my mother's number.

" 'Dial please,' said a sweet voice.

" 'I can't, I'm blind,' I answered.

" 'That's a good one,' said she, and hung up.

"I was hung up too for two hours more, until my grand-

mother came home. That can't happen now with Buddy on the job."

He stopped to pull her ears. Buddy took it joyfully. She may be a lady but she merits the last tribute paid to a fellow dog: "Here lies a gentleman in fur."

The doorbell ringing just then, Morris went to answer it. I heard him say "Good morning" several times with no response. He called me to investigate. There was a man at the door, writing on a tablet, a deaf and dumb man facing one who could not see! They each considered the joke was on the other.

I looked in on the class at lunch today, six men, two women and eight dogs. It might have been any sighted lunch party—eight people eating independently (the instructor always says, "Your plate is a clock face, your meat is at twelve, your vegetables at four, etc.") and eight dogs slumbering under the table. Unknown to the students, the Grand Duchess Marie had slipped into a seat between a talkative news vendor and a girl from Radcliffe. All morning she had been busy with a technician and a camera, graciously snapping pictures of dogs doing daily dozens.

I love knowing the stories of the men and women who come—why they come, how they came and what they are going back to. Thank goodness, of late many have gone back to work, crossed off the unemployment list, the dog guide a recognized economic factor. A sightless clergyman excites my interest. About to resign his parish, having no one to take him about, he heard of the dog guide and now a dog pays parochial calls with him and leads him into the pulpit. The first Sunday of their work together he preached on the text, "The Lord hath need of them." The cleric also

possesses a ready wit. Refused entrance to a hotel lift, he demanded why.

"No dogs allowed," said the manager, "since a lady with a Peke rowed with the lift boy and then spit at him."

"In that case," said Dr. B., "I should think it would be ladies whom you barred."

There was great excitement over a visit from MacFee and Leda his dog. He has had his dog less than a year; she took him from the workhouse into an independent job. He looked so spruce everyone commented on it.

"Have to keep up appearances with Leda, she's a lady," he said.

His hands were full of small bills. "This is what she's earned for me," he told us. "It's for you people—my part in paying for her. Gosh, I'm grateful!"

If one can't find what one wants in any other corner of the globe, one can find it in New York. Malvina Hoffman has just telephoned me in words to that effect. She's recently come from Paris to arrange for the opening of the Hall of Man. In Burma there was no time to hunt for heads of a certain tribe; today Malvina found them on Eighth Avenue in Ringling's Circus—Paduang women who elongate their necks through a series of brass rings. They were playing cards in an anteroom of the arena when we called. Malvina had permission to take them to her studio to model; I suggested going on Sunday, their free day. The brass-necked ladies shook their heads—not Sunday; the interpreter explained, "That is a good day and they must call on the Virgin Mary." Evidently in Burma an R. C. missionary had been an ardent house-guest. I fetched them on Monday from

the twentieth floor of a Broadway hotel. They seemed incongruous sitting there—Simmons mattresses and well-spread breakfast table! At the studio bananas on Burmese lacquer plates put them quite at ease.

Today in Chicago the Hall of Man is open. There is more to that phrase than meets the eye. Yesterday Stanley Field gave a reception to the Trustees, staff and friends of Field Museum. Malvina's "children" looked serenely on, at oh'ing, ah'ing people—they alone know the travail that has gone into its making. This morning the public came five thousand strong before the clock struck noon. Later Malvina had been asked to speak on the air. Standing among her "Races of Man," sure of skill, serene in spirit, distinguished sculptor of today, she sent out greeting to the human race as far as N.B.C. can reach.

New York, Next Year.—Posters everywhere give notice of "An exhibition of the Reproductions of Malvina Hoffman's Races of Man, One-Third Size, in the Grand Central Galleries." I am playing hostess to the men and women who come, curious to see the bronzes, themselves living curiosities.

"Is this the way to the Races?" said a nervous man in the elevator, pulling out his watch. "I've got fifteen minutes between trains and thought I'd go to them."

"Which is Miss Hoffman?" begged a woman of uncertain age, in floating chiffon draperies. I led her to Malvina. "All my life I've loved and never been satisfied," moaned the woman.

"Loved what?" said Malvina, in bewilderment.

"Drums," answered the woman, "drums—and now your African drummer has fulfilled me."

The Director of the Galleries was talking with me; a hesitating woman interrupted, "I do want to speak to Miss Hoffman; I've just read a book about *Life Begins at Forty* and I feel I should like to commence sculpture. I've begun a head of my mother; one side is finished, and I want either Archipenko or Miss Hoffman to do the other. Of course, I shan't study art at all if the clay is too damp, I take cold so easily."

The last day was the best day; we turned the Gallery into an Eastern salon and gave a party to Uday Shankar and his Indian troupe. Cushions, incense and sweetmeats gave credence to the East; Uday Shankar received in front of a pedestal bearing a study of himself, both bronze and dancer wearing marigold garlands. Shankar smiled *Namascars,* and Malvina greetings to the guests.

Town Hall's crier warns the public "Lord Lytton is coming"—coming as the Peterson lecturer to sponsor literature as a bond among nations. Instantly the reading public besiege libraries for Pompeii's last days and christen convenient progeny "Lucille," confident that Bulwer-Lytton is on his way.

The present Earl, however, is worthy of his forebear and gives inspired talks wherever he is heard. I heard him today at a hugely successful and enormous lunch. He spoke in wise and merry vein together with Pearl Buck and other illustrious folk. "I grant since coming to America I have a new conception of literature," he said, "from polite persons calling, who state on going that they are leaving their 'literature' behind!"

It was good to see His Excellency again, to have a moment's hurried talk of far Bengal. It was also good to have Pearl Buck motor me home to her fireside. We sat before a cheerful blaze in friendly silence; like the Chinese, she has learned to "rest behind her face." Phrases in her speech today lingered with me. So surely is her present power the flowering of her childhood years I asked if she would paint for me once more the picture of that child—

. . . that child, living quite solitary in a remote Chinese countryside, in a small mission bungalow perched upon a hill among the rice fields in the valleys below. In the near distance wound that deep treacherous golden river, the Yangtse, and some of the most terrifying and sinister, as well as the most delightful and exciting, moments of that child's life were spent beside the river. She loved to crawl along its banks upon the rocks or upon the muddy flats and watch for the lifting of the huge four-square nets that hung into the moving yellow flood, and see out of that flood come perhaps again and again an empty net, but, sometimes great flashing, twisting bodies of fish. She lingered beside villages of boat folk, and saw them live, the babies tied to a rope and splashing in the shallower waters. But she saw babies dead thrown into the deep waters. She wandered small and alien among the farm folk in the earthen houses among the field. She accepted a bowl of rice and cabbage often at meal time and sat among the peasants on the threshing floor about the door and ate, usually in silence, listening and listening, answering their kindly careless questions, bearing with shy painful smiles their kind teasing laughter at her yellow curls and unfortunate blue eyes which they thought so ugly. She was, she knew, very alien. Upon the streets of the great city where sometimes she went she learned to accept the cry of foreign devil, and to realize she was a foreign devil. . . .

She grew from a very tiny child into a bigger child, still knowing she was alien. However kindly the people about her might be, and they were much more often kind than not, she knew that she was foreign to them. And she wondered very much about her own folk and where they were and how they looked and at what they played. But she did not know. In the bungalow were her parents, very busy, very, very busy, and when she had learned her lessons in the morning quickly, they were too busy to pay much heed to her and so she wandered about a great deal, seeing and learning all sorts of things.

No wonder the banked fire of her mind warms and illumines one.

At the University of Pennsylvania Dorothy Eustis is to be given the degree of Master of Science for the forward step she has taken in work for the blind. I am going with Mervyn Sinclair, head of the Pennsylvania State Association for the Blind, himself Irish and blind and delightful; it will be easy for me to thread the auditorium crowd with him, led by Kara, his dog.

Often, at the Seeing Eye, a Japanese proverb comes home to me. "We blind people, why do we carry lanterns in the dark of night? It is that folks with eyes may see and not harm themselves in the no-light, being very proud with sight."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

I WOULD BE OFF TOMORROW

PROPERLY asleep last night, the sharp sound of the telephone pricked a dream in two. A not exactly nice dream so it was rather a relief to hear, "Long Distance is calling." I gathered sleepily that someone was wanting me to go somewhere and said, "Yes, certainly." Then we were cut off. This morning, connection reestablished, I find I've signed on for six weeks in Scandinavia with Anne Archbold of Washington. Anne's son John is to sail in the race from Newport to Norway and she thinks it will be fun to voyage to Bergen to see the small boats come in.

The six weeks are gone. It is as if they had never been save for cool memories of green water and jagged ice, pleasant people, myriad craft, and seaweed baths. The latter are stimulating orgies in which an old woman, holding her captive firmly in a wooden tub, scrubs vigorously with pulpy sea-fronds until the prey, lobster red, emerges tingling with energy.

We went over on a ship balanced at one end by a sea elephant weighting 7800 pounds, at the other by an ex-trapeze artist of immeasurable weight with a diamond set into her front tooth. The radio operator was a friendly soul

who snatched any news out of the air relating to the racing boats, regardless of the ship to whom dot and dash were directed. We knew that the *Vanmarie* was well in the lead. John Archbold aboard her sent prideful bulletins. She made the passage first, nineteen days, five hours, ten minutes and seventeen seconds, but because of her heavy handicap *Stormy Weather* was the winner.

Little Bergen was stirred to its depths, with tremendous rejoicings and gala doings until word came of the *Hamrah* disaster (the boat which lost father and two sons overboard); then came sympathy and understanding.

Bergen produced a native son in the last half of the last century, an adventuresome character who went to China Munthe the peasant and returned a Generalissimo of the Chinese Army. During office, when he had also been something in "Customs," he acquired treasures that reckon among the rare collections of the world. The General dead and gone, his spoils are his gift to the city, magnificent tribute to adventure and adventurer.

The delightful Norwegian, who pointed out civic sights, prattled also of the persons bound up with the collections in the Town Museum. In front of a pianoforte of Ole Bull's he stayed us. Ole Bull, he said, was asked to play before the Queen of Spain. The Queen continued to chatter merry nothings to her ladies. In the middle of a phrase the music ceased. Ole Bull stood with his violin at ease. The Queen sent a Lady to inquire, "How do we have a concert without music?" Ole Bull made courteous reply: "In my country everyone is silent when the Queen speaks."

We flew to Sweden to reach Marstrand for the regatta, 270 little boats flaunting flags for the seventy-fifth jubilee. I

never thought to see the Paternosters save through Kipling's eyes, but there they were if one stared from the castle ramparts.

There were only a few hours in Stockholm but that would be time enough to see Dalene, blind physicist and inventor of the AGA lights, if he would see me. He would, and I had a thrilling hour with him in the factory. I think one feels that it is because of his kinship with darkness that he has achieved light. In his laboratory, seated before his tubes, thinking, testing, praying "let there be light," through his own trial by spiritual fire there *is* light for other men to see. Telling of this visit to a certain Swedish Countess she asked if I'd heard a certain story, that a Swedish murderer sentenced to death asked if he might give his eyes to Dr. Dalene. He had heard that transplanted sight might succeed if living eyes were used. In respect for the noted physicist and with desire to expiate his crime in part, he made the offer. The offer was refused; whether Dr. Dalene ever knew of it is another matter. Apparently the suggested gift aroused much controversy. Supposing the operation were successful —what would be the psychological effect of the eyes of a criminal on the mind of an honest man? The foundation for a stirring story in sooth! It was baffling that the Countess could not tell me more.

I thought we had reached Arcady but it was Denmark; however, the morale is the same.

Perhaps it is because the people of the country are healthy in body that they seem so in soul. Niels Buchs, Physical Director, attends to that. Madame Minister Ruth Owen took us up to his mammoth school at Ollerup, to see fourteen

thousand men, women, girls and boys bend in unison to the tune of one small voice.

We stopped overnight in a tiny town that had special permission to fly the American flag; Madame Minister is honoured everywhere. I stumbled over a sleepy Dane on the steps of the Inn who remarked that he'd come from a far island to greet her Excellency. Stray Americans feel at home in her home but so do Danes let loose in her Greenland room. There, hang pictures, strangely beautiful, painted by an untutored fisherman of that frozen land who might have used a snowflake for his brush.

I am thinking of going to Ireland. Maggie of the Isle of Aran has asked me to come for the summer and see her cow. "Sure it's a grand cow," says she, "and sure Mr. Flaherty is a grand man for giving me the likes and me acting in the pictures and all." Maggie came to New York for a personal appearance with *The Man of Aran*—a grand movie. Sometimes Maggie came to visit me at twilight. From the creepy stool before the fire, she crooned to me songs of the sea.

I didn't go to Ireland, but instead dashed to Boston on the midnight to talk to the nearest link to the East, Iacovleff, artist of the two Citroën Expeditions, *Croisière Noire* and *Croisière Jaune,* one exploring darkest Africa, the other yellow Asia. From the circle of a campfire, from a pinnacle of rock, mounted on a yak, dangling over a donkey, in terrible cold and unbearable heat, Iacovleff sketched the tribesmen and their women. At the moment he instructs the students of the School of Fine Arts. Together, we explored the devious ways of Boston—lunch in a Greek place, coffee

in a Turkish one; an hour of *Chu Chin Chow* in a people's movie palace; and ended the day strolling in a lantern-lit alley, lured by the sound of tinkling Chinese instruments.

On the train, returning to New York, the seat was most uncomfortable. A sheaf of travel pamphlets turned out to be the cause, stuffed enticingly into the cushions.

> I never see a map but I'm away
> On all the errands that I long to do,
> Up all the rivers that are painted blue,
> And all the ranges that are painted gray,
> And into those pale spaces where they say
> "Unknown." Oh, what they never knew
> I would be knowing—
> I would be off tomorrow with the day.

THE END

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